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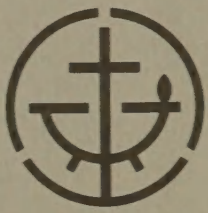

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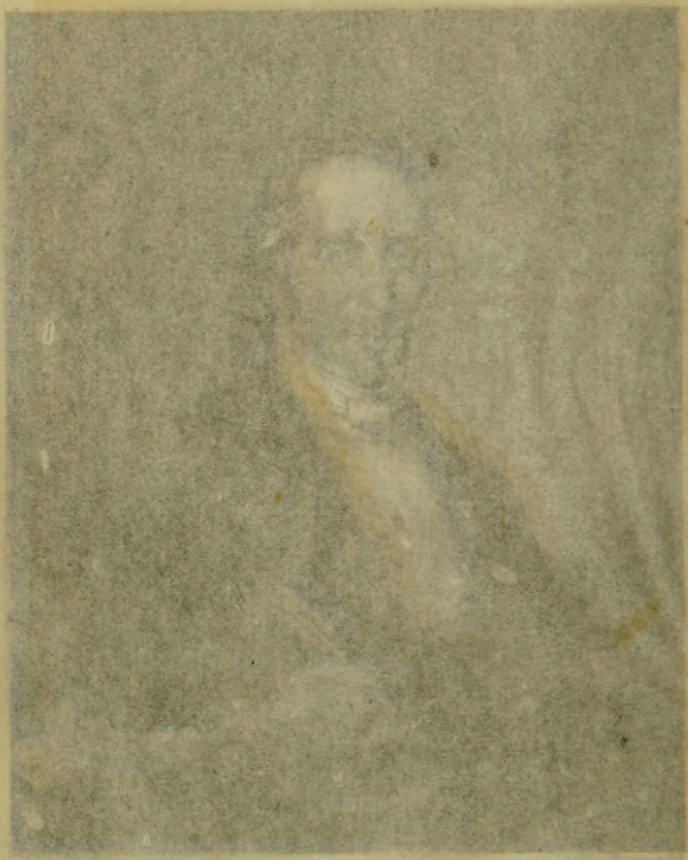

MANNA IN THE WILDERNESS;

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OR,

The Grobe and its Altar,

OFFERINGS, AND THRILLING INCIDENTS.

CONTAINING

A HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN AND RISE OF CAMP MEETINGS, AND A DEFENCE OF THIS REMARKABLE MEANS OF GRACE; ALSO, AN ACCOUNT OF THE WYOMING CAMP MEETING.

TOGETHER WITH

SKETCHES OF SERMONS AND PREACHERS.

BY REV. A. P. MEAD,
OF WYOMING CONFERENCE.

With an Introduction,

BY REV. J. B. WAKELEY,
OF NEW YORK,
AUTHOR OF "HEROES OF METHODISM," "LOST CHAPTERS," ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:
PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,
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TO

REV. JOHN FOLEY,

WHOSE TALENTS AND SUCCESS, AS A LAY PREACHER,

HAVE JUSTLY WON THE ADMIRATION AND AFFECTION OF THE CHURCH,

AND WHOSE INDUSTRY AND COMMERCIAL ABILITY

HAVE BEEN EQUALLED ONLY

BY THE PROSPERITY THAT HAS CROWNED HIS EFFORTS,

AND

THE NOBLE GENEROSITY

WITH WHICH HIS AMPLE FORTUNE HAS BEEN CONSECRATED

TO THE CAUSE OF THE REDEEMER,

THIS VOLUME IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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INTRODUCTION.

Doctor Samuel Johnson more than once wrote an introduction to a work that he had neither read nor seen, and his singular apology was, "I know what the book *ought* to contain."

This was almost equal to the critic, who said "he always reviewed a book before he read it, lest he should be partial."

Doctor Johnson, no doubt, would have said, if the work did not come up to the standard of excellence he had formed, "that it was not the fault of the writer of the introduction, but of the author of the book."

But we have no parallel case here, for I have read and heard most that is in the volume which is now before the reader; and, having formed a favorable opinion of it, can cheerfully recommend it.

Solomon said, "of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh." This was written in the days of parchment, when the pen of the ready writer was employed, and centuries before the discovery of the art of printing. What he would have said, if he had lived in this book-making age, I cannot tell. He that writes a good book that will be read, not only when he is living, but when the heart that dictated it is cold, and the fingers that wrote it are like marble, does a noble work, for the pen is far more powerful than the sword.

An Introduction to a book is like a ☞, to point the traveller to the right path, or it is like a key that unlocks a cabinet and exhibits its rich treasures, or like a vestibule to a temple, or a

portico to a house, or like John the Baptist, who was the morning star to usher in the Sun of Righteousness, a *forerunner*, a *messenger* to prepare the way.

Thus I am to prepare the way for the "Manna in the Wilderness," and for the rich repast that awaits the reader when the table is fairly spread.

This is a live book all over. It was written by a live man, to be read by living men and living women. There is a kind of luxury in reading a book that does not send you to the "land of Nod," to dream over its contents, but one that wakes up your dormant powers and keeps you awake. I am much mistaken if the reader does not find this such a book.

In writing, two things are necessary in order to success—*vivacity* and *perspicuity*. The writer has exhibited both in this work. The sketches are lively and entertaining, and the descriptions are very graphic.

The grand object of the work is to defend *Camp Meetings*, by describing the scenes that have transpired at these hallowed places.

The Author writes *con amore*. The interest which attaches to the book is greatly enhanced by the fact that it is the result of observations in a favorite field, and which have evidently been a labor of love to the writer.

"Manna in the Wilderness," is a unique title, and the volume is unique.

"Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?" is a question that was asked ages ago; and millions in heaven and millions on earth respond, "he *can*," "he *has*." Our souls have been fed with celestial manna, "angels' food," with "living bread!" The soul has its desires as well as the body, and ample provision has been made for its wants. The youngest disciple, the feeblest lamb of the flock can say, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth me beside the still waters;" and again "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over."

We are in the wilderness, and yet can sweetly sing :—

> The King of heaven his table spreads,
> And blessings crown the board :
> Not paradise, with all its joys,
> Could such delight afford."

Not only did God provide "Manna in the Wilderness" for the ancient Israelites, but he still provides food for his children, for Jesus says, "To him that overcometh will I grant to eat of the *hidden Manna.*" Here we have spiritual sustenance. It is not merely an intellectual repast, but a spiritual banquet the soul enjoys and which nourishes it up into everlasting life. "A feast of fat things, of wines on the lees well refined." The soul not only eats but drinks. "And did all eat the same spiritual meat, and did all drink the same spiritual drink ; for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ." "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the City of God." "Therefore with joy shall they draw water out of the wells of salvation." 'Tis refreshing to hear the invitation, "Eat, O friends, and drink abundantly, O beloved." "Eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness."

This led the poet to sing,

> "The men of grace haveof
> Glory begun below,
> Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
> From faith and hope may grow."

There is a peculiar charm about camp meetings. We worship in God's great Cathedral, in nature's magnificent temple, arched over with brilliant heavens and floored with the beautiful green earth—under the foliage of trees, planted by God's own hand. There is a kind of grandeur about such a temple that accords with man's noble origin and lofty destiny; and we are ready to exclaim, in the language of an American poet :—

> "The perfect world, by Adam trod,
> Was the first temple, built by God ;
> His fiat laid the corner stone,
> And heaved its pillars one by one."

"He hung its starry roof on high,
The broad, illimitable sky,
He spread its pavement green and bright,
And curtained it with morning light."

It was when Jacob was in such a temple he exclaimed, "How dreadful is this place! This is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven." The inimitable sermon of Jesus was delivered in such a temple, viz. the Sermon on the Mount. In such a place Jesus was transfigured.

Many of the most impressive sermons of Wesley and Whitefield were delivered to a sea of upturned faces under the broad blue arch of the heavens.

Camp meetings, like many other excellent things, are of American origin. The camp ground is a hallowed place. Every tree seems clothed with richer verdure, and becomes sacred. We worship in the shady grove with peculiar emotions. The places where camp meetings are held, are consecrated. We feel that we are treading on holy ground. Those places in Wyoming Valley, described in this volume, have a thrilling interest—that valley of surpassing beauty and loveliness, which the poet Campbell has immortalized in song. I have been permitted to tread upon its classic soil, and gaze upon its picturesque scenery, so beautiful, that it reminded me of Paradise before the serpent entered.

"Croton Camp Ground," and "Sing Sing Grove," near New York, on the banks of the Hudson, and "Eastham" in New England, and "Red Lion" in Delaware, and others, that might be named, are embalmed in the affections of the Church as the places "Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord."

A camp meeting attracts attention by its novelty. Curiosity has led many to the grove, to Calvary, to the cross, and to heaven. These might not have been converted, unless they had gone to such a place.

God has set the broad seal of his approbation upon them. Many, who are now ministers of the Gospel, were converted at

camp meetings, among whom we now remember Rev. Joseph Holdich, D. D., Dr. John Dempster, and the Rev. J. Z. Nichols. These are living arguments in their favor.

Furthermore, it is thought that ministers preach with greater power at these meetings. There is a kind of inspiration about them. The scene itself is inspiring, and then the many praying ones, by whom they are surrounded, all conspire to enable them to "preach with the Holy Ghost, sent down from heaven."

Bishops Asbury and McKendree used to preach at such meetings with great power. Nicholas Snethen, whom Asbury called his "silver trumpet," was one of the earliest, powerful, and most successful field-preachers we ever had. Some of the sermons he preached at camp meetings near New York over a half century ago, are still remembered by the few aged people that remain, for most of them "have fallen asleep."

Dr. Chandler, Solomon Sharp, and Charles Pitman were powerful to preach at such meetings, and the impressions they made were very lasting.

"There were giants in those days," but it is a matter of consolation, that the mantles of our ascended Elijahs have fallen upon Elishas, who are worthy to wear them.

Many who have preached and worshipped at camp meetings have pitched their tents in the groves of Paradise.

But I must not detain the reader any longer from this pleasantly written volume, who no doubt will be delighted with its description of places, of ministers, of thrilling scenes, as well as the sermons contained in the book. He will feel a greater reverence for the memory of those who are dead, and a greater regard for the living. I trust this volume will have, as it richly deserves, a wide circulation.

Its author, the Rev. A. P. Mead, is a young minister of the Gospel, belonging to the Wyoming Conference. The work shows that he wields a fine pen and his descriptive powers are good. His book abounds with anecdotes and incidents, and breathes a very sweet spirit; and I hope its circulation will far exceed his most sanguine expectations.

May heaven bless the author and his readers,

> "His partners in distress,
> His comrades through the wilderness"—

and grant that we may at last enter that place, "where the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, will feed us, and lead us to living fountains of water." Until then let us go on singing,

> "Then let our songs abound,
> And every tear be dry;
> We are marching through Emanuel's ground,
> To fairer worlds on high."

J. B. WAKELEY.

NEW YORK, Jan. 31, 1859.

MANNA IN THE WILDERNESS.

CHAPTER I.

WHEN THE MANNA BEGAN TO FALL.

HARK! in the wilderness a cry,
A voice that loudly calls—Prepare;
Prepare your hearts, for God is nigh,
And waits to make his entrance there.
The Lord your God shall quickly come;
Sinners, repent, the call obey:
Open your hearts to make him room;
Ye desert souls, prepare the way.

IN the year 1800, the arm of the Lord was made bare in the salvation of thousands at the West. The earth rocked under the tread of divine power; the scenes of Pentecost were re-enacted with augmented might. It was a mighty battle; yea, a glorious *victory*. Two brothers led on the "holy war." Their hearts burned with love to God and perishing souls, and they hasted up and down the land to spread the hallowed fire and cry, "*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.*" William and John McGee were the Evangelists referred to. The former was a Presbyterian, and the latter a Methodist. They had been laboring harmoniously for the establishment of the Gospel in West Tennessee, the place of their residence. They were now on a tour through Ken-

tucky. At places not far remote from each other, they paused to preach and exhort. It was something new for a Methodist and a Presbyterian to labor together. Doctrinal preaching was laid aside; at least those features of doctrine not immediately concerned in the salvation of the sinner. The depravity of the human heart, and the sufficiency of Christ, were the great themes. These were urged with more than the power of passion or eloquence—"*with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.*"

They arrived at a settlement on Red River, Kentucky, where was a Presbyterian Church under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. McGready. Here they tarried to attend a sacramental service. John McGee preached, and the power of God was signally revealed. At the appointed hour it was impossible to close the services. Sinners shrieked aloud for mercy, as if a knife were at their hearts, so great was their distress. Many became weak as children, while some were entirely helpless. The meeting could not be dismissed, but was adjourned to a neighboring forest. The news spread rapidly, and thousands came to witness the wonderful work of God. The hunter forgot his game, the farmer left his plough, and all hurried to the scene of religious interest and power. Every form of vehicle was in requisition, from the splendid carriage of the wealthy planter to the rude cart of the backwoods settler. Footmen poured in, in uncounted numbers, and for two weeks the services were continued. At times the attendance was as high as twenty-five thousand. This great meeting is known as the "Cane Ridge Meeting." It was estimated that nearly two thousand souls were converted during that meeting. The excitement was intense. A minister[1] who was present, in speaking of the meeting says: "Language is utterly impuissant to convey any-

[1] Rev. J. B. Finley.

thing like an adequate idea of the sublimity and grandeur of the scene. Twenty thousand persons tossed to and fro, like the tumultuous waves of a sea in a storm, or swept down like the trees of the forest under the blast of a wild tornado, was a sight which mine eyes witnessed, but which neither my pen nor tongue can describe."

Thousands were attracted to the meeting who had no interest in the devotions or respect for religion, and while the encampment was vocal with prayer and praise, the devil held jubilee without. So deep and awful is man's depravity that he will sport while the fires of perdition are kindling about him. The West, says Mr. Finley, was the retreat of desperate characters in those days. Profanity and intemperance were common and almost universal, so low had the people sunk in sin. In spite of the restraining moral power of the meeting, many became furious with the effects of the maddening bowl, and outraged all decency by their conduct. They adopted various ways to interrupt the exercises, but in vain. The yells they set up on the outskirts of the encampment were effectually drowned by the irresistible preaching or the tumultuous singing and shouting within. Sometimes consternation for a moment would seize the worshippers as the rowdies, mounted on horseback, would ride through the assembly, uttering fearful profanity; but order was soon restored, and the work of conversion went on as before.

Ministers of different denominations attended, and some of them looked on in astonishment, while many magnified the Lord and helped to carry on the work. Other meetings were soon after appointed, and attended with corresponding numbers and results. The Presbyterians and Methodists united as one in the army of the Lord, in holding these camp meetings. Some ministers had serious doubts concerning the character of the work; but its

genuineness was demonstrated by the fruits. Men of the most depraved hearts and vicious habits were made new creatures, and a whole life of virtue subsequently confirmed their conversion. To all but Methodists the work was new and strange. Some of the peculiarities had been witnessed by the preachers, and they were prepared to carry it on.

God often silently and unobserved prepares the way for great moral revolutions, and not until the proper time arrives, is the general mind made aware of the power that has been accumulating, or the mighty results that are about to appear. It was so when Christianity in its fulness was introduced. The heart-groanings and watchings of a few disciples were unheard and unseen by the world; but the day of Pentecost came. The religion of Jesus was inaugurated. Flame and "sound as of a rushing, mighty wind," were the outward symbols of the unfolding power. The multitude scarcely cried, "drunk," "crazy," before they were overwhelmed by a strange and sudden influence. Christianity came, and the day of its approach was the day of its triumph.

Luther was unseen and unknown when weeping and praying in the lonely convent over a solitary Bible. His return from the cloister was the signal for the Reformation. The forces silently prepared, made society tremble, and Catholicism curse and fear. A few young men at Oxford, conversing, weeping, and praying daily, did not promise to inaugurate a third Reformation; but they did. In a few years, they, with their helpers, preached more evangelical sermons, and led more souls to Christ, than the clergy of England had done for half a century. The great revival of 1800 was introduced and carried on by camp meetings. The manner of its approach, its power, extent, and glorious fruits, constitute it one of those moral revolutions for which God silently prepares the way, and brings about

with human instrumentality conjointly with divine power, with great excitement and apparent disorder. We are thus particular since the era that introduced and sanctioned camp meetings is deservedly ranked with Pentecost, the Reformation under Luther, and the great Wesleyan Reformation.

Many at the Cane Ridge Meeting were affected with what was termed,

"THE POWER!"

Physical demonstrations are not infallible marks of a divine work; neither is religion so spiritual that it never demonstrates its presence by prostrating the body. Because there have been counterfeits, we must not reject the genuine. The magicians of Egypt wrought bogus miracles, but they did not destroy the genuineness of those wrought by Moses and Aaron. The sons of Sceva owed their physical demonstrations to the devil *upon* them and *in* them, but this is no proof that Saul of Tarsus was not smitten down by the power of God; or that Peter, engaged in prayer on the house-top, did not lose his strength as his soul was rapt in the ecstasies of communion and contemplation.

At the first camp meeting they had strange exhibitions of power. Indeed, the meetings exhibited nothing to the spectator unacquainted with them, but a scene of confusion, such as scarcely could be put in human language. They were generally opened with a sermon or exhortation, at the close of which there would be a universal cry for mercy; some bursting forth in loud ejaculations of prayer or thanksgiving for the truth, some breaking forth in powerful exhortations, others flying to their careless friends with tears of compassion, entreating them to fly to Christ for mercy; some, struck with terror and conviction, hastening through the crowd to escape, or pulling away from their

relations; others trembling, weeping, crying for mercy: some falling and swooning away till every appearance of life was gone, and the extremities of the body assumed the coldness of death. These were surrounded with a company of the pious, singing melodious songs adapted to the time, and praying for their conversion. But there were others collected in circles around this variegated scene, contending for and against the work. It was not unusual for hundreds to fall helpless under the preaching of the word. In some cases it appeared as if a tornado passed through the congregation, mowing a swath through the entire encampment. All in the line of this strange agency fell prostrate, while the ranks on either side looked on with astonishment. Sometimes the power came down upon the people when they stood so compactly that the smitten ones could not fall. At such times they became motionless and rigid, and stood as if instantly petrified.

These exercises were not confined to the meetings. Persons fell on their way from the meeting; some after they arrived at home; others while pursuing their common business on their farms, and others while attending their family or secret devotions. Numbers of thoughtless, careless sinners fell as suddenly as if struck with lightning. Professed infidels and other vicious characters were arrested, sometimes at the very moment when they were uttering their blasphemies against God and the work, and like Saul, declared that to be of God which they had so vehemently opposed.

As these strange exercises have to a greater or less extent been identified with camp meetings, we will subjoin a few additional reflections and incidents. Various views have been entertained respecting the exercises above referred to. The following descriptive remarks from the pen of a pious and impartial observer will be read with interest. In speaking of the conduct and the exercise

of mind of those who were the subjects of this work, he remarks:—

"Immediately before they became totally powerless, they were sometimes seized with a general tremor, and often uttered several piercing shrieks in the moment of falling. Men and women never fell when under this jerking exercise, till they became exhausted. Some were unable to stand, and yet had the use of their hands and could converse with their companions. Others were unable to speak. The pulse became weak, and they drew a difficult breath about once a minute. In many instances they became cold. Breathing, pulsation, and all signs of life forsook them for hours; yet I never heard of one who died in this condition, and I have conversed with persons who have lain in this situation for many hours, and they have uniformly testified that they had no bodily pain, and that they had the entire use of their reason and powers of mind. From this it appears that their falling was neither common fainting nor a nervous affection. Indeed, this strange work appears to have every possible turn to baffle the conjectures and philosophizing of those who were unwilling to acknowledge it was of God."[1]

In recording these exercises, we do not say that they did not appear until the introduction of camp meetings. They appeared under the labors of Wesley, and also among the Puritans in New England, under the labors of Dr. Edwards. But in neither instance were they so numerous or so remarkable as at the West. It will not be inappropriate to confirm this by a few illustrative incidents. Read the following, entitled

THE SMITTEN PERSECUTOR.

On one occasion a multitude of brethren and sisters had

[1] Rev. J. B. Finley.

formed a praying circle, and were earnestly engaged in devotion. A leader of a band of rowdies, more bold and wicked than his comrades, mounted a large white horse and rode into the circle, uttering fearful imprecations. Suddenly, as if smitten by lightning, he fell from his horse. At this a shout went up from the religious multitude, as if Lucifer himself had fallen. Some of the pious trembled, for they feared that God had killed the bold blasphemer. He exhibited no signs whatever of life; his limbs were rigid, his wrists pulseless, and his breath gone. The alarm spread through the crowd, and some of his comrades came to see him, but they did not gaze long before the power of God came upon them, and they fell like men slain in battle. Rev. James B. Finley, from whom we have this incident, was present, and was much alarmed, but had a great desire to see the issue, and he watched him closely, while for thirty-six hours he lay to all human appearance dead. During this time the people kept up singing and praying. At last the slain man exhibited signs of life, but they were fearful spasms, which seemed as if he were in a convulsive fit. These spasms were attended by frightful groans, as if he were passing through the intensest agony. It was not long, however, till his convulsions ceased, and springing to his feet, his groans were converted into loud and joyous shouts of praise. The dark, fiend-like scowl, which overspread his features, gave way to a happy smile which lighted up his countenance. Here is another incident, entitled

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

As an instance of the manner in which many who attended these meetings from a sportive disposition were arrested and brought to Christ, take the following. A certain Dr. P., accompanied by a lady from Lexington, wa

induced, out of mere curiosity, to attend the meetings. This gentleman and lady were of high standing in the gay circles of life, and designed to divert and amuse themselves at the expense of those whom they considered as deluded with a strange infatuation. As they had heard much about the involuntary jerkings and pullings which attended the exercises, they entered into an agreement between themselves, that, should either of them be thus strangely attacked or fall, the other would stand by to the last. It was not long before the lady was brought down in all her pride, a poor sinner in the dust before God. The Dr., agitated, came up and felt for her pulse, but alas! her pulse was gone. At this he turned pale, and starting to flee from his prostrate companion, staggered but a few paces and fell beneath the same invisible hand. He was immediately surrounded by a praying multitude, and soon rejoiced in God. The lady was converted, and they returned to their homes to live and die happy Christians. That was what Whitefield would call "irresistible grace;" but we call it, "*Manna in the wilderness.*"

THE BOY PREACHER.

In the great revival that introduced camp meetings, children were often made not only subjects of converting grace, but instruments of leading men to the Saviour. On one occasion, a boy apparently about ten years of age, under very strong impressions, mounted a log, and raising his voice in a most affecting manner, cried out, "On the last day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." He attracted the main body of the congregation, and with streaming eyes, he warned sinners of their danger, declaring their doom, if they persevered in sin, and strongly expressed his love for the salvation of their souls, and the desire that they would turn to God and live. By this time the press

was so great that he was taken up by two men and held above the crowd. He spoke for near an hour with that convincing eloquence that could be inspired only from heaven; and when exhausted, and language failed to describe the feelings of his soul, he raised his handkerchief, and dropping it, cried, "Thus, O sinner, will you drop into hell unless you forsake your sins and turn to God." At this moment the power of God fell upon the assembly, and sinners fell like men slain in mighty battle, and the cries for mercy seemed as though they would rend the very heavens, and the work spread in a manner which human language cannot describe.

Among the thousands who fell at the Cane Ridge camp meeting, were several Presbyterian ministers, who, according to their own confession, had hitherto only possessed a speculative knowledge of religion. There the formal professor, the deist, and the intemperate, met with one common lot, and confessed with equal candor, that they were destitute of the true knowledge of God, and strangers to the religion of Jesus Christ.

The year 1800 passed away, but the revival did not stop. God raised up instruments to carry on the work. The following year, Rev. Wm. McKendree, afterwards Bishop, was sent as Presiding Elder into the interior of Kentucky. Having been in the midst of the revivals in the lower part of the state, and having his soul fired with the sacred flame, which was burning with such intensity among the people, he went up to his district and carried the tidings of what God was doing by means of those extraordinary meetings. His congregations, composed chiefly of Presbyterians and Methodists, were powerfully affected while he gave them, at the conclusion of his sermon, an animated account of the commencement and progress of this work. It is said that while he held up before them the truths of the Gospel, intermixed with narrations

of the work of God at these meetings, his whole soul seemed to be filled "with glory and with God," and that his very countenance beamed with brightness. While he related, with artless simplicity and with glowing warmth, the manner in which God wrought upon the souls of the people, the many happy conversions which he had witnessed, and the astounding effects which attended the preaching of God's word, the hearts of the people began to beat in unison with his own, while sinners were weeping in every direction under the melting influence of the Spirit of God.

By this means these meetings were introduced into the centre of the State, and spread through all the settlements of the western country; and such was the eagerness of the people to attend, that the roads were literally crowded with those who were pressing their way to the groves; so much so that entire neighborhoods would be forsaken, for a season, of their inhabitants. And as the Methodists and Presbyterians were generally united in holding those meetings, they took the name of "General Camp Meetings." They spread all through Tennessee, Kentucky, and some parts of Ohio, carrying with them fire and destruction into the enemy's territories, and bowing the hearts of God's people as the heart of one man to the yoke of Jesus Christ. Although camp meetings originated among the Presbyterians, yet they did not as a Church endorse them. The Synod of Kentucky censured and endeavored to silence those of their ministers that engaged in them; the persecuted ministers then arose and renounced the jurisdiction of the Presbyterian Church, and set up for themselves.

Methodism, which from the beginning has been a child of Providence, saw here a means of grace that might bring many sons unto glory. The important suggestion was heeded, and camp meetings became a prominent feature in our practical economy. Thousands on earth,

and thousands in heaven, date their conversion on the camp ground. A half a century, with its refinement and progress, has taught the most numerous denomination in the land that the continuance of camp meetings has been as blessed as their introduction was providential.

The significance of this long and successful experiment has not been lost on others. Recently the numerous Christians of different Churches, that sustain the Union Prayer Meeting in Philadelphia, rented extensive grounds conveniently near the city, and at great expense fitted them up for future use.

Time and experience are correcting incidental irregularities, and we confidently affirm that camp meetings have a more glorious mission to perform than they have ever yet accomplished. There is much "Manna" to be gathered "in the wilderness." The grove since Patriarchal times has stood a sacred temple. That affected fastidiousness that would forbid our worshipping God in the grove has no claim upon our attention. We have spoken of the introduction of camp meetings, but not of their subsequent progress and influence on society. We will subjoin a few remarks:—

1. We see the hand of God most signally displayed in the introduction of camp meetings. The McGees and their fellow-laborers had no thought of anything of the kind until God clearly pointed out their way and work. The greatest agencies have been developed, not by human concert and foresight, but in a vigorous discharge of present duties, leaving future contingencies to the wisdom and goodness of God. Wesley never planned an ecclesiastical organization. God thrust him out, and then under his labors raised up a mighty people.

2. The great work of God which introduced these meetings, and which afterwards was in a great measure carried on by them, demands a grateful acknowledgment from the

Christian Church. This revival in the West was, on the whole, the most extraordinary that ever visited the Church of Christ, and was peculiarly adapted to the state of the country. Infidelity was triumphant, and religion at the point of expiring. Something of an extraordinary nature was necessary to arrest the attention of sceptical people who were ready to conclude that Christianity was a fable and futurity a dream. This great work of God did it. It confounded infidelity and vice into silence, and brought numbers beyond calculation under the influence of experimental religion and practical piety.

3. The adoption of camp meetings by the Methodist Church, shows the vitality and the elasticity of our economy. It shows that Methodism is not so arbitrary or formal as to be unable to lay hands upon a novel instrumentality without destroying herself. Methodism can serve God with or without the ritual. Maintaining the simplicity of New Testament theology and worship, she does not fear the loss of her identity by varying the mode of her operation. The lion remains a lion, whatever food he eats. Methodism does not depend upon Church forms and canons for her existence and success ; and hence, amid the appropriation of new outward appliances, lion-like she remains unchanged in all that pertains to her vitality. Methodism can make her offering in the grove without going back to barbarism.

4. Camp meetings are a fixed fact. Not long since an editor at a dinner predicted that ten years would witness the universal abandonment of camp meetings. He did not know whereof he affirmed, and we politely gave him to understand that the prophetic office and the editorial chair were entirely distinct. At present the number, attendance, and success of our camp meetings exceed those of any former year. From Martha's Vineyard to the valleys of Oregon and California, the tents of our Israel are yearly

spread. Ten years from this time will witness other denominations wishing to adopt the same means of grace. Dr. Wayland (Baptist) now mourns over the fact that his people have no class meetings like the Methodists. He urges the introduction of something similar. We expect to hear him say next that he is sorry that his people do not have camp meetings. Give up camp meetings? Never! God gave them to us at the hands of the Presbyterians, and we shall never abuse the rich legacy by casting it away! Here ends our first chapter on "*Manna in the Wilderness.*"[1]

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[1] The foregoing account is compiled from "Bangs's History of the M. E. Church," "Compendium of Methodism," "Finley's Autobiography," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE MANNA REFUSED; OR, THE OBJECTIONS HEARD AND ANSWERED.

A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

"YOU are going to have a camp meeting, are you?" said a kind and much loved minister of the Presbyterian Church, as we were enjoying a call at his cozy home.

"Most certainly; will *you* attend?"

"I can't say but that I may, but I am free to confess that I am not in favor of camp meetings."

It is a part of our religion never to deny our faith for the sake of agreeing with a friend, minister though he be; hence we quickly replied:—

"We are indebted to your people for camp meetings, and we are not inclined to give them up; and now at the far West,[1] the Presbyterians vie with us in the number and success of their meetings."

"Very true," replied my friend, "but there is no need of such meetings *now*, in this part of the land."

"You are not sure of that. Take this town as a sample. All the churches we have will not accommodate half the inhabitants should they be inclined to attend."

"Very true," said my friend again, after a moment's reflection, "but we are under no obligation to provide meetings for those who do not attend church."

Dear reader, does this reply correspond with the teachings of Christ? Who is represented by the lost sheep, sought out with so much care and anxiety, and at last re-

[1] "Episcopalians, Baptists, and Presbyterians, all have camp meetings in Oregon, and in their zeal for them bid fair to outdo the Methodists."—*Rev. T. H. Pearne.*

covered and borne to the fold with thanksgiving and joy? Who but a lost and wandering sinner? Matt. xviii. 12–13. And because that sinner has hitherto failed to attend the house of God, shall we not use any and every means for his recovery? He has no relish for a *written sermon*, though delivered "decently and in order;" shall we not, therefore, preach Jesus to him in the grove?

Let angels be our instructors. With their superior intelligence, and viewing things from a heavenly standpoint, they are prepared to appreciate whatever affects the salvation of undying souls. *I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance:* Luke xv. 7. The extreme measures used to get in the outcasts that the king's table might be filled, (Matt. xxii. 10,) evidently suggest and justify those varied and peculiar appliances by which sinners may be saved.

Can we learn something from Paul? He began to preach as soon as he was converted; thus setting mere conventionalities at defiance the first sermon he preached. His commission led him into Greece; he went to Athens to proclaim salvation; Mars Hill was his cathedral, and an idolatrous inscription his text: Acts xvii. 22–23. He would have preached Jesus in the theatre at Ephesus, had not the brethren prevented him. He taught in the synagogue, and when driven from thence went daily into the school of one Tyrannus. Thus he discussed and enforced religion in the halls of philosophy. When he needed a house he hired it. For two years he carried on tent-making and served as a local preacher. He then sold out his stock in trade and entered the regular work. At one time he preached until midnight. At another he explained the Gospel to a few women by the seaside. He preached the Gospel privately to them who were of reputation. He was "all things to all men, that he might save some." At

one time he had Timothy circumcised; at another he proclaimed himself a Pharisee. By this means he escaped being mobbed, and secured the sympathy of many of his hearers.

What does all this teach? That God sanctions *any* means for the salvation of souls that we can employ without compromising Christian character. The great object is to save souls. Are we to let sinners perish unless they *come to us* to hear the Gospel? Our commission settles the question: "Go ye *into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature:* Mark xvi. 15. "We are under no obligation to provide meetings for those who do not attend church!" The dear brother who uttered this is a faithful and useful minister, and yet we cannot forbear asking, What is the estimate which this language appears to put upon deathless souls? Is it not less than that put upon the mere forms of religious worship? Forms, too, that cannot claim the sanction of inspiration, and which in many instances cannot even make the plea of utility. But to return to the conversation that opened the chapter. "I preached a sermon to my people last Sunday on camp meetings."

"Indeed! Should like to have been there"—rather ironically than otherwise—"perhaps you would have converted *me.*"

"It is possible."

"I *have* attended camp meetings, and the evil overbalances the good."

"Did you attend as a *spectator*, or as a *worshipper?* Perhaps you stood aloof and looked on, and thus you saw some incidental things which you could not approve, and which doubtless gave you pain. If so, you were like the man who ascended his neighbor's chimney, to observe the fire beneath; his eyes were soon filled with smoke, and he went away grumbling about his neighbor's miserable fire."

"I behaved myself;" evidently annoyed at the severe comparison used.

"Doubtless you did; but did you take any part in the religious exercises, and thus identify yourself with the good work?"

"I did not have anything to do with the meeting, but I was insulted, and my wife was insulted."

"Perhaps the meeting *you* attended was disturbed; but I am satisfied that the evils of camp meetings are overestimated. Many persons see what is exceptionable, but fail to discover the good that is done."

"O, I am satisfied that good is done at camp meetings. I believe souls are converted there; but they are occasions of drawing together many of the vicious, and also many young people, who conduct properly elsewhere, but who there throw off all restraint."

"In my sermon, I met part of your objection in this way: There are families that lay claim to respectability and *piety (?)* who cherish a strong prejudice against Methodism. That prejudice manifests itself in frequent uncharitable remarks concerning Methodist prayer meetings and camp meetings. Thus, parents who profess the religion of Jesus, educate their children to treat with disrespect a means of grace they cannot appreciate. The camp meeting is not responsible for their conduct. And more; the vicious that assemble are not made so by the occasion. They only reveal their true characters; thus demonstrating the necessity for this or a similar means of grace to save them from perdition."

We have other arguments to present. Let them be stated in an extract from the "*Camp Meeting Manual:*"—[1]

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[1] A nervously-written volume of 168 pages, by Rev. B. W. Gorham. It should be in the hands of the friends and foes of camp meetings.

"But we assume that either camp meetings, or some other means of special general interest, are a permanent want of the Church.

The institutes of the Israelites indicate this truth. The Lord ordained for them three great annual festivals or gatherings of the people. We allude to the Feasts of Passover, Pentecost, and Tabernacles; which were so ordained as usually to fall in the months, respectively, of April, June, and September, and which were each to hold a week, or, in the Jewish phrase, eight days.

In these ancient institutions of the Church of God, it is easy to see a recognition of the principle that the Church needs her protracted and extraordinary seasons of rest from worldly care, of worship and devotion to God. It is said that those great festivals were commemorative of certain great events in the national history of the Jews; and this is granted: but it does not follow that their monumental character exhausts their design. God is, if the expression be allowable, too good an economist to have adopted general festivals of the people merely as a method of commemorating the Exodus, the giving of the Law, and the encampings of the Israelites.

The expense of time and money involved in these great gatherings would have filled the land with monuments and inscriptions, known and read of all men; and further, it is a matter of historic record, that, while each of these celebrations embraced in its ceremonies some distinct allusions to the event it was instituted to commemorate, they were all mainly characterized as seasons of high national and religious interest, and that their power for good among the ancient Hebrews lay principally in this their adaptation to cement fraternal ties of union, and promote strong religious convictions and aspirations among the people.

Concerning the Feast of Tabernacles, the statute ran thus: 'Ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year. It shall be a statute for ever in your generations, ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month. Ye shall dwell in booths (tents) seven days, all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths.' Here then, we have, by express institution of God, a religious convocation, identical with a modern camp meeting, in its principal or characteristic fact, namely, that the people were to leave their dwelling-houses and live in tents during the meeting. This practice was to be observed throughout all the generations of their polity, though in after time, a synagogue arose in every village, and the Temple at Jerusalem would accommodate an auditory of thousands.

Jeroboam found the influence of the festivals upon the Hebrew mind so conservative, that he despaired of ultimate success in his attempt to divide the nation, except by inducing the people to abandon these powerful means of grace and of national strength; and he only succeeded in drawing them from their festivals by drawing them into actual idolatry.

The truth is, human life needs to be dotted over with occasions of stirring interest. The journey asks its milestones, or rather, if you please, its watering-places along the way. Our nature requires the recurrence now and then, of some event of special interest; something that shall peer up from the dead level of existence—an object for hope to rest upon in the future—an oasis in the desert of the remembered past. The ancient Jewish festivals that have been alluded to, did meet, and were doubtless mainly intended to meet, this want of our humanity.

All nations, ancient and modern, have held their great festivals, political and religious; a still further proof that there is an element in man which demands occasional excitement by such means. But it is replied: 'Granting

all this; why will not extra meetings held in the churches meet this necessity, as well as meetings held in the forest?'

We answer—Because, 1. They do not, like camp meetings, call the people away for successive days from their business and cares.

2. They never offer so rich a variety of ministerial talent, as it rarely happens that more than two or three preachers can attend a meeting of that kind simultaneously.

3. Protracted meetings, as they are called, do not amount to anything like a general convocation of the membership of the Church from an extended territory, to labor and pray together for the general good.

On the contrary, they necessarily occupy the Church in any particular locality exclusively with its own home interests; and thus, instead of promoting extended acquaintance among the members of the Church, and binding in golden bonds of union and fellow-feeling the hearts of our people, over large districts of country, they tend to accelerate, or at least, they do not retard the tendency to isolation, now so rife, and it may be added, so ominous among us. When we shall have church edifices that will accommodate from four thousand to twenty thousand persons, and when we can get our people to attend a meeting for a week at such a church, in such numbers as attend camp meeting, and when the members of such church will be able and willing to feed and lodge such a host for a week, when the persons attending will hire their board during their stay, and when the preachers can be induced to attend and labor at such meeting as they do now at camp meeting, and when there can be excited in the people at large the same desire to attend a meeting thus held as now moves thousands to the encampment, and when a score of other impossibilities shall stand out of the way, then it will do to propose substituting a meeting in the church for this tremendous engine of spiritual power.

But let us not be misunderstood here. We simply mean to say that there are certain valuable results achieved by camp meetings which never can be reached by other forms of religious effort; and we are equally free to say that there are doubtless other ends, equally important, for which other means are better adapted than camp meetings. What then? Let us not discard either the one or the other of these means of grace. They are well adapted, by their respective peculiarities, to co-operate in accomplishing the same general ends. The camp meeting is the larger gathering; the protracted meeting may be continued longer. Not more than one camp meeting can generally be held to profit in a Presiding Elder's District during one season; whereas as many protracted meetings as there are societies may be held if occasion require. The protracted meeting held in the church, is adapted to the leisure and the long evenings of winter, and the camp meeting is adapted to the summer.

Herein appears their beautiful harmony. It often happens that the fire is kindled on the camp ground, and burns in the form of a blessed revival carried forward by means of the protracted meeting all winter. On the other hand, if extensive revivals of religion have prevailed over a district of country during the winter, and added many to the Church, what better thing can she and her children do, than to retire from the cares of the world, for a week, and renew their vows, and brighten their hopes, just at that period of the year when the faith of the faithful is likeliest to wane, and when the half-fledged piety of the young converts has oftenest yielded to worldliness.

It must not be disguised that the Methodist ministry has wants that are nowhere else to be met as they are met on the camp ground. Our fields have been divided and subdivided, till the majority of us are alone in our charges. We are seldom together during the year, and the tendency of events seems to be, still to increase the distinction

between *meum* and *tuum* among Methodist preachers. Nor does any usage of the Church, so powerfully as the camp meeting, operate to neutralize this tendency. Our modern quarterly meetings, where indeed we continue to have them at all, usually call together but two of us, the Presiding Elder and the pastor. Our District meetings, which are far from being universal, are not even intended to meet the want alluded to. Our Annual Conferences are seasons of exhausting toil and care. And, in a word, with all the other usages of Methodism, there is still wanting some season of great and general interest, that shall convoke these men of God in considerable numbers, and permit them, disburthened of all worldly care, to drink together at the fountain of mercy, to cement their friendships at the foot of the cross, and to lose their selfishness, and pride, and unholy ambition, while bathing together in a common ocean of love.

The practice of the Saviour, in holding protracted religious meetings in places remote from the Synagogue and the Temple, and in the uninhabited portions of the country, is, we think, a full sanction of the principle involved in the holding of modern camp meetings. True, the meetings are not alike in all their circumstances. The difference between the Saviour's meetings in the wilderness and our modern camp meetings consists mainly of two particulars, namely: (1), that ours are appointed beforehand, and (2), that we provide for ourselves food and shelter during their continuance. The points of difference, therefore, between his meetings and ours, are few in number, merely circumstantial, and certainly not of such a character as to subject ours to the charge of fanaticism by any showing that should exonerate his from a like charge.

John the Baptist appears to have held his meetings out of doors during the six or eight months of his public ministry, with scarcely any exception. Out-door meetings

were common in the Apostles' times, and indeed it does not appear that church edifices were provided to any considerable extent, till late in the second century of the Christian era.

Truly, 'The groves were God's first temples.' And when, it may be asked, has there been carried on any great process of spiritual reform, without the extensive use of out-door preaching? Not only did John, and the Saviour, and the Apostles address their audiences in the open air, but in later days, assembled thousands listened to the apostolic Wesley on the moors and commons of England, and the fires of revival were lighted along the Atlantic seaboard of America by the out-door preaching of Whitefield.

The Church has ever become attached to forms and ceremonies, as she has lost her spirituality and power; and her decline in these has been equally marked by a superstitious regard for certain localities. Wesley declared that, before his conversion, he should have regarded it as almost a sin against God to save a soul from hell, unless it had been done in a church. But God showed him the more excellent way, when he filled him with the Spirit of Christ, presented the world before him as his parish, and sent him forth to publish the great salvation he had found, in the church, or on the commons indifferently; now in the streets of London, and now in the market-place—to the drunken colliers at New Castle, to the depraved operatives at Macclesfield, and again to the half barbarous natives at Cornwall. Would to God that the spirit which urged him on were in each of his sons."

To conclude this chapter, let us return to our narrative.

* * * "You are going to camp meeting, without doubt," said an official member as we entered his store.

"I am making arrangements to do so."

"We expect that you will make your home with us during the meeting."

"Very kind indeed, but I had anticipated hiring my board near the ground."

"You sha'n't do that; we want somebody to take care of us, and we don't know who will do it better than our pastor."

"Very well, it is a minister's duty to submit part of the time, and it will give me pleasure to do so in this instance." At this we passed on musing at this instance of generosity and piety. How thoughtful of their pastor! Ere we were aware we found ourselves uttering: May God bless this people and "Grant them according to the riches of his glory to be strengthened with might by his spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in their hearts by faith; that they, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that they might be filled with all the fulness of God." Eph. iii. 16–19.

How comprehensive this prayer! What vast privileges for the child of God it implies! Each saint a temple, and Christ the royal resident within! The Ephesians had a grand temple before them—*the temple of Diana*, reputed to be one of the wonders of the world; its length was 425 feet; its breadth 220; it was supported by 127 richly wrought columns, each 60 feet high. All Asia contributed to its erection; and it required 220 years to construct it. Here is something better: "We by faith become an habitation of God through the Spirit." God at the beginning formed man to be *his temple;* when the temple became defiled, God left it. In the order of his eternal mercy, Christ, the repairer of the breach, comes to purify the temple, that it may become a fit habitation for the blessed God. This is what the Apostle points out to the believing

Ephesians, in praying that Christ might *intensely and constantly dwell in their hearts by faith.* Children of the Most High, join us in the poet's happy strain:

"O come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!"

CHAPTER III.

THE MANNA SOUGHT; OR, ON THE WAY.

Go up with Christ your head;
Your Captain's footsteps see;
Follow your Captain, and be led
To certain victory.
All power to him is given;
He ever reigns the same;
Salvation, happiness, and heaven,
Are all in Jesus' name.

"HAVE you everything you need?"

"I have not. The most important article is yet to be put up."

"What can it be?"

"My sword, of course. A soldier without his sword is poorly fitted for battle."

"Will a minister of Jesus presume to take an instrument of death to camp meeting? Our answer is found in Eph. vi. 17. 'The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God.'"

* * * "Good-bye, God bless you," are the farewell words that fall from lips which have oft spoken good cheer to the heart of the young itinerant. The parsonage door closes—the carriage rattles on, and we soon leave behind us the busy town, with its hammers, its coal dust, its engines, and its numerous laborers. Three miles of our journey lie through the beautiful Valley of Wyoming. Fields of rich and ripening grain, modest white cottages, half concealed in the shrubbery that surrounds them, and the fair Susquehanna flowing on as grandly as when the light canoe was sped over its surface by savage hands, and the distant hills gradually receding like the back-ground upon the canvas, form a picture that enables us to com-

prehend at once, what poets and novelists have intended to express of this beautiful vale.

For the first time we were pointed to the precise spot where, July 3, 1778, the battle of Wyoming was fought, and a band of freeman, under command of Colonel Butler, was cut to pieces by the merciless Indians and tories. A little in the distance stands the "Wyoming Monument," erected over the remains of those who fell in that fearful struggle. There were many sad partings on that terrible day. The depth of sorrow which filled the hearts of husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, on that and the following day, will only be brought to light by the revelations of the last Judgment. As we gazed on the field, where many a true heart bled, we were carried in imagination over the history of this romantic region, and contrasted its present appearance with the picture it presented when the first white man beheld it.

Count Zinzendorf is believed to be the first white man who set his foot upon *the Great Plains*.[1] In 1742 he came with an interpreter, and erected his tent near the Indian village, and proposed a talk. He was a messenger from the Great Spirit, sent to teach the red man the true worship. He had crossed the seas upon this benevolent errand, without the hope of earthly gain. The savages could not comprehend the fact that he had taken so much pains to visit them, with no selfish motive. Concluding that it was the object of the pale faces to take their lands from them, they resolved to terminate the enterprise by their immediate destruction. A few warriors, selected for the purpose, stealthily approached the tent of the unsuspecting stranger, by night, to accomplish their designs, when a strange providence interfered. Peeping through an opening in the tent, they saw a huge rattlesnake crawl

[1] *Wyoming*, is a corruption of the name given by the Indians—*Maugh-wau-wame*, which signifies LARGE PLAINS.

over the feet of the strange visiter without interrupting his composure, as he sat upon a bundle of weeds engaged in writing. Considering that he was protected by the Great Spirit, they departed without offering him the least molestation.[1]

There are names and occurrences of later date that are of especial interest to the pious, and especially to the Methodist. The name of Rev. Aning Owen deserves a place in the annals of Wyoming. He was a man of courage, prayer, and faith. He long and faithfully preached the Gospel here. He has gone to his reward, and we would cherish his memory. It will be no interruption to our journey to the camp-ground to relate an anecdote of him, which illustrates his blunt but successful way of dealing with sinners. On one occasion, travelling to an appointment, he fell in company with a stranger. As usual, Owen introduced the subject of religion. He had ascertained that his travelling companion was unconverted, and was proceeding to exhort him to repentance, when they arrived at a place where their roads ran in different directions, and they were obliged to separate. After riding a short distance, as if moved by some sudden impulse he wheeled about and started back after the stranger, crying at the top of his voice, "Stop! friend, stop!" The stranger halted, and Owen rode up, and looking him full in the face with much earnestness said: "Sir, I expect never to see you again in this world, and I wish you to remember two things—Hell is hot, and Eternity is long." Years rolled away—the circumstance had passed from his mind, when at a public gathering, where Owen was in attendance, this stranger introduced himself—related the occurrence, and claimed that that warning was the means of his conversion.

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[1] "Wyoming," &c., by Dr. George Peck, p. 13.

While we think of those who have been identified with the valley in its progress, we can but exclaim, "What a mighty change in eighty years!" The days of peril and of war are passed, and many of the descendants of the old heroes are hastening to the camp meeting. The Indian yell or the whizzing tomahawk does not now alarm maiden or mother. The storm has passed!

We turned from the main road, and hastened, in a westerly course, toward a notch in the mountain, which was pointed out as the place for leaving the valley. As we entered this winding and gradually rising road, we dismissed the exciting incidents that lend thrilling interest to the valley below; and mused on things equally exciting, connected with camp meetings. Some of the incidents that memory called up we transcribe for the reader, as they are in the line of our narrative.

THE HAPPY EXCHANGE.

A few years since we attended a camp meeting in Tompkins county, New York. The devil, as usual, was interested in the meeting; and he sought to accomplish his purposes, as he often does, through the young men. This was their plan: a generous-hearted, but dare-devil sort of a fellow was elected captain, and the company was duly organized; but as they could not all go to the meeting until a given time, the captain was appointed to visit the ground at an earlier hour, to reconnoitre and report plans for a general and systematic onset. The captain reached the ground, but some watchful, praying brethren saw him, and instantly laid siege to his heart, by prayer and affectionate entreaty. He resisted for a time, but the Spirit of God wrought deep conviction, and he marched to the altar and began to seek salvation. The chariot of the Lord seemed stayed for a time. Presently the young captain took a flask of whiskey from his pocket, and

passed it over to one of the brethren. In a few minutes he was converted. He rose and made a full confession. An eccentric brother, called "Shouting Amos," could hold still no longer: he shouted, "Glory to God, the Lord took away his *whiskey* and gave him *wine*." We call it "the happy exchange." At the appointed hour the company were on the ground; but judge of their surprise when the converted captain fell to exhorting them with tears. Some ran, and some sought the Lord. Glory be to God, for salvation for the chief of sinners.

THE ROWDY CAUGHT.

Some years ago at a western camp meeting, a spirited young man was much offended at a rebuke he received from a minister. He swore he would have revenge by running the preacher's carriage down a steep bank into the creek. Rev. Mr. C— watched his carriage which stood just in the rear of the preachers' tent, right on a high bank. The young man was on hand, but the owner of the carriage rushed upon him so suddenly, that his only way of escape was to leap the bank and plunge himself in water about six feet deep. He got out the best way he could. The meeting went on with power, and the young man swore he would have satisfaction. Many hardened sinners were arrested, and a great number converted. On Sunday night the altar was crowded with weeping penitents. While Mr. C— was in the altar laboring with seekers, the young man came up and leaned on the altar rail. The minister kept his eye upon him, and suddenly he leaped over the altar and fell at full length and cried aloud for mercy. Presently the minister trod on something soft near where the young man had been standing. He picked it up, and lo! it was a string of frogs strung on a piece of hickory bark. He took them in the tent, not knowing what it meant. Mon-

day morning at daybreak the young man raised a shout of victory. During the day he said to the minister; "I strung that batch of frogs and took them to the altar, intending, while you were praying with mourners, to put them over your neck, and while I was seeking an opportunity to do this, the power of God arrested me. I never want to be any nearer hell than I felt myself then." Many of the rowdies were converted, and so ended the frog campaign.[1]

THE DOCTOR DID NOT KNOW.

At a Maryland camp meeting a scene of interest was witnessed. Penitents were at the altar, and as the services became more animated, the mourning ones seemed to go from depth to depth of distress, until a mere philosopher, who might otherwise view the scene with indifference or contempt, would be moved to pity by the sight of such an intense sorrow. But it was not of long continuance. The youngest of the women, beautiful at any time, but doubly beautiful in her grief, soon became exhausted, and fell back with upturned face in the lap of a middle-aged matron. Her prayer, to all outward appearance, entirely ceased. Her large dark eyes expanded as she gazed upward. It seemed like the beginning of a celestial trance. For a few moments not a limb, nor a muscle of her face moved. At length the red flush of agony passed from her countenance, and she grew pale as a corpse.

A very young physician, who stood on the outside of the enclosure watching the scene, became alarmed and said she was dying. This opinion soon circulated through the crowd, and the fear became general. Even the mothers in Israel, who had often witnessed such exercises, began to be uneasy. Their fears however were soon relieved; for presently a gleam of light animated her pale coun-

[1] Autobiography of Rev. P. Cartwright.

tenance, and then another and another. At last her entire face was steadily illuminated. A dead silence fell upon the crowd as they gazed upon those fixed eyes, that seemed to penetrate far, far into the bliss of the eternal heavens. Then her eyelids began to move, and then her lips; and then with a soft silvery voice, that brought tears to the eyes of every spectator, she slowly said:—

"'Tis love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me;
I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning breaks, the shadows flee;
Pure universal love thou art."

A shout from scores of voices, told the general joy inspired by the scene. Instantly the whole assembly began to sing, in a manner that science might scorn, but the influence of which few could resist:—

"My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear.
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry."

While the congregation sang this divine hymn of Charles Wesley over the redeemed spirit of this fair girl, her aged father came and knelt by her side, and wept as he never wept before. She was the last of his children, and the last to experience that mysterious change, at which the gay, the skeptical and the profane may scoff, but which is as real as any fact of the solid world. His presence and affecting manner by the side of his happy child gave an almost insupportable interest to the occasion. Tears that fell in drops before, now ran in torrents from all eyes; and as if by sacred sympathy, or a more direct power from on high, the mourning of all the rest seemed turned into joy. It was the very "*oil of joy*,"—joy's finest,

purest extract. The careless as they looked on grew thoughtful, and pious purposes began to throb in many a heart that had never felt the force of the religious sentiment before.[1]

As we thought of these and other thrilling camp meeting scenes, our heart beat with strong excitement. We felt that in a few hours we should mingle in the devotions and conflicts of a camp meeting. We are going up to battle! O thou Captain of our salvation, go thou with us, then shall we triumph gloriously! May this meeting be a time of salvation to many!

We are nearing the ground, and lo, above the sound of axe and hammer come the thrilling notes of sacred song. It is a battle hymn!

"Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

Pause a moment! What spirit is controlling my heart now? What object is leading me on? The following important thoughts should be prayerfully pondered before entering the encampment.

1. I am about entering upon a means of grace for the improvement of which I must account to God.

2. It is certain that I will advance in Christian knowledge and holiness, or else decline. Camp meetings, like the blood of Jesus, are a "savor of life unto life, or of death unto death."

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[1] Nat. Mag., vol. 8, p. 143.

3. Some person will be influenced by me during this meeting, for heaven or hell. Each person is the centre of some circle of influence.

4. If I would accomplish good, or receive good, I must have a definite object in view. I must seek a definite blessing for my own soul, and contemplate some definite, special good to the souls of others.

5. My reliance must be on divine aid. Peter was strong in resolution and enthusiasm, but when the day of trial came, where were his courage and integrity? He faltered and fell.

6. I shall see some things, even among the pious, which I could wish otherwise. Perfection in judgment and conduct is not of earth. I must not expect too much from man. Criticism must be laid aside.

CHAPTER IV.

WHERE THE MANNA WAS GATHERED; OR, THE CAMP GROUND.

> Go abroad
> Upon the paths of nature, and, when all
> Its voices whisper, and its silent things
> Are breathing the deep beauty of the world,
> Kneel at its simple altar.

THE sun was declining, as with beating heart we sprang from the carriage and hastened to see the "camp in the woods." It was the first day of the meeting, but nearly all the tents were up. We entered the ground from the east, and found it laid out after the pattern of the New Jerusalem. "It lieth four square, and the length and the breadth thereof are equal." The preachers' "stand" occupied the centre of the east side. This stand is a permanent fixture—two story—single roof, and mounted with a good bell to call the worshippers together for divine service. The altar in material and construction is much in keeping with life in the woods. Poles securely fastened to posts three and a half feet high, form a railing on three sides. It is left open next the stand. The seats are of rude but clean plank. They are so placed as to leave an aisle up the centre of the altar, thus making it convenient to pass in and out.

A camp meeting altar is an important feature of the plan. Some call it a "pen," and smile at the sacred name that is given to so rude and primitive a construction. "What! get religion at a Methodist camp meeting altar?" said a proud and wicked man. "Do you suppose I have lost my self-respect?" "Oh, no, sir. But do you mean to insult all Christian people who worship here, by insinuating that they give up their self-respect every

time they bow at this altar? Don't talk of self-respect while you are living in sin. Salvation does not come through stained glass and gothic arches alone; penitence and faith will secure it *here*, and you had better seek it at this meeting. Can't get down at a camp meeting altar? Poor soul! Dives maintained *his* dignity. Where was the self-respect of Lazarus as he lay, a diseased beggar, at the gate? Death came, and dignity had a fall. "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torment;" but angels lent their wings to bear Lazarus to his heavenly home. The grave is lower than this altar, and you will soon be there! *Perdition* is lower still! O, fly while you may."

There are others who think differently of the "altar." Mark that young man leaning over the Bible board. "That is a dear place to me," says he, with much emotion, pointing with his index finger to a particular place in the altar. "I was converted there two years ago. When I came on the ground this year, the first place I went to was the altar."

"That was a memorable camp meeting to you," we ventured to reply.

"Yes, indeed! I shall remember it in heaven."

This language fell from the lips of a young man, the only son of Rev. Wm. Wyatt. Albert had been the subject of pious influences from infancy. When others slept, his anxious mother often wept and groaned, so great was her desire for his salvation. Two years ago she knelt by his side in this altar. Their tears and prayers mingled. It was the hour of salvation! Albert returned to school a follower of Christ; his mother's cup of joy was full—"*My son, my son is a Christian.*"

We will pass from the altar. Here are the seats nicely arranged and sufficient in number to accommodate two thousand people. The Universalist Church in the

village of A——, is furnished with finely upholstered sofas; quite an inducement this to attend church, and hear the soothing doctrine. No sofas at camp meeting (except in private tents), but plain, matter-of-fact seats, made of rude plank, supported by timbers or large poles, raised far enough from the ground to give the seats the right elevation.

The tents are erected upon uniformly laid out lots. In the rear of the first row of tents, is a street of suitable width both for beauty and convenience. Crossing this street, we come to a second tier of tents corresponding with the first. In the rear of this row, a second street is laid out. Beyond this still, is a third row of tents. Verily the camp meeting spirit is not declining. On the east side of the ground, a short distance from the main entrance, is a capacious spring that furnishes abundant water for the tents. The trees that adorn the ground, are, most of them, of recent growth. Here and there stands a massive sentinel, telling us of by-gone centuries, and promising us silent protection while we worship.

We confess to excitement. The works of nature are inspiring; but when to that inspiration you add the hallowed charms of religion, you have influences which we dare not, which we *cannot*, resist. This is hallowed ground. The Lord sanctified when he made it. Devout worshippers have dedicated it anew, and now it stands sacred under a two-fold consecration. This is a living temple that waxes not old, neither is it shattered by time which cracks and shatters stone. These fair trees root wider with every generation, and cast a vaster round of grateful shadow every summer. We had rather walk beneath an avenue of native trees than inspect the noblest cathedral that art ever accomplished. What is it that brings one into such immediate and exhilarating sympathy with venerable trees? One instinctively uncovers his

head as he comes beneath them; he looks up into their receding and twilight recesses, and he should breathe a thanksgiving to God every time his foot falls under their refreshing shadow.

The groves were God's first temples ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to thee, solemn thanks,
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the Invisible that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole ever him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah! why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries and adore
Only ———————— under the roofs
That our frail hands have raised?
Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose
All these fair ranks of trees,
Fit shrine for humble worshippers to hold
Communion with their Maker. ———
But thou art here, thou fillest
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music.
My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished yet renewed,
For ever. Written on thy works I read
The lessons of thy own eternity.

We have a few moments before supper, and we will improve them in calls. "What, make calls on the camp ground? Not your fashionable village calls that are so formal and heartless?" Really we do not know how we can make such a call here; talk nonsense an hour and then go home: but come with us and you shall see. Here we are, in front of a tent, or rather house, two stories, doors, windows, floors, stone foundation, in short everything pertaining to a well-constructed house. We will enter: "This is a fine house. Do you expect a double blessing for taking so much pains to serve the Lord?" We utter these words as we enter, and before a reply can be given, we have the occupant by the hand.

"How do you do, Elisha?"

"Well! blessed be God!"

"Do you go in yet for the old Jerusalem fire?"

"That and nothing else. Salvation is the main thing with me."

"Salvation *free* and *full?*"

"Salvation *free* and FULL. Do *you* believe that doctrine?"

"I *believe* it, and *preach* it, and the Lord blesses me in so doing."

"But there are some that don't believe in being made free from sin," says Elisha.

"There are some that ought to tarry at Jerusalem."

"That's it, that's it, tarry at Jerusalem till they are endued with power from on high. A minister told me that he was sanctified when he was converted, or else he had no religion. How do you get along with that?"

"We are sanctified *in part*, at conversion. Sanctification means being set apart for sacred uses. The vessels of the Temple were sanctified by being set apart for holy services. No man can experience pardon without dedicating himself to God. Sanctification also means *purity*

this is *entire* sanctification. It is called in the Bible, 'being sanctified wholly.' This is what the Apostle prayed for in 1 Thes. v. 23. '*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly: and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*' This same doctrine is expressed in Paul's letter to Titus ii. 14, where he speaks of Christ, *Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.* In view of the promise of this salvation from *all iniquity*, he exhorts in his second Epistle to Cor. vii. 1, *Having, therefore, these promises, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.* Thus you see that sanctification *begins* at conversion."

"That's it," says Elisha; "they are not sanctified *wholly* at conversion. When they tell me there is no difference between *justification* and *sanctification*, I tell them I know there is. They are just seven miles apart."

"How so, Elisha?"

"Well, I will tell you. God converted my soul down to Forty Fort. Hallelujah! *That* was justification. It is just seven miles up to Father C., where God, in answer to prayer, sanctified my soul. *Hallelujah* to Jesus FOR EVER! That's where I get the *seven miles apart.*"

Don't pronounce judgment against the sanity or piety of this strange genius. He is an original character; a little rough on the bark, but sound and good at heart. We know a tree by its *fruit*, not its bark. He is known far and near as "Crazy Elisha," or "Shouting Harris." His religion is not a coat to be worn at camp meetings, or on Sundays, and then put off. No, no! salvation is an everyday thing with him. He commenced his Christian course with a shout, and he keeps up the music all along. His strict honesty and uprightness of life have won the confidence of saint and sinner. The people gladly hear

his testimony, though he generally begins and ends with *Hallelujah!* Indeed, we don't think you could put him where he would not shout. The first California-built steamer was blown up the day they were celebrating the admission of the State into the Union. Philip Groves,[1] the shouting Methodist, was aboard in the midst of the explosion, and as he crawled up from under the broken timbers, he shouted, "Hallelujah! I am ready! Glory be to God, I'm all right!" If you put Elisha on a steamer and blow him up, we shall expect to hear him shout amid the wreck, "Glory to God! I'm all right! Hallelujah!"

For twenty years, or more, he has been serving the Lord. During that time many have tried to smooth him down, and make him like folks; but here he is as *crooked* and as *good* as ever. Holiness is dear to his heart, and he never lets a good opportunity pass without bearing testimony to the power of Christ to save. Some are opposed to this definite way of confessing Christ, but it is enough for Elisha to know that the way for him to overcome sin is by the blood of the "Lamb and the word of his testimony." A part of his life he has served the Church as a local preacher. When going any great distance from home to fill appointments, as he has sometimes done, he has generally introduced himself in his own way. On one occasion he went to preach at White Haven, within the bounds of the Baltimore Conference. The congregation had assembled when he entered. He marched straight to the pulpit, and began the services. His personal appearance and manner unavoidably awakened curiosity. Of this he was aware, and proceeded to set the matter right in his own way, by saying: "Well, I suppose you want to know who the stranger is. I am Crazy Harris; glory

[1] California Life Illustrated, p. 108.

be to God." That was enough. His name and fame had spread afar.

The fastidious may say that such an introduction would certainly dissipate all seriousness, and defeat the proper ends of Gospel preaching. Not so. Elisha preached, exhorted, and shouted in his peculiar style. He said, "Amen," and before his audience had time to take a very long breath, he was in the altar calling sinners forward to be prayed for. His faith is peculiar; it is always expecting blessings from God. To the surprise of the critic and the cold-hearted, seven found their way to the altar. "Now for *salvation*," said Elisha, "SALVATION, SALVATION IN THE NAME OF THE LORD." A prayer meeting followed, and nearly all the seekers found peace. Elisha shouted, bid his hearers good-bye, and returned to his home, thanking God for a good time, and the conversion of souls. Can a doctor of divinity do better? We are greatly in favor of a quiet, thoughtful piety, that does not take pains to publish its own intensity or achievements. We are disgusted when noise is made in worshipping God, just for the sake of the noise. None but very weak minds rattle their own dice-box and think they hear thunder. Affected pathos is equally disgusting. Dr. Watson said of a certain minister, that his pathos always ended in his own pocket handkerchief. It is not so with Elisha, when he shouts he means it; and a good shout, right up from the heart, is never offensive. It will do more than a Presiding Elder's sermon sometimes—*i. e.*, it will keep folks awake. Elisha was attending a quarterly meeting. Brother F., then a teacher in Wyoming Seminary, was in attendance. It was Saturday afternoon, and the labors of the week had been so exhausting that he soon "lost the run of the argument," and settled down into a comfortable sleep. Elisha, occupying a seat directly back of Brother F., gave a shout. The sleeper had never heard him before; he

sprang to his feet, thinking it was an alarm of fire. He looked about, but seeing all things quiet, sat down. To this day he regards that as an "effectual call."

He was attending a protracted meeting, where faithful preaching and earnest prayer had been unavailing. A deep seriousness pervaded the assembly, but no one would start. The pastor was getting discouraged. Should the meetings be given up? Suddenly Elisha leaped over a bench, and reaching the centre of the congregation, said: "Go on, sinner; go to hell and be ruined for ever, and I will say, amen! Go on, if you want to, after all that has been done for you by a dying Saviour, and a living ministry; I shall pray for you no more, if you are not going to seek religion." "Well," thought they, "if Elisha is going to stop praying for us, we are in a desperate state. We had better seek salvation immediately." They made a rush for the mourners' bench, and the work went on powerfully, and many souls were gathered into the kingdom. He believes in being "instant in season and out of season."

It is said that in former days he was an expert boxer, and woe to the man that closes in with him now. He does not fight with carnal weapons, but his weapons are mighty through God, to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin. Should he, however, be convinced that the cause of Christ required him to "knock down and drag out," he would do it at once as a pious exercise. Some years ago at the Providence camp meeting, a set of rowdies were determined to have things their own way. Rev. B. W. Gorham, who had charge of the meeting, gave orders for the ground to be cleared. The rowdies delayed, and he walked up to them and said: "Now you can have five minutes to leave the ground; if you don't leave in that time you will be arrested." Elisha, fearing trouble, was on hand. As soon as Bro. Gorham spoke of arresting

the rowdies, the ringleader drew back his fist to knock him down. Elisha observed this, and so quick were his motions, that he caught the uplifted arm and gave it such a jerk and whirl at the same time, that the rowdy made a complete turn. As he came face-about, Elisha brought his hands suddenly together, saying, at the same time, with an emphasis that made the woods ring: "Glory to God! if you want to fight, *I* am your man, I am here to fight for King Jesus. Hallelujah!" The rowdy had no mind to close in with such a man, and so made the best of his way from the ground.

He is never afraid to show his colors. A few years since he was passing two politicians, who were earnestly contending for the merits of their respective candidates. One of them cried out: "Elisha, who are *you* in favor of?" "I am in favor of the Lord Jesus Christ," was the quick and characteristic reply. We cannot see why people call him crazy. He never quotes Scripture amiss, nor applies it improperly. Here is an amusing illustration. A. C. Thompson, Esq., was passing over the mountain toward Easton. It was mid-winter, and he was driving a fiery young horse before a light cutter. By some break or misadjustment of the harness, the sleigh went against the horse, whereupon he began to kick and run. Bro. Thompson observed a load of hay ahead, and it occurred to him that he could direct his horse into the hay and bring him to a halt. Manage a horse that is running away if you can. The animal wheeled out and passed the hay so quickly, that the driver was thrown into the snow, and the fragments of the demolished cutter scattered about. He was picking himself up the best he could, when lo! Elisha stood over him, whip in hand, and without waiting to inquire, "Are you dead, or injured?" exclaimed with a rapidity and emphasis that would frighten

a stranger, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. We shall have occasion to get better acquainted with this strange child of nature and of grace, as the meeting progresses. May God bless him, and enable him to pray and shout on, until,

> In triumph he reaches the bank of the river,
> And shouts of salvation for ever and ever.

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST SERVICE.

SKETCH OF REV. JOHN M. SNYDER.

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

THE bell rang its call to worship; the lamps were lit and their welcome light gleamed through the darkness, and the people assembled in front of the stand to join in the first services. A few words of exhortation from Dr. Peck: "Let us draw near the stand and get into a devout frame of mind. Our object is to do good and get good. Let us give ourselves to prayer at once, and in right good earnest begin the meeting. It becomes us to set an example of earnestness and sobriety, that others may not be incited to levity or neglect. Let us begin with an earnestness and simplicity that will secure the blessing of God. For this we have left our homes and come to worship beneath these trees. It is *salvation* we want. We must spend no time in vain conversation. No time this to visit, to talk of politics or commerce. We are here to worship God. These preachers have come to preach "Christ, and him crucified." We trust you will second their efforts. Get into the work at once. There is no sense in waiting three days to get warmed up. It will be harder

every day you wait. O, may the power of God rest upon preachers and people at the beginning of the meeting!"

Many "Amens," showed that the soldiers were ready for the word of command. Now the inquiry passes around,

"WHO SHALL PREACH?"

Do you see that brother adjusting his glasses? This hymn is selected and clearly announced:—

Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

Long as our fiery trials last,—
Long as the cross we bear,—
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never ceasing prayer

Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,—
I will not let thee go;—

I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me;
With all thy great salvation bless
And make me all like thee.

Now for the singing. Reader, have you ever heard camp meeting singing at night? "It is not *a la operatic*, with its screeches and trills, out-shaming all nature and melody too; but rich and melodious, natural and such as fills the heart with sublimest emotions. In it there may not be the highest *soprano*, or the lowest *contralto*; but there is a spirit, a very soul and power that touch the chords of the human heart. Whatever may be said of improvement in sacred music,—and we are decidedly progressive in our tastes and habits,—give us the full round chorus of the whole congregation uniting in the praise of God, even if it should be at fault in artistic accuracy." The

singing is good for the first night. Like good wine it will grow better. But what of the preacher,

REV. JOHN M. SNYDER.

You are interested in him, but not captivated. You see a man before you whose intelligence claims your respect, and whose piety deserves your confidence. He is of medium size, compactly and symmetrically built. Personal beauty is his, without the vanity that usually accompanies it. Now his glasses are laid aside—they are only brought into requisition when the light is dim or the type fine. His keen black eyes show at once that there is something in the man. When radiance streams from the window, you know there is a light within. The eyes are the windows of the soul. When the curtain is drawn, we get many a glance at the furniture within, without the knowledge of the occupant.

Brother Snyder's locks are getting gray, his cheeks thin, —proof this that care and toil leave their marks. On closer scrutiny you will see evidence of failing health, and judging from outward appearances, he has but a few years more to preach Christ and the Resurrection. Only a few months ago, Collins, and Walker, and others with whom Brother Snyder had counselled in General Conference, were in good health. They are gone, and he survives. For years, Dr. Watson, late editor of the North Western, was a confirmed invalid. He seemed to be looking in the grave constantly. He did not see a well day for years before his departure, but toiled on, and in the last hours of his illness dictated for his paper until the messenger came, and the half-finished editorial was on the table and Watson was in heaven. Thus, while the pale and feeble linger on, blessing the world long after we looked to see their sun go down, and the strong are taken suddenly away, who can make calculation on the stay or efforts of

the living? There is a tenacity in the subject of our sketch, that puts calculation at defiance. He may live and labor after his apparently healthy brethren are dead. Let us pray and hope that he may be spared yet many years to bless us with his example and instructions.

He joined the Genesee Conference in 1827, at the age of twenty. With but slight interruptions, he has labored in the Itinerancy to the present. He was made Presiding Elder in 1836, and the fidelity and ability that marked the discharge of his duties confirmed the wisdom of the appointment. He did not have low views of the office, or enter upon its duties in his own strength. He trembled in view of his responsibility, and such was his estimate of the work, that, had he been a man of less piety and firmness, he would have relinquished his work. He was not the man for that! Men of the right stamp are only nerved to courage and effort by toils and trials, while the timid and feeble falter and fail. How was it with Bro. Snyder? His own words best inform us: "I sought strength from on high, and rested not until my soul felt the heavenly unction. With Isaiah, whose lips were touched with hallowed fire, I then exclaimed, '*Here am I; Lord, send me.*'"

Thrice has he been a member of the General Conference; but his speeches are few. Do not take this as evidence of inability. He is a modest man—by no means disposed to force himself upon the attention of others. In the generosity of his heart he readily accords to others the pleasure of making the speeches. In the stormy Conference of '44, he said but little while on the conference floor, but labored privately for the success of measures he deemed vital to the Church. He had the discernment to see the unconstitutionality of the "Plan of Separation," and predict its results.

As a preacher he excels. We once heard a backslider

criticise his preaching, when a very talented, though irreligious, man cut the matter short by saying: "*His sermons are full of* SALVATION, *say what you will.*" They are clear, convincing, and scriptural. The first sermon we heard him preach will never be forgotten! His text was Isa. vi. 5–8. He had unusual liberty, and his plain and forcible sentences came burning with spiritual and sympathetic fire! It was a memorable day! At the close of the meeting, a friend who had listened to the sermon, came to us and said: "While he was preaching, I was led to see my sins and forsake them and believe on Christ, and I now have peace." He never preaches poor sermons. Why is it? The reason is obvious; *he preaches the Gospel.* His sermons are lucid expositions and forcible presentations of Bible truth. The Bible is never weak—"it is the power of God unto salvation."

Young men would do well to study his manner of sermonizing. He preaches "*the word.*" It will do for the maiden to wreathe her lover's sword with beautiful flowers, when no foe is nigh; but in the hour of battle the garland is thrown aside, and the naked steel becomes the instrument of death and victory. Brother Snyder is a lover of beauty, yet he will not let ornament destroy or conceal the truth. He uses no "vain repetitions as the heathen do," nor does he mistake vulgarity for plainness, but wisely concludes that personal abuse is no part of Gospel preaching. As before intimated, he seldom speaks in Conference; when he does, the silence and attention of the body prove the respect they cherish for him. In the early part of his ministry he became much interested for a brother who was converted late in life, and whose book knowledge was very limited, but who felt moved to preach the Gospel. The brother was admitted on trial—came up for admission in full connection. Dr. L——, then a member of the Conference, opposed his admission, and made a

long, earnest, and, as some thought, a powerful speech against him. The friends of the brother thought, "there is no hope now." The speaker depicted the wants of the Church, and closed with the emphatic interrogation, "*What may we expect from such men?*" The brother is sacrificed,—No, he is not. In an instant Brother Snyder is on his feet. His eyes flash the meaning of his soul before he utters a word. Listen! "*Hundreds of souls converted to God!*" Did Dr. L—— dream that his question would be answered in that way? It was enough. "As many as are in favor of receiving Benjamin Ellis in full connection, raise your hands." *Up* went the hands, and *in* came Brother Ellis. Years have passed, and Brother Ellis is a superannuated man; he is leaning upon the top of his staff, waiting for his reward. Thousands point to him as their spiritual father, and in the day of eternity they will be his crown of rejoicing.

As an administrator of discipline, he is prompt and unflinching. An easy administration of discipline has characterized the Church in too many localities. Bro. Snyder cannot be blamed for this. *He* does *his* duty fearlessly, conscientiously, promptly. This has led many who do not comprehend the man, to regard him as arbitrary and selfish. His is no time-serving policy. He knows no expediency but right, no utility but duty. He has a dignity and energy of character that extort respect even from those who question the wisdom of his proceedings.

His manner has sometimes led his hearers to regard him as deficient in those social and intellectual qualities that would make him a desirable companion and friend. This is a great mistake. His coldness, as some would term it, is only the calmness of intelligence; it is the serene aspect of a soul that is not easily jostled from its place. Beneath that calm exterior there is a tide of feeling, which sometimes reveals itself in tears, or in trembling yet earnest

utterance. To those who are so fortunate as to be his confidential friends, he communicates his joys and sorrows with the freedom of a child. They know the depth of his piety and the strength of his friendship. Flowers and fruits bloom and ripen before our eyes, but earth's richest treasures are concealed; they must be dug up. The purest water oft comes through the smitten rock. So with a great and good man—he is not all surface; down deep in his soul there is a fountain of goodness. Time, patience, and toil are necessary to get the treasures, but they are there, and when obtained will richly repay the hand that seeks them. The seriousness and reserve that mark Brother Snyder's intercourse in society, are partly constitutional, and partly the result of a profound sense of the dignity and importance of his calling.

He has the stamp and signature of heaven,
Truth, mercy, patience, holiness and love,
—— He is a man of God, for the Lord
Has commissioned him to make known to men
His eternal counsels; in his Master's name
To treat with them of everlasting things,
Of life, death, bliss, and woe; to offer terms
Of pardon, grace, and peace to the rebelled,
To teach the ignorant soul; to cheer the sad,
To bind, to loose, with all authority,
To give the feeble strength, the hopeless hope,
To help the halting and to lead the blind,
To warn the careless and to heal the sick of heart,
Arouse the indolent, and on the proud
And obstinate offender, denounce
The wrath of God.

He is a man of prayer. This is your conclusion as he reads his favorite hymn. It indicates the man and the subject chosen.

Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
They learn to pray when first they live.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
  If cares distract or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
  In every case still watch and pray.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
  Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
  But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

Depend on him: thou canst not fail:
  Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; *his* merits must prevail;
  Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

"O he is going to preach on prayer," says a listener with evident dissatisfaction. "I wish he would choose something interesting." Hush! If your heart is no more in love with a means of grace so vital, do not publish your own shame by speaking lightly of a privilege that cost the death of Jesus. Prayer not interesting? Our little daughter thought differently. Nearly four years she had blessed us with her love and her little ways. One afternoon her cheeks were very red, her hands were hot and her head drooped. At evening when put in her bed she said: "Ma, won't you pray for me? I am so tired, I can't pray." The little form seemed to suffer less for the words of prayer uttered at her bedside by a pious mother. A few months before Alice's sickness, it was necessary to correct her. By administering correction sternly, but kindly, and reasoning with her on the nature and consequences of sin, her heart was filled with penitential grief: "Ma, how can I be good—my heart is so wicked?" She was pointed to the Saviour and instructed to pray for a new heart. From that time prayer became dear to her, and morning and evening her little hands were folded as she knelt before the Lord and implored divine grace. Now that her last sickness had come, prayer was doubly dear

to her. "Ma, won't you pray for me?" A few days passed, and a whisper called me to the bed of the patient sufferer; then in a low sweet voice she said, "Pa, I don't want to get well, I want to die and go to heaven."

Parent, have you ever heard your child talk thus? A strange feeling came over you, and you wondered how many days you would be permitted to keep the treasure.

* * * * * * * *

"My dear, our Alice is going to leave us. She says she don't want to get well."

"I have been expecting this sometime. Last fall she came running into the house; in her haste she left her bonnet in the yard,—her curls looked so lovely on her neck, and there was a strange, piercing beauty in her eyes. With peculiar earnestness she clasped her hands, and exclaimed: 'Ma! ma! the Lord is going to give me wings, and I am going to fly up to heaven!' It gave me strange feelings *then*, I know *now* what it meant."

"You think she will die?"

"Yes."

"It will be a severe loss, but grace will be sufficient."

"Oh yes, I believe that, and it won't be long before we will have occasion to test it. I have been praying for help. She is our only child, and we love her so." Ah! the smitten mother that uttered this language knew well its meaning. If ever we appreciated the privilege of prayer, it was then. "*Is any afflicted, let him pray.*"

* * * "See here, husband. These are Alice's grave-clothes. We will put this little blue dress on her; she wore it the last time she went to church. I don't like a shroud, and then you know *blue* reminds one of heaven. The doctor has not given her up yet, and we will do all we can for her, but I believe the Lord is about to take her home." What did we do in that trying hour? We prayed. The day came, and the little blue dress was put

on Alice for the last time. What did we do then? We *prayed*, and Jesus was our comforter. The grave closed over the lovely form, and we returned to a childless home. What did we do *then? We prayed again*, and learned that love to God is stronger than natural affection, and fellowship with heaven sweeter than intercourse with friends.

Reader, we have turned aside from our narrative, and lifted the veil, that you might gaze upon this occurrence in our history. We did so to reprove your want of interest in prayer. You have given your attention so long, we will subjoin an incident showing the power of prayer, and then we will listen to the sermon.

"WE CAN'T SPARE YOU YET, PHILIP."

On a certain occasion a messenger was sent to Luther to inform him that Melancthon was dying. He at once hastened to his sick bed, and found him presenting the usual premonitory symptoms of death. He mournfully bent over him; and, sobbing, gave utterance to a sorrowful exclamation. It roused Melancthon from his stupor—he looked into the face of Luther, and said, "O, Luther, is this you? Why don't you let me depart in peace?" "We can't spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. And turning round, he threw himself upon his knees, and wrestled with God for his recovery for upwards of an hour. He went from his knees to the bed, and took his friend by the hand. Again he said: "Dear Luther, why don't you let me depart in peace?" "No, no, we cannot spare you yet from the field of labor," was the reply. He then ordered some soup, and when pressed to take it he declined, again saying, "Dear Luther, why will you not let me go home and be at rest?" "We cannot spare you yet, Philip," was the reply. He then added, "Philip, take this soup, or I will excommunicate you."

He took the soup—soon commenced to grow better—regained his wonted health, and labored for years afterwards in the blessed cause of the Reformation. When Luther returned home, he said to his wife with bounding joy, "God gave me my brother Melancthon back in direct answer to prayer."

And this is but one of the multitudes of instances that prove the power of prayer. By prayer Abraham healed Abimelech—Moses prevailed in the land of Ham, and in the wilderness—Joshua arrested the sun—Hannah obtained Samuel—Elijah shut and opened heaven—Asa put to flight a million of Arabians—Hezekiah secured the destruction of the Assyrians—Esther saved her people from ruin—the disciples obtained the descent of the Spirit—and Paul and Silas shook the prison at Philippi. Prayer is the power that moves the hand that moves the world; and perhaps never in the history of the Church has this great truth been more frequently or signally illustrated than within the past year in this land. Prayer secures the baptism of the Spirit. It is the key which opens the windows of heaven. It is weakness going to Infinite Power for aid. It is emptiness going to Infinite Fulness for supply.

The praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart.

CHAPTER VI.

PRAYING FOR ALL MEN.

A SERMON,

BY REV. JOHN M. SNYDER.

I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men; for kings and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour; who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all to be testified in due time. Whereunto I am ordained a preacher and an Apostle (I speak the truth in Christ and lie not—) a teacher of Gentiles in faith and verity. I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting. 1 Tim. ii. 1–8.

St. Paul was a profound divine, an able sermonizer, and a powerful exhorter. We have one instance of his exhorting in the text—"*I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men.*" The subject of his exhortation becomes the topic of discourse on the present occasion. It presents for our consideration, the *duty and privilege of prayer.*

Prayer is a *duty*, for it is enforced with apostolic authority and earnestness—*I* EXHORT *that prayer be offered for all men.* It is a duty of *first* importance to pray for all men, because all are dependent on the Lord, for comfort and happiness in this life, and salvation in the life to come. There are many blessings of great importance that are conferred unasked; but there are other blessings of equal and greater importance, that are only given in

answer to prayer. Since we need these blessings, prayer becomes an important duty.

Prayer is so important that no acceptable religious service can be rendered without it. The prayerless man, whatever else he may do, does not offer acceptable praise to God. All acceptable service must begin, and continue, and end with prayer. When we reflect upon the enterprise upon which we have entered, of worshipping God in the grove, we feel the importance of prayer. Our opening should be characterized with *much* prayer, with *fervent* prayer, and as our meeting progresses may it be marked by unceasing prayer. In speaking farther from these words we shall notice:—

I. Some reasons why we should pray for all men, for kings, and for all in authority. There are a number of weighty reasons presented by the Apostle, and among them we notice:—

1. *That it is well pleasing to God.* What is well pleasing to God ought to be so to us. If we are in sympathy with the character of God—with the great purposes of the incarnation of Christ—with the glorious objects contemplated by a preached Gospel—if we are in sympathy with the great purposes of our assembling here, we shall give our hearts to prayer; we shall "pray for all men:" for the aged and the young; the rich and the poor; the learned and the ignorant; bond and free; black and white. Our hearts will go out after them, and we will show the sympathy of Christ on the cross when he prayed and died for them. If we intend to please God we will pray.

2. *The good-will God bears to all men*, is another reason presented by the Apostle, why we should pray for all men. *Who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.* God bears good-will to all, whether saint or sinner; and his good-will to all would

lead him to save all, provided all would comply with the conditions of salvation. What a glorious assurance is this that *all* may come to Christ for salvation! True, there are some, when brought to see their own hearts, and learn something of their own depravity, despair of ever receiving pardon. Are you here, convicted sinner? O let me assure you, on the authority of God's word, that it *is the will of God that you should be saved and come unto the knowledge of the truth.* For this we shall pray. We shall pray for all who are unconverted, that you may be made to feel the power of God in your conversion, and rejoice in the blessings of pardon, and return to your homes better men and better women than when you came.

A striking demonstration that God wills your salvation is seen

in the gift of his Son.

What stronger assurance can I have, that God is willing to save me, than the fact that *Christ died for me?* "He is a Sacrifice for the sins of the whole world." "He tasted death for every man." He died for *all men*, in the sense that he died for *any man.* A short time since a little book was put in my hands, entitled, "*The Last Supper.*" While it admitted that Christ did die, *in a certain sense*, for all men, it claimed that he died in an *especial sense*, for a certain number—*the elect.* Nothing is plainer in the Bible, than that Christ died for *all*, in the sense that he died for *any.* We rejoice "*that Christ Jesus came into the world to save* SINNERS;" and "*He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the* WHOLE WORLD." "*He gave himself a ransom* FOR ALL, *to be testified in due time!*" It was on this ground that Paul desired the salvation of all. I could not ask a better evidence that I may be saved, than I have in the death and intercession of Christ. I can ask no greater evidence that *all* may be saved; then let us

give ourselves heartily to this work. Pray for *all* men! My brethren, let us not overlook this fact:—the correspondence between the Apostle's faith and conduct. He believed that it was well pleasing to God—that Christ died for all, and he therefore exhorted that prayers should be offered for all. How can a man pray for all men, and not believe that the salvation of the Gospel is offered to all? How can a man get down and supplicate the mercy of God upon all, and yet believe that God is unwilling to bless and save all? I bless the Lord that there is nothing in our theology inconsistent with prayers for all men. We believe that "*God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth should not perish, but have everlasting life.*"

II. *The Apostle presents a few special subjects of prayer.* He would have us pray for *kings* and for *all who are in authority:* Why regard *these*, as special subjects? Paul regarded them as such, and hence he would have the Church pray for them. In this respect Paul differed from those men now-a-days who take it upon themselves to *slander kings and all who are in authority.* It would be far better for ourselves; for rulers; for us as Christians; to *pray for them*, than to slander them, and thus weaken the confidence of community in them and in ourselves. It will be better for *rulers*, for they ought to feel their responsibility; they ought to be good men. There is hardly any class in whose hands there is placed to so great an extent the weal or woe of the people.

1. We are to "pray for kings and for all who are in authority, *that we may lead quiet and peaceable lives.*" It was an accusation brought against the Apostles and early Christians, that they were the *enemies* of kings and of those in authority. The Apostles met this by urging the important duty of the text. This would prove their good-will. That man who is in the habit of praying for the

blessing of God upon me, cannot be my enemy! He must be my friend. He has my interest at heart, and I can trust him.

2. Another reason why prayer should be offered for all—for kings and for all in authority, is, *that there is no other way of reaching them under some circumstances.* And when all other means of access are cut off, we can reach them through the arm that moves and controls the world! In the days of

AHASUERUS,

the king of Persia, the plan was laid and apparently approaching completion, to execute the people of God! What did the people do? They *prayed* and *fasted.* They undertook to reach the king through God. The king could not rest—God touched his heart and sleep departed from him. In his distress he called for the Record—"The Book of Chronicles." He there found that the man who informed the king of a conspiracy against him and thus saved his life, was Mordecai. The sentence was instantly revoked, and in a few hours, Haman was swinging upon the gallows he erected for the innocent object of his enmity and hate! If we would reach men in authority, we must pray for them.

How was it in the days of the Apostles? James had been beheaded, and Peter was shut up in prison. The sentence had gone forth, that Peter also must be beheaded. What was to be done? A prayer meeting was held off there in that private house; and the Church made unceasing prayer for Peter. God heard prayer, and sent an angel to visit Peter at night. The strong iron gate flew open, and the angel of God led Peter forth and he was free! Where did Peter go? He went directly to the prayer meeting; and it was with the brethren there as it would be with some now-a-days. If God should answer your prayers many times, you would be disappointed—you would

not believe it! The damsel was so astonished that she could not open the gate, but ran in to publish the tidings, and others came out and welcomed Peter to the prayer meeting. They were successful!

You can only reach some unconverted men through God. That is the only way you can reach some of your unconverted neighbors; yes, and some of your children. Then begin to pray, and God will send an arrow to their hearts. "*I will that men pray everywhere.*" When we pray let us remember: (1), that it is pleasing to God; (2), that God bears good-will to all; (3), that Christ died for all; (4), that it is God's will to save all. We come now to notice

III. *In the third place, the time when, and the place where, prayer should be offered for all men.* "I exhort that men pray everywhere." God's merciful purposes extend to all places and times, and we are everywhere dependent on God; we should, therefore, pray everywhere.

1. *We should pray in our closets.* Now, brethren, if each of you shall have a closet somewhere in the grove, where you will frequently retire to commune with God, and earnestly pray for the blessing of God on the meeting, we shall have a glorious time. O brethren, remember your closets. "I would that men pray everywhere."

2. *Another place of prayer is the family.* From our family altars let frequent prayer and praise arise. God has respect to the prayers of the family. O, how often have these ministers prayed at the family altar in different parts of the Conference, and God has hearkened and heard! I have a painful pleasure in calling to mind the times and places where I have joined in prayer with different families. I shall see many of them on earth no more! Some have gone home to God, and I expect to meet them before the throne.

3. *Pray in the congregation.* Join in prayer as you may have the opportunity; and above all, keep in a praying frame—have a praying heart. Carry this with you

wherever you go. When you walk about the ground, send up silent prayer. "I will that men pray everywhere." We should pray everywhere, *for Christ is everywhere.* "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I," says the Saviour. Jesus is *here*, and we may pray *here.*

In order to pray everywhere and pray successfully, we must, (1), *Have holy hands.* "I will that men pray everywhere, *lifting up holy hands.*" It has been said that no man can pray everywhere without being free from sin. Yes, we must forsake *all sin.* Brother, do you wonder that God has not answered your prayer? Perhaps you have indulged in some practice that the Lord cannot approve. You have indulged in some wrong temper. "I will that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands."

(2). *We must pray with the right feelings*, "without wrath." Constant prayer and unholy temper are wholly incompatible. If you indulge in wrath or enmity, and begin heartily to pray, one of two things is certain—you will give up that enmity or you will stop praying. You have prayed long, and some of you have wondered why your prayers were not answered. You indulged in unholy feelings; in enmity or jealousy.

(3). *You must pray with confidence*, "without wrath and without doubting." On what is this confidence founded? It is founded on the *death of Christ.* We may come because Christ has died. It is founded on the *good-will* that God bears to all. "He will have all men to come unto the knowledge of the truth." Let this fact be kept constantly before the mind, and what encouragement it will give to faith! It is founded *on the promises.* "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." "*And this is the confidence that we have in him, that if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us; and if we know that he hear us whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petition that*

we desired of him." 1 John v. 14, 15. It is founded on the *resources of God.* They are infinite! His wisdom enables him to understand all our wants, and his gracious power enables him to meet them. "I will that men pray everywhere." If these reasons for continual prayer prevail here, I have no doubt but that we shall have a Pentecostal shower. O let us look up and expect it! I have a few remarks to make in

CONCLUSION.

1. *We learn that it is one part of the minister's duty to exhort the people:* Exhort them to pray. This is a very important duty. It was so considered among the Apostles and early Christians. I fear, that as a Church, we are losing the spirit of exhortation. It is no discredit to a man to say of him: "he is a good exhorter." I would rather exhort the people to pray, than to preach like Gabriel and have the people go away saying, "what an eloquent sermon!" and forget to pray.

2. *The work will go forward from this hour if we betake ourselves to prayer and exhortation.* O let us give ourselves to God! "I will that men pray everywhere." May God shed upon us the Holy Ghost! Then shall we be strong to labor and to endure. We shall lead quiet and peaceable lives, and, dying at last in the triumphs of faith, shall receive a glorious reward at the right hand of God! Amen!

Dr. Peck followed with an earnest exhortation, and before he concluded we were convinced that the spirit of exhortation had not left us. God bless these old heroes that still lead us on to battle! Though the brethren were wearied with the labor of pitching their tents, yet many of them said "Amen," and many more smiled as the Dr. invited them into the altar to "pray themselves rested."

"Look well to your tents! keep lights burning. Look up for salvation" (Amen). Then he appealed to the unconverted. Could there be a careless hearer? The following concluded the appeal: "You take great responsibility upon you in attending these services without attention and profit. A reckoning day is coming! God will take you into dealings by and by. O sinner, give up your sins and seek salvation! For this we will pray. May God send salvation!"

For half an hour the altar was vocal with prayer and praise, and God was with his children. The camp fires died away, but the fire of devotion burned more and more, and in a few minutes it was rekindled in a hundred tents. Family altars in the wilderness!! "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name." God watches his people in the woods! "The Angel of the Lord campeth round about them that fear him, and he delivereth them." * * * At five o'clock, Thursday morning, the bell said "awake," and sleep was exchanged for the duties and devotions of the morning. Family prayer again!! Praying is a good omen.

When the cloud of the Revolution hung over our land, and many of the colonists feared defeat, a Quaker approached the American camp early in the morning, and to his surprise he heard the voice of prayer! It was Washington praying for the success of American arms, and the establishment of peace and freedom. The Quaker returned to his house and told his wife of what he had heard: "Mary, I tell thee the Continentals will gain the day."

"How does thee know?"

"I was down to the camp this morning, and *heard George pray. I tell thee he will get the victory.*" Prayer marks the meeting thus early, and publishes to the doubting that a victory will be gained. Lord, hasten it!

What various hindrences we meet
In coming to a mercy seat;
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there!

Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer we cease to fight;
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

"*I tell thee he will get the victory!*" Prayer has achieved some grand victories on the camp ground. It has gathered up much '*manna in the wilderness.*' Prayer brings down the fire! It did in the days of the Prophet. Elijah appeared on Carmel! He had previously burst a second time into Ahab's presence, and, careless of the exclamation, 'Art thou he that troublest Israel?' had challenged him, and Baal his god, and Baal's prophets, four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the groves, four hundred, to meet him on Carmel, and have the question of the land and of the age—is Baal or is Jehovah God?—there decided by an appeal to the ancient, the chainless element of fire. It is the question of this age too! Show us the fire of heaven, still burning and vestal, in any Church, and it sufficeth us; for Christ came to send fire upon earth, and what will we if it have gone out in white and barren ashes. The God that answereth by fire answered Elijah, and the sun, his archer, loosened a ray which consumed burnt sacrifice, wood, stones, dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench.'

Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy light through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

Not less efficacious is prayer in deciding who is the Saviour of sinners. That form of infidelity is the most formidable which makes high pretensions to faith in Christianity, and yet denies the Divinity of Christ, and consequently his saving power. At a western camp meeting, this cardinal doctrine of the Gospel was defended in a masterly manner by the Presiding Elder on the Sabbath. The effect on the congregation was overwhelming. One confirmed Arian lady, however, seemed to defy the truth. Late on Monday she appeared to get very happy, and shouted out loud, and said, while shouting, among other things, "I know Mr. C. is wrong in his views of Jesus Christ, but I want some one to go and bring him to me, for I want to show him that, though he is in error and has abused me, I can love my enemies, and do good for evil."

Mr. C. was informed of her request, but declined going. Her request was repeated; and fearing her solicitations might weary him, he went to see her.

"O, Mr. C., I know you are wrong, for God has blessed me and made me very happy."

"While I was preaching did you not get mad?"

"Yes, *very mad. I could have cut your throat:* but I am not mad now; I love you, and God has blessed me."

"I fear you are not happy: you have only got in a little better humor, and think this is happiness. But we will test this matter. Let us kneel down here and pray to God to make it manifest who is wrong."

"But," said she, "I don't want to pray; I want to talk."

"Well, I have no desire to talk. I always go to God in prayer; and I now believe God, in answer to prayer, will recover you out of the snare of the Devil, for you certainly are not happy at all."

Let the hero of the incident relate the remainder in his

own language: "So I called upon all around (and there were many) to kneel down and help me pray God dislodge the lingering Arian devil that still claimed a residence in this woman's heart. We knelt, and by the score engaged in wrestling, mighty prayer; and while we prayed, it seemed that the bending heavens came near; and if the power of God was ever among mortals, it was then and there. The woman lost her assumed good feelings, and sunk down into sullen, dumb silence; and so she remained during the meeting; and for weeks afterwards many of her friends feared she would totally lose her balance of mind. She became incapable of attending her business, till one night she had a dream or vision; and she afterward declared she saw her Saviour, apparently in all his supreme glory, and he told her she was wrong, but he frankly forgave her; and when she came to herself, or awoke, she was unspeakably happy, and never afterward for a moment doubted the supreme Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ. She joined the Methodists, and lived and died a shining, shouting Christian."[1]

[1] Cartwright's Autobiography, p. 222.

CHAPTER VII.

A CAMP MEETING BANNER.—SKETCH OF REV. ASA BROOKS.

Much may be said about camp meetings, but take them all in all, for practical exhibition of religion, for unbounded hospitality to strangers, for unfeigned and fervent spirituality, give me a country camp meeting against the world.—*Finley.*

Thursday Morning, 8 o'clock. Hark! the bell rings; it is eight o'clock so soon. We will hasten to the altar to enjoy the morning prayer meeting. They sing,

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

Now, cold-hearted professor, there is praying for you! These men are alive! They were dead once—"dead in trespasses and sins"—but they were made alive by the power of God (Rom. i. 16), and they now "live by the faith of the Son of God." Draw near, and if you catch the devotional fire, don't be afraid to shout, to say amen. Yes, "*amen!*" there it is.

The prayer meeting closed, and our faithful Presiding Elder arose and gave a brief but timely exhortation. His heart grew warm—"I am getting free! I had quite a struggle last night; but did not get quite free until this morning while hearing a brother pray for the Presiding Elder. O brethren, pray for me." Lord deliver us from a people that do not pray for their minister! Paul, with all his intellectual resources, experience, and inspiration, felt the need of the prayers of the Church, and with the earnestness of a penitent he entreated to be remembered in their supplications. "*Praying always * * * And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel.* Eph. vi. 19. *Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified, even as it is with you.* 1 Thes. iii. 1. Brethren, pray for your ministers, if you would have them preach well—with power and success. There is philosophy, as well as salvation, in a good meeting. The sympathies and prayers of the people supplement the strength of the preacher, and then the sympathies of the audience joined to those of the minister, and augmented by the divine blessing, return to bless the congregation. The work is mutual!

A Presbyterian minister attended a camp meeting, and was invited to preach.

"O, you will excuse me, I did not think of preaching; I came to worship with your people."

"We need your assistance, and we want you to preach very much."

"I can't, I never preached at camp meeting in my life; I am afraid I will do more harm than good."

"We will risk that; you must preach."

"Well, here is another trouble; *I write my sermons, and left my paper at home.*"

"All the better, brother; we will *pray for you*, God will bless you, and you will have a good time."

In the name of God he began. The brethren did pray for him, and he preached with a fervency and power that astonished himself.

"O," said he after the service, "if your people had prayed a *little more*, I believe I would have preached myself to death." It would have been good dying, to say the least. Please remember this incident, but do not forget the Elder's exhortation. He closed by saying: "we will give you a motto for the meeting." We wonder what the motto will be. "Don't give up the ship," were the last words of a dying patriot, and on banner and shield have they been engraven. "Follow me and all is well," were the words run to the mast-head by the pilot of an English fleet, that was being driven by a severe gale upon a lee shore. "Follow me and all is well," was the pilot's motto as his vessel entered the breakers, passed a headland and conducted the fleet to a quiet bay. "*We will neither give, nor receive quarters*," were the words engraven on the swords of the fearless soldiers that marched to the siege of Lucknow. They conquered, though half their number fell. Thus we might give you mottos for land and sea, but we want a "camp meeting motto." "The first word is

ORDER!!

We can do nothing without order. We must have order, and then go ahead. There must be a leading mind to give direction. In the progress of the meeting, if you don't like the way things are going, and you think the old man is too slow, or too fast, don't find fault among yourselves, but come to me privately, and I will consider what you say. No matter how young or how old you are; be you preacher or layman, brother or sister; I will gladly hear you. But understand; when I have considered the matter and made up my mind, *the thing is settled!*

It shall be in order, when public services are not being held, to *pray*, and *sing*, and *shout* as much as you please, and as loud as you please (*Hallelujah*), only do not unduly protract your devotions, and encroach upon the domestic arrangements of the sisters. It will not be in order to pray so much in the tents at noon that the sisters will have to wash dishes during afternoon service. The next word is

LIBERTY!!

Liberty to pray—think—liberty to pray in the prayer meeting. *All* have this liberty; and the one that gets the chance first has the first right. Liberty subject to order! The next word is

POWER!!

(*Hallelujah!!*) "We must have order and liberty, but they are nothing without *power*. We want the power of the Holy Ghost! (Amen.) Without this we are dead as the benches you sit upon. We want the power to give us impetus. We want the fire! O Lord, kindle in us the fire of divine love! Without this we are *lifeless*. We want the power to give us *life* and *motion!*"

There, reader, if you have never attended camp meeting, you have the banner under which we fight. Brother in Christ, remember that motto. Let its three words be the creed of your whole life. We may be correct in theology, but, if we are deficient in power, "Ichabod" sooner or later will be written over our door posts. A Church may have a creed that shall be like Jacob's ladder, uniting earth and heaven, and angels of exposition may run nimbly up and down it before the congregation, and yet if there is no body in it, in pulpit and in pew, to testify what he has felt, what the Lord has done for his soul, the place will not be awful on account of Divine presence and power.

O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;

And bring the glorious *liberty*
From sorrow, fear, and sin.

Thirty minutes for intermission. The people are coming in from the region round about. While they gather we will meditate. This is the second day of the meeting, and angels are trooping down from the skies to watch with eager interest the progress of the meeting. Shall they fly away to-day with the tidings, "*Lost sinners are coming home?*" Here is work for John the Baptist,—"He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord." O that some dear brother freshly baptized would lead us all to *see* and *feel* the importance of humility, confession—in short, of *holiness* as a preparation for this great work! "Why not go right to work to get sinners converted, and say nothing about anything else?" Are you ready? Did you come to the meeting well prepared to labor? A good mechanic sharpens his tools before entering upon a job, and the time he spends in holding the steel upon the grindstone is not lost. Its return is manifold in the rapid and more perfect execution of his work. "*But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.*" Acts i. 8. If you think our pausing to pray for ourselves, instead of rushing at once upon the enemy, will defeat the battle, please read the following, and apply it. "One of the regiments in the battle of Bennington was commanded by a colonel who, when at home, was a deacon. He was a calm, sedate, determined man, and went to the battle because he was impelled by a sense of duty. His whole parish was in his regiment; so was their beloved pastor, without whose presence and blessing they scarcely thought themselves in a way to prosper. The colonel was ordered by General Stark to reinforce one of the wings which wa

suffering severely. He marched at the instant with his forces, but as slowly and composedly as if he had been marching to a conference meeting. The officer in command of the corps to be relieved, fearing that he should be compelled to give way, sent to hasten the colonel. 'Tell 'em we're coming,' said he, and marched steadily on. A second messenger came, with the intelligence that the wing was beginning to fall back. 'That will make room for us—tell 'em we're coming,' replied the colonel, with unmoved countenance and unaccelerated pace. A third messenger reached him just as his troops emerged from behind a coppice, in full view of the enemy, whose balls now began to whistle about them. 'Halt,' commanded the colonel; 'form column and attend prayers.' And there, in the face of the enemy, did the regiment pause, while solemn prayer was offered for their success in the deadly struggle they were about to begin. Prayer being ended, the colonel addressed his men in a speech, which, for brevity, conciseness, and vigor, may bear comparison with any that Cæsar or Napoleon ever addressed to their troops. 'Soldiers,' said he, 'our wives and children are in the rear, the Hessians are in the front—*give it to them.*' They did 'give it to them,' and that band of foreign mercenaries melted away before those Christian soldiers, as the hosts of the uncircumcised Philistines melted away before the armies of Israel. 'Come on,' said the messenger; but the pious colonel said, 'halt, attend prayers.'"

Let us pause and examine our hearts, "attend prayers," for sanctification; then shall we teach transgressors the way of life. How many of us can say with a devoted saint: "God himself has become my friend; Jesus is my all-sufficient Saviour, and the Spirit of God I trust will be [is] my sanctifier. O happy day! transporting moment! the brightest period of my life! Heaven

with all its light smiles on me. What glorious mortal can now excite my envy? What scenes to tempt my ambition could the whole creation display? Let glory call me with her exalted voice; let pleasure, with a softer eloquence, allure me; the world in all its splendor, appears but a trifle, while the Infinite God is my portion! He is mine by as sure a title as eternal veracity can confer. The right is unquestionable! the conveyance unalterable! the mountains shall be removed and the hills shall be dissolved before the everlasting obligation shall be cancelled."[1] Does this describe the depth of *our* piety?

I cannot rest till in thy blood
I full redemption have;
But thou, through whom I come to God,
Canst to the utmost save.

Have we the spirit of labor? of consecration? Let us pray with the poet,

Now, even now, I yield, I yield,
With all my sins to part;
Redeemer, speak my pardon sealed,
And purify my heart.
O Jesus, now my heart inspire
With that pure love of thine;
Enkindle now the heavenly fire,
To brighten and refine.

When our souls are thus baptized, and purified, and filled with love, we are prepared to lead sinners to Christ. This love will lead us to *seek* lost sinners. We shall feel that we cannot live without a revival. We will be grieved and humbled at the wickedness of the wicked. "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of thy people." With Paul we will have con-

[1] Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe.

tinual heaviness and sorrow of heart, yea, we will wish ourselves accursed for our brethren, our kinsman according to the flesh. Perfect love, is nothing more than perfect sympathy with Christ, and perfect obedience to him. A love that exhausts itself in states of feeling, and finds its happiness only in ecstasy, is unworthy the name. Perfect love will make us Christ-like. Amid the agonies of the cross he breathed the expiring prayer, "*Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.*" Love will make us heralds of salvation—bright and shining lights! It will beget unutterable desires and groanings for the rescue of lost sinners! It will hasten us to the mercy-seat, and will impel us, under an appreciation of the value of the human soul and the preciousness of salvation, to cry out, "O Lord, revive thy work; in the midst of the years make known, in wrath remember mercy." Have we reached this point? Just here is our power!!

O God, arouse thy people to a sense of duty. "*Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord; awake as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art not thou he that hath cut Rahab and wounded the dragon? Art not thou he which dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over?* Isa. li. 9–10. While we repeat this inspired prayer, let us weigh well the Prophet's command to the Church: "*Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city * * * Shake thyself from the dust; arise and sit down, O Jerusalem; loose thyself from the bands of thy neck.*" Isa. lii. 1–2.

Thursday, 10½ *A. M.*, religious services. Sermon by Brother Brooks. "*Say not ye, There are four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold I say unto you, lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.* John iv. 35. From this language our brother

deduced this theme: OUR PRIVILEGE TO LABOR FOR IMMEDIATE RESULTS. The subject was timely, and designed to encourage the Church in laboring for sinners. We were told to look and labor for the conversions of sinners at once. The character of God, the condition of sinners, and the provisions and the power of the Gospel, were urged to illustrate and enforce the theme. O. M. M'Dowall exhorted. A sketch of him is elsewhere given. Let this chapter conclude with

A SKETCH OF REV. ASA BROOKS.

There is intimate sympathy between the soul and body, and yet they are not mutual in their perfections and disabilites. An herculean frame is not always linked with corresponding mental greatness. Genius often resides in a frail organization, and like the sword cuts the scabbard that contains it. Cookman was small of stature, yet mighty in intellect. Many who were vastly superior to him physically, felt and acknowledged the greatness of his genius. He was a man of grand and sharp ideas. As a speaker, he wielded a power seldom equalled. Dr. Olin could not be measured by this standard. His body was gigantic as his mind was great. He was a host in himself. He was, physically and mentally, a great man. His sympathies bore due proportion to his thoughts and his avoirdupois, and, when aroused on the mighty themes of the Gospel, there was not the assembly that could withstand the power of his arguments and his passions.

We have not mentioned these deservedly great names, thinking to compare with them the modest brother whose experience we propose to sketch. We do it to show that intellect and piety are not to be measured by bone and muscle. Had the subject of this sketch lived in New Amsterdam when they weighed up the fat men and took the heaviest for Governor, his chance for office would have

been small indeed. He is a small man, physically considered. Be it so, since *extension* is not *quality*. The modest blue-bell can boast a more exquisite finish than the palm-leaf.

Asa Brooks is the second son of Rev. Bethuel Brooks. For many years he has stood as a faithful watchman upon the walls of Zion. Many have been converted through his instrumentality. Redeemed ones now in heaven, were by him pointed to the cross of Christ. Many, now on earth, refer gratefully to him as the instrument of their salvation. Judging from the smile that overspreads his countenance, you might conclude that his path has had no thorns — his sky no clouds. Not so. Death has visited his home. He wept a wife departed, and for a while he was sad at beholding his children motherless. Singularly fortunate in the selection of a second partner, he pursues his way as evenly and as consistently as if his social joys had never been interrupted. He is generous, almost to a fault, and when to this you add a *limited support*, it is by no means difficult to account for any financial embarrassments he may suffer. This sketch will be read by persons who claim him as the instrument of their salvation. They will be anxious to know something of his early experience and history, while all will be interested in incidents connected with his ministry.

Early religious instructions were not without salutary influence upon his mind. He was restrained from outward vices; but when only eight years of age his heart was filled with penitential grief, and strong desires for salvation. His justification at this period was incomplete, or was soon forfeited by unbelief. At sixteen he was apprenticed to learn the shoemaker's trade. About this time a camp meeting was held near Newark Valley, N. Y. The young apprentice, while working upon his bench, said: "Now I will go to that meeting and seek the

forgiveness of my sins. I will ask the prayers of God's people." He was calm and deliberate. It is a great mistake that we must wait until we are saved by irresistible sovereignty, or acted upon by strong religious forces. A knowledge of the plan of salvation and of our duty is all the sovereignty, all the conviction necessary. We have sinned deliberately, and we should repent deliberately. There is something consistent and manly in turning early and deliberately to the Lord. Thus did Bro. Brooks. He was not long a weeping penitent. God gave him "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." He rose to speak; the change was real and distinct, and the joyous evidence of it overwhelming on his own soul, and so he spoke with definiteness and power. With tears he exhorted the people to seek the Lord. The extreme youthfulness of his appearance only added to the success of his appeals, that drew tears from listening hundreds. The rude altar where he found peace became his pulpit, and he preached his first sermon on the very spot where, a few moments before, he knelt a weeping penitent. That was an "*immediate result.*"

Don't call it all excitement, nor think it transient. What do you mean by excitement? Is it that vividness of ideas, that eagerness for salvation, or that joyfulness at its attainment, exhibited by the mind that is under the pressure of divine truth? God never made a soul of sufficient capacity to enjoy salvation without making it susceptible of excitement on religion. All who are converted by the power of God, are excited. True, the excitement varies in its manifestations, according to temperament, education, and age. Excitement will lead one to shout, another to weep; one to speak, another to be silent for a time; but all are excited. Those who are always decrying excitement, are not aware of the laws and operations

of their own minds, or they are unacquainted with the philosophy and life of salvation.

The zeal of the young convert did not exhaust itself, and thus prove its source to be in human strength. On reaching home he told his acquaintances what a "Saviour he had found." A fascinating and melting power attended his efforts. A physician living near the residence of his employer, had, by his wickedness and infidelity, defied the efforts of the pious; but Asa wanted all to know the joys of salvation, and he went to the infidel and told him his experience with the simplicity of childhood. The heart of the infidel was touched,—he listened and wept while the young convert pointed him to the Lamb of God, his only hope. His infidelity gave way, and, pale and trembling, he confessed his sins and his desire for salvation. There is a power in Christian experience. Paul told his experience, whether in palace hall or Jewish synagogue, it mattered not. The poor laborer paused to hear the story of the Apostle's wonderful experience, while that same experience, told in the presence of royalty, led trembling Agrippa to say, "Almost thou persuadest *me* to be a Christian."

In two years he was licensed to preach. He improved his spare hours by faithful application to study, and was frequent in the exercise of his gifts as a local preacher. Six months before the expiration of his apprenticeship, he was one day going to the minister's house to recite his lesson. His custom was to study while at work, having his book open before him. His lesson completed, he would hasten over and recite. Time was so precious that he seldom made any change in his dress, but went with his apron on and his sleeves rolled up! In working order surely! Such was his plight on the above occasion, when he was met by the Presiding Elder, who said: "Brother Brooks, Brother Burlingame's health has failed—there is a vacancy; I want you to go and fill it."

"I will tell you in half an hour." At this he hastened to his employer, who said, "Go, you may have your time." The tools were then put by, and have not been seen by Brother Brooks from that day to the present. He had but little of this world's goods; as much as his Master however. He borrowed a valise, put in it his entire earthly estate, and started out to preach Jesus and the resurrection. His Bible and his Hymn Book were his constant companions—they were his first library. His heart burned with love to God and souls. His commission was emphatic, and he understood it—"*Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.*" The man who knows more about Latin than salvation, and who can repeat more of Homer's Epic than of Paul's Epistles, will laugh at such small beginnings. "Despise not the day of small things." We are a friend to education; but we are far from thinking that scholastic training can take the place of common sense and religion. A college, at least, can't *make* a man; it can only *bring him out.* Suppose the man is developed under toil and self-culture; what then? Why he is just as much a man, yea more so, than he who is rounded or flattened, shortened or stretched, to fit the theological and literary moulds of some man-made institution.

"But then he was so young!" Never mind. The first year ended successfully, and he was received on trial in the Oneida Conference, and sent to the old Spencer charge. The first sermon he preached in the village of Spencer was an occasion of rejoicing among the angels. He was youthful in appearance, small of stature, and modest in manner. Before his sermon was concluded, many of his hearers felt that the "*boy*" could preach like a *man.* The public services were concluded, and preacher and members remained for class. At the con-

clusion of class meeting, when Brother Brooks was passing out, he was met at the door by Judge M., who had heard the sermon, was struck under conviction, and was waiting to speak to the preacher

"I want to speak to you," said the Judge, grasping him by the hand, his lip trembling, and tears starting from his eyes meanwhile, "I feel my need of a Saviour. When I saw you in the pulpit, but a mere boy, instructing us in religion, and I an old man, it gave me strange feelings. I have hardly ever thought about being a Christian. I have lived in sin all my days. Now I want you to go over to my house and talk to me. *I want religion.*" Ah! David can slay the Philistine when God directs the sling! "Let no man despise thy youth."

Near an out-appointment there lived a certain Baptist elder of the old school, or "hard shell" stamp, as they are called at the West. The elder supposed he could demolish the young man, but he mistook his subject, as the sequel will show. One evening, when the elder was present, Brother Brooks preached a plain sermon, and alluded to the fact that the Gospel proposes to save man from *all* his sins—that herein is the value of a Saviour,—"*Thou shalt call his name* JESUS, *for he shall save his people from their sins.*" A good impression was made, and the elder was politely requested to read a hymn and pray. He arose, and, instead of complying, said: "The young man has not preached the truth to you to-night. He has preached dangerous error—it will ruin souls." The elder's Antinomianism was aroused, and for some time he went on in this strain of abuse. When he finished his "*remarks*," Brother Brooks did not wait for singing or prayer, but said: "The congregation will be dismissed with the benediction. I wish first to say that I honestly and humbly preached the truth, and I feel prepared with God's help

to defend it. Providence permitting, I will do so in two weeks from this time." He dismissed the congregation, and then, turning to the elder, said: "You are no gentleman, sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that no gentleman would come in here as you have done, and take advantage of a polite request to close religious services, and insult *me*, and my *congregation*, with his Antinomianism."

"Well, you said the Gospel was designed to save men from *all sin*."

"I did, and I am glad to know that it is the doctrine of the Bible."

"Don't the Bible say, 'If we say we have *no sin*, we are liars, and the truth is not in us?'"

"The Apostle's own words explain his meaning—'If we say we have *not sinned*, we are liars,' and I believe it; but what does the next verse say? '*If we confess and forsake our sins, he is just and faithful to forgive us our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*'"

"Well, I don't believe in holiness, any way."

"I am very sorry, my brother, for the Bible says, 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.'"

It was plain to be seen that the young man had the sympathies of the congregation, and the best of the argument; and why should he not? He had the word of God, the blood of Christ, and the experience of many witnesses on his side. He was invited to spend the night with a family occupying a part of the house in which the elder lived. They walked home together. The elder desired the interview continued, and to this Brother Brooks was perfectly reconciled. The elder, however, found it a hard task to apologize for sin, for it is that abominable thing that God hates. It was in vain that he urged the necessity of sin to keep the child of God humble. Brother Brooks

showed that grace was better and more effectual; and then inward and outward sin, it was urged, were contrary to the Apostle's prayer. In praying for believers, he said: "*The very God of peace sanctify you wholly, throughout spirit, soul, and body.*" Not at death; mark that; for they were afterward to be "*preserved blameless.*" He prayed that the Church might be *made holy*, and *kept so!!* "*For this cause I bowed my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and know the love of Christ which passeth* [*human*] *knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God.*" Eph. iii. 14–18. The Apostle's faith stood not in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God, for he immediately adds: "*Now unto him that is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.*" Eph. iii. 19, 20.

The testimony of Scripture was brought forward, and the elder at length became silent. Brother Brooks began to exhort him, not only to cease to oppose a doctrine so dear to God and vital to the Church, but seek for the blessing upon his own soul. It was for *him*. The blood of Christ *would* cleanse from *all sin*. He ought to have it as a leader in Zion, that, like Joshua, he could lead the children of God into the Canaan of perfect love. Brother Brooks poured on the truth for some minutes, and the elder found himself in close quarters. He was forced to an acceptance of the doctrine he had publicly opposed, or

to a resentment of it and the messenger that proclaimed it. Which did he do? There is a class of religionists found in the different churches, who make their *creed* superior to their religion and their piety. When their prejudices are opposed, they resent with rage what they cannot answer with argument. Unfortunately the elder was one of that class. He went up to Brother Brooks, and, brandishing his fist in his face, said, with a spirit that comported with the language used, "*You are a liar, sir!*" Brother Brooks immediately arose, and with that mildness of manner he had observed throughout, said, "*Good night, elder,*" and instantly left the room.

The matter was noised abroad, and when the appointment came around Brother Brooks was on the spot, and preached on *holiness* to a large congregation, but the elder was,—*somewhere else.* The matter fell out unto the furtherance of the Gospel. It pleased God to begin a glorious revival, and many souls were gathered into the kingdom through the instrumentality of one who was not afraid to preach the whole truth. The doctrine of holiness cannot be faithfully proclaimed from the pulpit, and forcibly illustrated in the lives of those who profess it, without marked and happy results upon the unconverted. There is *power* in *holiness!!*

Our brother entered the Itinerancy at the age of twenty, and for seventeen years has he wrought for souls. His present field of labor is the Second Church of Wilkesbarre, called *Woodville* in the minutes, after the part of the town in which the church is located, and in view of a legacy left by Moses Wood, Esq., for the erection of a church in that locality. A precious revival has already crowned his labors there. Many promising converts have been gathered into society, and the church edifice finished and dedicated under his auspices. When he removes to

another field of toil, the regrets and benedictions of a loving people will follow him.

Go into every nation, go;
Speak to their trembling hearts, and cry,—
Glad tidings unto all we show;
Jerusalem, thy God is nigh.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE—THE AUTHOR'S CONVERSION AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord,
So plenteous in grace, so true to his word;
To us he hath given the gift from above,—
The earnest of heaven, the spirit of love.

The truth of our God we boldly assert;
His love shed abroad, and power in our heart,
Ye all may inherit, on Jesus who call;
The gift of his spirit is proffered to all.

Thursday afternoon. It is one o'clock, and all is well. Well! did we say? We fear we are too hasty in our approbation. It is the second day of the meeting, and the work of conversion has not yet commenced. O Lord, why delays the chariot of salvation? More power in the Church! O Lord, give to us the baptism of the Holy Ghost! Courage, my soul; the Lord is here. We hear the sound of the coming blessing "in the tops of the mulberry trees." Our faith shall still look up and wait thy glorious coming, O Saviour!

"Brother Mead, you must preach this afternoon. You will have to preach again during the meeting, and you may as well begin to-day."

"I will try."

O Lord, how can I proclaim this Gospel savingly to this people? Solemn work, to preach the Gospel! It *damns* or *saves!* "Savor of life unto life or of death unto death!" *I will try*, for it pleases God by the "foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." The hour for preaching

has not arrived, and we will devote the time to the relation of our

EXPERIENCE.

"*Come and hear all ye that fear, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.*"

The Psalmist was not alone in bearing testimony to a heartfelt religion. Job, afflicted and falsely accused, could not do better than fall back on his experience and hope, and affirm: "*I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another.*" Job was not afraid of the doctrine of assurance. *He knew!* Paul declared *his* experience to high and low. When arraigned before a civil tribunal his most powerful argument was Christian experience. Royalty trembled at its rehearsal; "Agrippa said unto Paul, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.'"

"*My heart-strings are broken, but* JESUS *comforts me now,*" was the brief but overwhelming testimony of a follower of Christ, in a love feast. She might well say it. A dark tinge to her complexion told that she was of African descent. She was a slave. Her husband had been sold to a distant state; her only child, a little boy, that she loved as she did her life, had been sold in another direction. The affliction was too great. Her heart was broken, and she was sinking rapidly to the grave. Sobs were heard in every part of the house as she said, "My heart-strings are broken, but Jesus comforts me now." Thousands have read and profited by that touching assurance of the power of Christ to comfort and save. How true the words of the poet—

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Will it be presumption for *me* to speak of Christ and his power to save—to save even *me?* The chieftain from the field is expected to rehearse the conflicts he has passed. The adventurer is not accused of vanity for describing, in glowing words, the wonders he has seen or performed. "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.*" Were I to display a purse and say "come and see my gold," you would justly accuse me of folly. Should I compare my mind and labors with those of other men and claim superiority, you would charge me with vanity and sin, in disregarding the injunction, "*not to think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think.*" I have no treasures to display, no superiority of which to boast. "*I am a sinner saved by grace!*"

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I had a praying mother, and to her I owe much under God. Before I was able to read she read and explained the word of life to me. To give variety to instructions, she related Bible incidents. The first prayer I remember hearing was from her lips. She was intent on my salvation, and often took me into her own room and prayed with me. At such times her earnestness was remarkable. She would often place her hands on my head when kneeling by her side, and pray, "O Lord, bless my child, renew his heart by grace. May he grow up to be good, and to preach the Gospel." At such times a strange influence passed over my soul and body. Was it *sympathy?* or a *divine influence*, given in answer to prayer? Doubtless it was both. A sense of my own sinfulness was thus early wrought, and a desire awakened in my heart, to be good as my mother. Years have gone, and for many summers the grass has been green over that mother's grave, and I, the object of her love and solicitude, would "*rise up and*

call her blessed." With sorrow I confess that I became a wayward youth, and said and did many things that grieved that mother, and offended God. Do not conclude from this that I fell into gross outward sins. The grace of God saved me from that.

MY CONVERSION.

Not until thirteen years had passed did I give my heart to God. My convictions were deep and painful. For two weeks I sought for pardon. I was penitent, and I wondered why I was not converted. I sought, and why did I not find? O it is well that God teaches us at the very threshold of our Christian life, that there is no merit in grief, or tears, or prayer, or *faith*. "BY GRACE *are ye saved* THROUGH *faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God.*" Yes "*through* faith," but not on account of any *merit* in faith. Two painful weeks it took me to learn this. I was on the borders of despair. The enemy thrust sore at me, and suggested that I had sinned against the Holy Ghost. My days of distress were drawing to a close, and God had provided some better thing for me. I retired to pray—I was alone with my Bible and my God,—without rising from my knees I opened the word of life, and my eyes fell, no doubt by divine direction, upon this passage: "*This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.*" 1 Tim. i. 15. "*Faithful saying!*" *Faithful*, or true, for it is the word of God. '*I believe it*," was the language of my heart. "*Worthy of all acceptation.*" Yes, worthy of ALL acceptation! *I can, I will*, accept this salvation. My tears and prayers are unavailing, but, JESUS, thou art 'mighty to save.' O! save me, or I perish! There is merit in thy blood to save *me*, to save *all*, and I *will*, I *do* reply upon it NOW." Such was the language of my heart

as, a weeping penitent, I knelt with the precious Bible open before me. Faith fastened to the cross just then, and a wave of peace and joy rolled over my redeemed soul. It was as if a voice from above said: *Thy sins, that are many, are all forgiven thee; go in peace, and sin no more.*" I was enabled to say:

'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Years rolled on, and manhood with its responsibilities seemed but just before me. I planned my future course, but Providence frustrated all my plans. Meanwhile I had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in fellowship with her members, I, of course, heard Christian experience referred to frequently—a deep, daily experience of the power of Christ to save. A deep desire was thereby awakened in my heart to understand the deep things of Christian experience. I studied my Bible daily, and read the lives of the pious dead. While reading the Life of Bramwell, the conviction was clear, "I too must preach the Gospel." Coincident with this *conviction* (I say *conviction*, for the *thought* or *impression* of preaching had been long on my mind), was the suggestion from the Church, "You too must preach the Gospel." But I was tardy in yielding. At times I was deterred from consecrating myself to the ministry, by a sense of my unworthiness and unfitness, and from an idea of the responsibility and greatness of the work. This was not all; the struggle at times was between convictions of duty and an unsanctified ambition. I commenced the study of law, and God sent leanness to my soul. I sought for divine comfort, and at every step I met this: "*Preach the Gospel*," "*Woe is*

me if I preach not the Gospel." At other times the love of Christ constrained me; for when in blessed fellowship with God, and happy in contemplating the power of Christ to save, I felt a desire to "preach Christ and him crucified,"—I wanted to "tell to all around what a dear Saviour I had found."

At last I determined to give myself to the work. Solemn step! What tears, what struggles, marked that crisis! My schemes of ambition were laid in the dust, the self-consecration was made, and I said without qualification, "*Here am I; send me.*" My purposes were communicated to my father. He did not sympathize with me, for in his estimate *then*, to be a Methodist preacher, was to throw oneself away.

"You had better study law and be somebody," said he when informed of my purpose.

"Father, I can't do it consistently with my convictions of duty."

"Well, then, go into some business and try to make something. I will help you—have something when you are old."

"I feel it my duty to preach the Gospel! I have thought it over long and carefully, and my mind is made up."

"Well, I reckon you won't find it so nice to go around from post to pillar, and be dependent on other folks. You will be poor as long as you live."

"Suppose, father, that I neglect my duty and go into business and get rich. In a few years I must die and leave it all. 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' If I lose my soul, father, then *all* is lost! O, I *must* preach the Gospel and save my soul! I must preach and save others!"

At this point in the conversation my feelings completely overcame me. I burst into tears, and it was some minutes

before I could speak. At length I broke the silence by saying, "I expect to be poor in this world, but if I do right, God will take care of me."

In four months from the date of this conversation I was received on trial in the Oneida Conference, and sent as junior preacher to Barton Circuit. Meanwhile I had married a plain and pious wife. For this I thank God, as in duty bound. *Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord.*" Prov. xviii. 22. John Wesley did not think so. I was not twenty-one when I started for my first field of labor. An hour before starting, our friends joined us in a farewell prayer meeting, at the close of which they sang heartily,

Blow ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee has come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

For nearly nine years I have been endeavoring to save souls. The Lord has been my helper. I have had some conflicts and blessed victories, and have seen many souls converted to God. I am deeply pained at my many shortcomings in the work of the ministry.

God gave his people victory over the Philistines, and Samuel set up a memorial stone, and called it EBENEZER —*the stone of help;* and it was erected by the Prophet, saying, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." God has often given *me* the victory over my spiritual foes, and with the poet I can say,

Here I'll raise *my* Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.

THE BAPTISM RECEIVED.

At the Binghamton camp meeting, September 1856, *Jesus Christ was made unto me wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption.* 1 Cor. i. 30. Of this feature of my experience I would speak definitely. At the age of twenty I was sent into the Itinerant field, with the impetuosity and the imprudence of youth. The flatteries of some, and the uncharitable censures of others, mingled a bitter cup for me. But for the grace of God I might, long ago, have been bankrupt for time and eternity. At last I reached a point where my longing soul *cried* out for *full salvation.* I felt two spiritual powers contending for soul and body; grace enabled me to count the cost and say, "henceforth there shall be no dallying, no vacillation, no vibrating from one to the other, but God shall have the whole—the soul and body, the intellect, the affections, the desires, the will, property, talents, learning, friends, time, eternity—all, considerately, solemnly, voluntarily handed over to God, so that henceforth I shall have nothing which is not held as belonging to him; do nothing but that aims at the realization of his will. I shall receive all blessings as coming from him, and pray to be ceaselessly and completely absorbed in the divine glory."[1] O, bless the Lord, I then realized the power of Christ to save from all sin, and I have since been enabled to live by faith on the Son of God, from day to day. My appropriate place is at the feet of Jesus, and nowhere else but there. I make this reference to myself, not boastingly, but as a warning and an encouragement to others.

God forbid that I should boast, for I can say with a beloved minister of Jesus, that "I am but a child as yet, little more than newly born; just learning, perhaps, to taste something of God's true meat, 'to eat the flesh, and

[1] CENTRAL IDEA. By Dr. J. T. Peck.

drink the blood of the Son of God.' I have found clean white pebbles, and shells of rainbow hue by the ocean's brim; the surge with its hoary crest washes my feet; I long to fathom the depths, and travel the lengths of this great LIFE OF LOVE. God is building the ship to bear me over it; he is casting the strong bell in which I shall dive down, far, far, in his deep Spirit."

O! what a privilege to love God with all the heart—to realize that "Jesus breaks the power of cancelled sin, and sets the prisoners *free*," for "whom the Son makes free is *free indeed*." At such an hour the language of the redeemed soul is, "the past has no power to annoy, for that is all atoned by the blood applied of my suffering Saviour! The future has no power to raise an anxious thought, for this is not mine, but simply and wholly the Lord's. The present is all secure—entirely lost and swallowed up in God." O happy state! who would not give all to gain it? Alas, that we should be satisfied with first and limited attainments, when experience so sweet, so rich, and full, awaits our command! What infinite loss we suffer by remaining babes in Christ, "children tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine!"—Is it strange, that with one's eyes once turned toward this glorious treasure, we exclaimed,

My soul breaks out in strong desire,
The perfect bliss to prove;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To be dissolved in love.

What a state of blessedness! "The manna each day falls from the cloud that leads onward; a double portion, too, for the Sabbaths. The pillared fire shines in the night, and is reflected from the streams of the Rock, Christ Jesus, following ever more. O, God! what a life of glory! I see it now by faith, and it grows more bright every day. I would that my lip, and pen, and *life*,

might make known his fulness! But nothing on earth can do this. Night and day, without ceasing, could I speak of my Lord's goodness. The language of the Psalmist, is the language of my soul—"*Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.*" Ps. ciii. 1–5.

Quickened with our immortal head,
Who daily, Lord, ascend with thee;
Redeemed from sin and free indeed,
We taste our glorious liberty.

Thursday, two o'clock, P. M. Rev. J. W. Monger prayed fervently, the congregation sang, and we announced our text, "*Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life.* John vi. 68. We say but little of the opening exercises, as these are usually short at camp meetings and soon passed over, for it is plain that most preachers look upon them as lightly as Napoleon estimated the Tirailleur service, and they hasten up the artillery—the sermon. Rev. J. F. Wilbur followed us in exhortation. Brother Wilbur obeys the Scriptures—"*He lifts up his voice like a trumpet.*" The sermon was "sown in weakness;" may God raise it "in power." We leave it with the Lord, and the people who attended the camp meeting. Will the young read the next chapter? It is for them—for *all.*

CHAPTER IX.

A VOICE TO THE YOUNG.

Why should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay.

NAPOLEON lost the affections of parents and sisters most signally when he drafted the young men of France into his army. Repeated campaigns, severe winters, and camp disease, had so thinned his ranks that he must recruit his forces, or abandon his ambitious schemes unfinished. He ordered the instant enrolment of the young men over sixteen. Many were the tears of mothers and sisters, as sons and brothers took a hasty and a final farewell, and flew to the camp and the deadly field.

We look around us, and we see our young men drafted into the service of Satan; and so accustomed are we to the sight, that we seem to lose the interest we should feel for them. Well might this nation be draped in mourning, if our young men were to be offered as a sacrifice to the sword. The day of their immolation would be as sad as the fearful night of Aug. 24, 1572, when the bells of the great cathedral, not only in Paris, but throughout France, tolled for the indiscriminate massacre of the Protestants. Before the sun arose on that scene of blood, thirty thousand were numbered with the dead! Is it not as much a cause of mourning to see the young moving on as willing sacrifices in the way of sin, rapidly decreasing the probabilities of reformation and salvation? Young reader, heed the remarks we introduce with the words of the Psalmist.

Ps. cxix. 9. *Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.*

I. *Young people have their ways of sin.* It needs no logic or lengthened argumentation to prove this. There are witnesses present to give positive and undeniable proof of your guilt.

1. MEMORY *is here* to unroll the records of the past, and her parchment is like the record the Revelator saw, "written within and without." Some of you would be glad to forget your sins, but you cannot. Like unwelcome guests they are continually obtruding upon your notice, till, like David when confronted by Nathan, you can say, "My sin is ever before me." Memory is like the artist's servant that goes about the room putting up the pictures his master has made. Your sins, like so many pictures, must be put on exhibition. Some are concealed or disfigured by the rubbish you have gathered, or the professions you make; nevertheless they must be dragged to light. A man was once thrown from his carriage, and for a time rendered insensible. When he recovered, he said he had seen the sins of his whole life as if they had been painted upon canvas and passed in panoramic view before him. A man was rescued from the water—restored to animation and consciousness, when he said that the moment he felt himself sinking, memory called up the sins of his past life with such fearful correctness and rapidity, that he looked with one glance, as upon a picture, upon the sins he had committed from childhood; then awful terror seized his soul, as he felt himself hastening on to the judgment with so much unpardoned guilt. Your sense of sin may not be so vivid, yet memory declares your guilt. Total destruction seems to be no part of God's plan in the material world; neither does he design that there shall be any loss in the mental world. Nothing is entirely forgotten. There are many

sins that you do not *now* remember; but they have become a part of your own being, and will be recollected and keenly felt in *another world*, if not in this.

A rich landlord of England once cruelly oppressed a poor widow. Her son, a little boy of eight years, saw it. He afterwards became a painter, and painted a life-likeness of the scene. Years afterwards he placed it where the man saw it. He turned pale, trembled in every joint, and offered a sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. Thus, there is an ever active painter drawing on the canvas of the soul a life-likeness, reflecting correctly all the passions and actions of our spiritual history on earth. Eternity will reveal them to every man. We must meet our earth life again. While I am speaking, memory is so faithful to her work that it is no news to be told that you are sinners.

2. *There is another witness here*—THE WORD OF GOD. This points out your sinful ways, and clearly affirms the corruption of your hearts. In describing the sinfulness of the race, it makes no exception in favor of the young. You are certainly included when it says, "*There is none righteous, no not one. There is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way; they are together become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, no not one. All have sinned and come short of the glory of God. As by one man sin entered the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.*"

How the Bible expostulates with you for your forgetfulness of God—"*Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them.*" With what biting sarcasm does it warn you, while it seems to approve your life of sinful pleasure—"*Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in*

the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou, for all these things, GOD WILL BRING THEE INTO JUDGMENT!" How it warns against delay—"*Behold,* NOW *is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.*" "*Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.*" How it condemns your union in sin, while it assures you that though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished! It leaves you without excuse. It is the true light which, conjointly with the Spirit, lighteth every man which cometh into the world. This then is your condemnation—"*Light has come into the world, and you choose darkness rather than light, because your deeds are evil.*"

It offers you the *means* and the *motives* of salvation, and utters a warning while it foretells the results of your neglect. Hear it, ye young men,

> "——— On sinful pleasures bent,
> Preparing for your own punishment."

Shall your final doom be announced to you in these burning words? "*Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded it; but ye have set at nought all my reproofs; I also will laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you, then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find. For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord; they would none of my counsels, they despised all my reproof; therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.*"

How it predicts your own bitter reflections when mercy is gone, and you taste the bitterness of remorse before you pass to receive the full cup of trembling that justice

will administer in the world of woe—"*And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me! I was almost in all evil in the midst of the congregation and assembly.*" Young man, that means *you!* Yours is a fearful way; but listen to the word of God—it hangs out the red lights on the very coast of ruin—"*The soul that sinneth, it shall die.*" Here is another—"*The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*"

3. *Here is another witness still*—CONSCIENCE. God be praised that you have not sinned so long that you have silenced the voice of conscience. In vain have been your efforts to bribe this friend to God and man. Conscience is the mistress of the soul, sitting in judgment on the testimony of memory. To those who are saved from sin by the Gospel plan, her words are those of approval; while to those who live in transgression her language is that of condemnation. Sinners! at this bar *you* stand condemned. Your own souls possess beforehand the verdict that will damn you for ever. Your own consciences condemn you, and God, who is greater, will condemn you also!!

4. *Here is one more witness*—THE HOLY SPIRIT. He reproves "the world of sin" that must be repented of and forgiven; "of righteousness" that must be obtained and exemplified; of a "judgment" that is hastening on, and for which we must prepare. This witness helps the preceding ones, and confirms their testimony. The Spirit makes memory quick, and conscience keen, and gives unearthly edge and power to the word of God.

II. WHAT WAYS OF SIN HAVE YOU?

1. *You have secret ways of sin.* Many of you do no

fall into open transgression. The word, in the original, means a *rut* or *track*, such as is made by the wheel of the chariot. Your path, young friends, is not yet broad and beaten, as is the path of older sinners. Nevertheless, you have a sinful way. Secret sins you have, that, perhaps, are not known to your parents—sins that the civil law cannot reach; but they are recorded by the same Being that counts the tears of his saints, and exposure is certain, unless they are blotted out by the blood of Christ. O, sinners! hasten to this blood for salvation! The poet speaks of it in this way:—

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

2. By others there is not manifested a striking disposition to sin against God, secretly or otherwise, and yet the whole tendency of their lives is away from God. Strange forgetfulness of his mercies, and constant ingratitude, as unaccountable as wicked, mark their daily lives. This is accompanied with aversion to the joys and duties of religion. Fearful way! Without God and without hope in the world!!

3. Others are here who live in *open sin* against God. Yours is a way of rebellion. Like ambitious Adonijah, who sought the honors of the throne of David, rather than the quiet virtues of obedience and piety, you live in rebellion against your Father and rightful Sovereign. That same Adonijah, startled by the music and shoutings that proclaimed Solomon king, became alarmed at his guilt and danger, and ran in haste to the sanctuary and laid hold of the horns of the altar, when a compassionate father and ruler forgave his sins. O, fly for protection to the throne of grace, and "for refuge lay hold of the hope set before you in the Gospel."

What a contrast between you and Enoch! As the centuries rolled slowly by, *he* had the uninterrupted testimony that his ways pleased God. He entered upon his immortality without passing the gates of death. Brethren in the Lord, it is proper for us to sing,

> On Jordan's stormy banks we stand,
> And cast our wishful eyes
> To Canaan's fair and happy land
> Where our possession lies.

Faithful Enoch did not stand shivering and waiting at the margin of the stream, casting longing eyes to his possessions beyond. With one bound he passed from probation to glory, nor touched the waters as he went. His was the way of *holiness*, of *peace*, of *triumph*. Sinner *you* have the testimony that your ways *displease* God. How corrupt and dangerous your way! The poet was well nigh inspired, when he said:—

> Your way is dark and leads to death,
> Why will you persevere?

III. *How shall a young man cleanse his way?* How escape the condemnation that rests upon him? How break away from the sinful habits that bind him in fetters fast? How avoid the corruptions and temptations that everywhere assail him and threaten his fearful, final ruin? The answer is at hand: "*By taking heed thereto according to thy word.*" It is not so much a change of *place* as of *conduct*, that is contemplated. We met a young man of our acquaintance in the cars, who, alarmed at the allurements of city life, was hastening to a distant state, to find a home amidst a quiet and virtuous people accustomed to country air and toil. He had been introduced to the sinful pleasures of youth, and he felt that the fatal charm could only be broken by instant flight. But when the excitement and weariness of the journey are over, and the novelty of

a new abode is forgotten, will he be safe? It was doubtless wise to break away from the circle of sinful allurements; but in his new and distant home, who will bribe memory to conceal the records of the past? or how shall he fly from the outspoken sins of his soul? how combat and conquer the temptations that will meet him there? "*Wherewith shall he cleanse his way?*" *By taking heed thereto according to the word of God.*

By *taking heed*, we mean careful and penitential reflection upon the past, and serious consideration respecting your future conduct, and all this done in the light of God's holy word, and in accordance with its unbending requisitions. You see by this it is implied that you conform your disposition and actions to the Bible; and in order to this you must seek an acquaintance with the word of God. O let me plead with you to read the Bible! It will lead you on to salvation and heaven. The weekly sheet, the novel, the poem have charms for you, and may engage your attention and time, but do they save? "*The Law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.*" "*The Gospel * * is the power of God unto salvation!*" Take heed *how* you read it. Mr. Wirt, a renowned statesman, said: "A young man should not study the Bible as he would a heathen classic, merely for its facts, its principles, or its beauties. But approach it with awe, and regard it *as it is*, the Book of Life to the believer, but of death to the infidel."

IV. WHY SHOULD WE TAKE HEED TO OUR WAY ACCORDING TO THE WORD OF GOD?

1. *It is our only hope*, and yet some of you reject it. A young man, for whom we have felt great solicitude, awoke from a night of shameful debauch, and could only reply to the earnest counsels of a friend—"Mr. M—d has spoken to me about religion, but I don't believe in it—it's all humbug." Young man! your only hope for respectability in

this life, and of salvation in the life to come, is in *taking heed to your way* according to God's word. A few steps more, and abandonment, sorrow, and hopeless ruin, will be your portion. Without the Bible, life is a pilgrimage without sun, moon, or stars, to guide your erring feet. It is suicide to deny your souls the life and joy that Revelation offers! God has given but *one* Bible—throw this overboard, and, like the wrecked mariner, you float awhile on the ocean, and then go hopelessly down in its engulphing waves.

2. *The Bible, prayerfully read*, will save you from error. A young man, who had imbibed false and pernicious views of the Bible, was prevailed upon to read daily a portion of the Gospel, and accompany his readings with earnest prayer for God to lead him in the way of truth. In a few weeks his errors were abandoned, and before the New Testament was read through he was converted. He is now a minister of the Gospel.

3. *What else will save you from sorrow?* "Sir, can I suit you with a book to-day?" said a Southern colporteur to a wealthy man.

"No," was his reply, "I don't read much, I am a miserable man. I have property enough to keep me a hundred years, if I should live so long, but it don't make me happy. Have you any book that will tell a man how to be happy?"

"O, yes."

"What is it?"

"The Bible."

"How big a book is it?"

"I have them of different sizes, sir, suppose you see them."

"Well, tell me what it reads about first."

When informed, he said: "*I must have that book.*" Though living in this Protestant Republic, and worth

twenty thousand dollars, yet he was ignorant of the Bible, of Christ, of heaven, and of happiness. Young friends, the Bible offers you true joy. Will you receive it? Happiness is impossible while we defeat the high ends of our being. Vision and light were made for each other. Sound sends its vibrations to the soul, through the mechanism of the ear; sensation and contact answer to each other, but what of the soul that rejects religion? A touch so gentle that it conveys pleasure along the nerves, leaves the soul as ignorant and as sad as before. When all the pleasures of vision and hearing are exhausted, the soul is still unsatisfied and unsaved. We pity orphans and say, "how lonely are the children who return from the graves of father and mother, and feel themselves in a cold world with no one to extend parental sympathy and care! While we live in sin we are orphans, and worse than orphans. We have no sympathy with our Heavenly Father, and our sins have long since forfeited his approbation. Where is the stranger who will say, like the starving Prodigal, "*I will arise and go to my Father?*"

4. *The Bible will not only cheer you now*, and guide you safely through life, but will comfort and save you in the last struggle.

A soldier was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field. He felt that his wound was mortal; and his life was so quickly ebbing away that he said to his comrades, who were carrying him:—

"Put me down, do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They then put him down, and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, I thank you, I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you; shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged. In my knapsack you will find a Testament; will you open it at the fourteenth of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find, '*Peace*,'—will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "*Peace I leave you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*"

"Thank you," said the dying man, "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more;" and instantly expired.

Ah, that pious soldier had a peace, the horrors of the bloody battle-field could not destroy. That peace was as a seraph's wing to bear his spirit to the skies. Have you "*peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ?*" It is this peace that we commend to you. This is the "*Gospel of peace.*"

V. *Would you carry out the direction of the text,* "*take heed to your way according to the word of God?*"

1. The seven following verses describe the piety we would inculcate. "*With my whole heart have I sought thee; O let me not wander from thy commandments! Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee. Blessed art thou, O Lord; teach me thy statutes. With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth. I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches. I will meditate upon thy precepts, and have respect unto thy ways. I will delight myself in thy statutes, I will not forget thy word.*" May the

Holy Spirit enable you to remember, understand, and obey the Bible.

Remember thy Bible, for on it have gazed
The bright eyes of childhood and youth;
And their hearts have grown warm with rapture and praise,
As they read o'er its pure words of truth.
Remember thy Bible—the dim eyes of age
Have brightened with feelings of love;
And their pale cheeks have glowed as they bent o'er the page
That told of their bright home above.

Remember thy Bible—its words have been read
By thy father at noon and at even,
To the loved family circle, now scattered and dead;
Oh! how many have left thee for heaven!
But though amid weeping and mourning below,
Death hath broken affection's bright chain;
Yet the fair golden links still brighter shall glow,
When united in heaven again.

Remember thy Bible in affliction's dark hours,
When the loved ones are passing away;
Its sweet words shall fall like dew on the flowers,
When faint 'neath a long summer's day.
Then turn to thy Bible; 'twill dry thy sad tears,
And the shadows shall pass swift away,
As the stars grow brighter till the morning appears,
Then fade in the calm light of day.

So amid the dark woes, that o'ershadow thee now,
As thy bark by the wild storm is driven,
The hopes of the Bible still brighter shall glow,
Till thou awake in the pure light of heaven.
Remember thy Bible when thou nearest the brink
Of Jordan, the river of death;
Its sweet words of promise will not let thee sink,
And praises shall tune thy last breath.

2. And do you still ask for the manner of carrying out the counsel of the text? Let the Bible answer this question, for it is its own commentary: "*Let the wicked forsake his*

way and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, who will have mercy, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Sinner, hasten to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening stage be run.

Hasten mercy to implore,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening stage be run.

Hasten, sinner, to return,
Stay not for to-morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere the morrow is begun.

Hasten, sinner, to be blest,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

O! be in haste. The Saviour has died. Eternal life is freely offered. "*How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?*" The Son of man came to seek and save that which is lost. Who shall measure the sorrow that will be ours if we defeat the gracious design of God to save us? Eternity alone can show, how a Saviour freely offered, and deliberately rejected, affects a man's condition in the eternal world! Haste away from "the windy storm and tempest." Delay not! The time is at hand!

The hour of fate is hovering nigh,
——— The winds are still,
But the cold waves are swelling high and heavily,
And there is danger in them.

Travellers have longed to see other lands, and have rejoiced at last when they stood on some eminence and looked over the charming scenery that tempted them from

home! May it be ours, when the toils of life are past, to recognise you, dear reader, in heaven! A soul redeemed by the blood of Christ, and saved in God's kingdom, will be a sight that angels will delight to behold. Shall they behold *us* at last among the saved? Or will they, in the final judgment, witness our condemnation, and look a silent farewell as they hear our sentence and see us depart to the abode of woe prepared for the rejecters of God and his word?

Now God invites, how blest the day
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

Some young reader may be dazzled with the illusions of the present, and, indulging in fond hopes that shall never be realized, turn from our *appeal* as quite too serious. Please read the following beautiful lines, written by one who had passed the gay scenes of youth, and looked back on the past with the wisdom experience taught.

A RETROSPECT OF YOUTH.

Oh, bright were the days of my youth,
As they rapidly glided away!
When my heart was the mirror of truth,
And my path was illumed by her ray;
When I knew not the guile of the world,
Nor saw its enticements displayed;
The banner of hope was unfurled,
In beauty and brightness arrayed.

And I dreamed that this banner alone
Should ever wave over my head;
That my heart should be purity's throne,
And vice should be harmless or dead;
But the days of my manhood are come,
And the dream of my youth-time is o'er;

Disappointment and care are my doom,
And my trials are greater and more.

O, bright were the scenes that appeared,
Illusions, alas! though they proved;
And gladsome the hopes that I reared,
Though they drooped as their soil was removed;
If I tasted the bitter at all,
The drop did envalue the sweet;
And pleasure was there at my call,
I feared not, I knew not, deceit.

And I fancied the stream of my life
Would ever flow even and calm;
Untossed by the rapids of strife,
Unmoved by the tide of alarm;—
But the days of my manhood are come,
And the dream of my youth-time is o'er;
Life's current is whitened with foam,
And the breakers are loud in their roar.

O guide me, thou God of my sire,
My errors in mercy forgive;
With wisdom and virtue inspire,
In faith, hope, and love let me live.
Nor poverty give me, nor wealth,
Lest either should lead me astray;
I ask not for sickness or health,
But, oh! for thy blessing I pray.

CHAPTER X.

REV. RICHARD VAN VALKENBURG.

O, what a gentle ministrant is song
To piety—to mild, to penitent piety!
O, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer
That lingers in our lazy, earthly air,
And melts with it to heaven.

Thursday evening. "Who will preach to-night?"

"Brother Richard Van Valkenburg."

"What, that large man, that sings so?"

"Certainly."

"O, I am so glad, I want to hear him."

That large man! Very appropriate, we thought, for he is no pocket edition of humanity, we can assure you. He is a living, walking, rousing demonstration, that an emaciated body and wo-begone countenance are not essential to true piety. One writer has said, that "it is the mark of a hypocrite to assume superior sanctity." If he had added, "or of mental weakness," we would fully endorse the sentiment. Brother "Van," as he is familiarly called by his brethren, is what the English would call both "clever and hearty." His soul overflows with good feeling; he is ready at anecdote or song—religious and social song—and is therefore a desirable companion. Naturally generous, he takes great pleasure in sharing with others the good things of this life. *He never allowed a brother minister, hungry and weary with travel, to depart from his house at mid-day, without offering him refreshment. What is more, he never will.* He is what an ancient philosopher (as he thought) sought in vain to find—he is a *man*, body and soul, and well

deserves the Chinese compliment, "*may he live a thousand years.*"

He entered the Itinerancy in 1852. His early advantages were few. Like many of his co-laborers, he started with a limited education, but having three very important qualifications for a Methodist minister—*good health*, *good sense*, and the *religion of Christ.* He is a good singer, and this is a qualification that helps an itinerant not a little. Some years since, at a camp meeting on the Maine Charge, New York, Brother Van was requested to sing at the conclusion of a sermon. He arose in the stand and began,

> Joyfully, joyfully, onward we move,
> Bound for the land of bright spirits above.[1]

The piece was new. Many had never before heard the song or the singer. His clear, strong, musical voice soon claimed every ear. The careless were apparently devotional in a few moments, and, before the first stanza was concluded, hearty responses came from many hearts that caught new fire from the devotional singer. He sang on, and as he struck the second verse, a brother[2] in the lower apartment of the preacher's stand, roused himself from a partial slumber, and, with no little excitement, exclaimed, "Who is that? who is that?" and, without waiting for a reply, added, "He will hit them directly," "Hallelujah," "Amen," told the feelings of the congregation." "There, I told you he would hit them," resumed the brother, "O bless God for good singing." As he sang on, his own heart kindled, and his voice increased in compass and pathos, and when he sang,

> Friends fondly cherished have passed on before,
> Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore;

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[1] Select Melodies by Rev. Wm. Hunter, page 324.

[2] Rev. Enos Puffer, late Member of Assembly.

Singing to cheer us through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home;

many wept, for they were reminded of the loved and the departed. As the singing closed, loud *amens* told that hearts had been moved. Don't cry out, *excitement*, as if earnest, enthusiastic singing were no part of religion. It is a part of our brother's calling to sing the songs of Zion. He gets blest in singing, and others get blest in hearing him sing. I have no doubt the following is a favorite verse with him :—

I find him in *singing*, I find him in prayer,
In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart.

Were he put in a tight place, I have no doubt he would sing himself through as certainly and as successfully as did a pioneer preacher. It was on this wise :—Night was coming on, when an itinerant, cold, hungry, and weary, sought entertainment at a private house. His request was denied, but, obtaining permission to sit a few moments by the fire, he mused on the words of Christ, "*Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!*" Ah! how were those words to be fulfilled in his case? It was a long way to another human habitation, night was upon him, and, without food or shelter, must he pass the night in the woods, sleeping upon the ground, and exposed to the beasts of prey? His courage did not desert him, and yet, in spite of his firmness, the tears ran down his cheeks as he thought of his fate. He was a charming singer, and began to sing one of his pilgrim songs, and he sang from the heart, too. The mistress of the house, who had refused the weary minister supper and lodging, began to relent—her nobler nature was touched. The girls, too, were moved by the words of the hymn, and by the pathos

and sweetness with which they were uttered. He sang on. One hymn was not enough, and he struck another, so full of sadness and song was his heart. The day was gained, for the woman spoke up with an earnestness that told she meant what she said, "*John, John, take that man's horse to the barn, and give him plenty of oats.*"

A warm supper was soon provided, conversation and devotions closed the evening, and the itinerant laid him down and slept the night away. In the morning, after breakfast and prayers, he passed on, thankful for salvation and timely friends. So much for singing. As he hastened on, we imagine the silence of the wilderness was broken by his loud and happy songs. Doubtless here is a verse he sang:—

No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in this wilderness
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
And gladly wander to and fro,
Till I may Canaan gain.

But to our subject. He has, with his many mild and social virtues, a considerable *spirit*—energy of character joined to a determination not to submit to what he thinks is unjust or improper. Albeit, these are elements that make others feel his presence and principles. Let any man of this make be baptized with the Holy Ghost, and have all his energies bent to the work of the ministry, and he will accomplish more than a score of your passive, nice, little men, whose only stock in trade is *grammar*, *compliments*, and *dignity*. Brother Van, keep humble, keep praying, live in the shadow of the cross—*shadow*, did we say? nay, the blazing light of the cross, or you will strike the rocks. What do you mean? says the reader. The incident in the next paragraph will explain.

At the Waverley Conference, Brother Van came up

for admission into full connection. He had been on a large and laborious circuit—had held many protracted meetings—had been afflicted part of the year with inflammation in his eyes, and consequently was not as well prepared in his conference studies as he would otherwise have been. He passed a better examination than some who had been received previous years; and he thought, and his Elder thought, that he ought to be received. Some members made a strike for a more thorough knowledge of the "Course of Study," as a condition of admission. Warm speeches were made on both sides, and the brother was not received. A superannuated member gratuitously and injudiciously offered a word (as he thought), in Brother Van's favor.—"He is a good young man, an excellent exhorter, and sings like a nightingale, but I don't think he will master his studies. It ought not to be expected of him; he is a good brother, but he can't study." At this speech the Bishop's eyes struck fire. In a few minutes the candidates for ordination came up to receive the Bishop's charge. Mental attainments were dwelt upon, and he repelled with indignation the idea that a man could be a good exhorter, a useful minister, *and not able to study.* "*He must,*" said the Bishop, "*be the dumbest man out of heaven.*" It was a sore time for our brother. The vote of the Conference, and the remarks of the superannuated brother, grieved him. He went to his boarding-place, but slept not much that night. He resolved what to do. We are afraid he did not pray enough. He would stay over the Sabbath, hear the preaching, and, on Monday morning, after Conference had opened, he would drive to the church, call out his Presiding Elder, and say, "*I ask for a location, I am going west, good-by,*" and crack his whip and off, leaving no chance for a reply. We will see how he succeeded.

Sunday came, and with it thousands to hear the Gospel under the large tent. Bishop Jones preached the first sermon from 2 Cor. vii. 1: "*Having, therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.*" A plain but searching sermon. In the afternoon, Dr. J. T. Peck preached an overwhelming sermon, from Matt. ix. 37–38: "*Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.*" He spoke of the extent, and the moral aspects of the field—the world; the limited supply of laborers, and God's method of making that supply ample. When the discourse began, our attention was arrested by the dignity and sterling sense of his remarks. We perceived at once that something well worth our most careful attention was coming. Paragraph after paragraph of massive burning thought, was thrown off, each showing a gradually increasing glow of the sensibilities as well as the mental force of the speaker. By the time he had fairly entered the argument of the sermon, we were led captive by his power; but it would be difficult to say which most effectually subdued us, his mighty thoughts or his deep feelings. Tears *filled his* eyes, but *ran down our* cheeks. Ever and anon passages of overwhelming force were uttered, before which the whole assembly seemed to bow, not so much in admiration of the speaker as in homage to the mighty truth he uttered. His sermon was not poetry—it was truth—thought, all in a blaze with spiritual and sympathetic fire. It was such a sermon as we would imagine a sanhedrim of archangels would listen to, uncovered of their golden crowns. Wicked men turned pale, and ministers wept like children. The responsibility of the Gospel minister was shown in a light that made us *say* and

feel, "O! who can *perform*, who dare *neglect* this great work?"[1]

Brother Van heard that sermon, and at the conclusion of the services, went to his room to meditate and pray. It was a turning point in his history. He dedicated himself anew to the Lord, and to the great work of saving souls! He there pledged himself to increased activity. God wants no idlers in his vineyard. The highest intellectual culture, sanctified by the grace of God, is the most powerful engine for good in the world; hence we should seek for the highest intellectual culture and the most comprehending knowledge, that we may lay it upon the altar of God, and go forth in the spirit of Christ to conquer the world. Learning is not an evil, only unsanctified learning; and an archangel's intellectual power, could we possess it, dedicated to the service of God, would be the most exalted offering we could bring.

These thoughts took new hold of our brother's mind; he was aroused—he would let them know he *could* study. There was a time in the school days of Dr. Adam Clarke when he was reproached by his teachers for being so dumb. He was stung to the very heart; but it only aroused the latent powers of his mind. He said he felt something give way in his head. We have no doubt his excitement and anguish were so great, that he *thought* something snapped. He soon distanced his fellow-students, and became a living, walking, cyclopedia. Brother Van does not expect to be a Dr. Adam Clarke; but the progress he has made in piety and knowledge, is apparent to all. His usefulness has been proportionably enhanced, and it is not too much to say, that with much prayer and suitable mental effort, he will prove a great honor to the

[1] A part of this description was applied by the biographer of Dr. Olin, to that great and good man's preaching. We have given it a place here because of its appropriateness. See Olin's Life, vol. 2, p. 478.

Church he serves; and when his work is done, leave to his friends and the world, the record of many a well-fought field.

We love Brother Van for his piety, good sense, and generous, social nature. He enjoys a good laugh, and mingles in the sports of childhood with the zest of youth, yet not so as to sacrifice the influence of the father or the minister. He does not repel the social and confiding by a stiff, puritanical air, or disgust the sober and judicious by a gassy inflation that barely keeps him from collapsing into a pucker. He shuns these extremes.

Long may he live to do battle for Jesus, and when his work is done, may many souls, saved by his instrumentality, greet him above, and with him sing, "*Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*" Survivors at his grave shall then sing, as if echoing the last strain of his departing spirit,

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
How blest the righteous when he dies!

Our sketch must close, the bell rings for service, and we hasten to hear our brother preach the Gospel. Let us pray for him that he may have utterance, and that the "word of the Lord may run, have free course, and be glorified."

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide me safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

A YOUTH of sixteen, employed in a factory, left home for his work early one morning, singing the above verse. A few months before, he heard a sermon preached by Rev. J. Caughey, from the text, "This year thou shalt die," and it pleased God to make the truth that day "the power of God unto salvation," to his penitent soul. Faithful to his duties he daily grew in grace, and gave promise of usefulness. He entered the factory a few moments after leaving his father's house, singing his trust in God, and began his work. He made an effort to put a strap over a drum, that was attached to a horizontal shaft about three feet from the ceiling. His hand got entangled in the strap, and he was taken round the shaft, which was revolving at the rate of one hundred and thirty-eight revolutions per minute. He was on the shaft a minute and a half before he could be rescued. Medical aid was summoned, but to no purpose, for his body was literally crushed. His parents reached the spot in a few minutes, and, full of anxiety and grief, bent over their dying son. "Are you afraid to die, my dear son?"

"No, but I want to sleep;" then added, "I shall sleep in the arms of Jesus." He then prayed, "Lord, take me

to thyself!" and, turning his eyes toward heaven, he exclaimed, "Glory! Glory!" and expired.

We sing the same words now. Do we do it in the spirit of that pious youth? and would sudden death be sudden glory to us? But we cannot pause; here is the text: Ps. xxxiv. 8. "*O taste and see that the Lord is good.*"

"If there be any exercise on earth that bears a semblance to the employment of heaven, or any sensation that men feel in common with angels, it is that of gratitude to God; and, among the inspired writers, none engaged more heartily in this delightful exercise than David, who was the author of this Psalm." Thus began a sermon which we heard with interest and profit. Our notes were taken in full, but our limits forbid the insertion of the entire discourse. A few extracts will be given under appropriate headings. He spoke of the

GOODNESS OF GOD.

God is infinitely good. His omniscience looks through and discerns all things. His eye pierces the darkest gloom, and scans creation at a glance, and his goodness, like his presence, is everywhere. Now guiding the seraph upon the plains of glory, and at the same time superintending the falling of a sparrow upon the earth. His goodness knows no bounds or dimensions; so we may well exclaim, "How great is thy goodness!"

God is independently good. *His* goodness is all his own. There are good men and good angels, but they are dependently good. Their goodness is not essential to their natures. They could exist without it.

God is absolutely good. His goodness can never be extended nor diminished. *Our* goodness is capable of increase. It may be augmented to all eternity; but God's goodness is always the same. Our goodness lies in *pro-*

gress; God's, in *perfection.* The Scriptures teach that we may grow in grace, and this doctrine is "very full of comfort." At conversion we are children; but we are to grow until we arrive at the perfect stature of men in Christ, and then to grow in our manhood for ever. Strive to grow while upon this encampment.

God is unchangeably good. "There is no variableness nor shadow of turning" with his goodness. All but God is changeable. Our friends change—become our foes. We are liable to change. Our goodness is like the goodness of Ephraim and Judah. God being infinitely and unchangeably good, he must be eternally good. "His goodness endureth for ever."

It was not the goodness of God, abstractly considered, that the speaker dwelt upon. It was goodness accomplishing beneficent ends. He bade us look to nature, and see in her variety, and beauty, and grandeur, and the adaptations of her resources to the wants of the race, evidences, not only of Jehovah's "power and Godhead," but also of his benevolence and love. He dwelt upon the happy arrangement seen in the simplicity and pureness of the Gospel and a living ministry, as further illustrating the wisdom and goodness of God. The most striking illustration he presented was to be seen

IN REDEMPTION.

We transcribe his remarks upon this point. Will the reader keep up the associations of time, and place, and subject. We are on the camp ground. Hundreds of worshippers, occupying the rude benches, are listening to the word of life pronounced by the minister whose sketch precedes this chapter. Nearly a score of ministers occupy a seat directly back of the speaker, and in full view of the congregation. Central among them is the

venerable Presiding Elder, Dr. Peck. The lights are burning brightly; but the surrounding darkness and the green foliage of the trees give a mellowness to the lamp-light truly grateful to the eyes. The parted tree-tops allow the stars to smile their silent benedictions on the devout multitude. Nothing here to divert attention. Even the distant lights that gleam out from the open tents seem our sentinels, and we worship better for their burning. No place to admire fashions or dream of speculations. Can't do it, for we are communing with nature and nature's God. What a scene for a poet's pen or painter's brush! Here, a gray-haired veteran brushing a tear from his weather-worn face,—there, a maiden lovely in her youth, listening to the story of the cross! But to the preacher's words.

> "'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
> Twas greater to redeem.

To get a view of the greatness of redemption, let your mind go back to the period when man, created holy, was placed in the garden of Eden, surrounded by circumstances to afford the purest and utmost enjoyment. Alas! he sinned. He broke the law of his God! The penalty was fearful! Discord rushed from her retreat, and misery started from every bower in Eden. Darkness settled upon the hopes of man, and not one ray of light pierced the gloom that rested upon his soul. He was without strength, without hope, and without God. Death was waiting to snatch him away! Ah, then the goodness of God was displayed in providing a Saviour. "Deliver him from going down to the pit," said Mercy, "for I have found a ransom." "When we were without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." God was under no obligation to redeem sinners, and he would have been eternally happy had every sinner perished without a Saviour; but blessed be God, it is written, "*God so loved*

the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Blessed words! May they be written on our hearts! O that they were written on the heavens, that all who run might read the glorious tidings that "God so loved the world." [Here a brother exclaimed, "*Glory to God!*"] My brother says, 'Glory to God,' and I say, *Amen!* Glory to God? why that was the burden of the angels' song when a Redeemer was born. "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and goodwill to men." Then let us shout at the matchless love of God. We cannot add to, or diminish, the bliss or essential glory of God, so we can neither adequately comprehend or express the *love* of God. The lines of the poet are not extravagant.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the earth of parchment made,
Was every spear of grass a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above,
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.

Shall we ask angels?

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold,
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told!

O that we might appreciate the love of God as revealed in redemption! Let our grateful hearts exclaim, "*Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift.*" We are so accustomed to hear the story of the cross, that we forget its sacredness and its power. We live in a Gospel land. We have heard of Jesus from childhood, and have grown familiar with the story. Calvary is close by. The *awful*,

the *blessed* truth, that Christ died for sinners, fails to make suitable impression upon our minds."

HIS CONVERSION.

We were told that it was not enough that God was good in himself, or that his goodness had been revealed in the Plan of Redemption. Experience and obedience were essential to make that goodness and mercy contribute to our true bliss. We must *taste* for ourselves. In urging this, his own experience gave interest and effect to his remarks. Ministers dwell too little on their Christian experience. The tendency of the age is in another direction. The chief commendation of many sermons is that they are "twenty minutes and orthodox." A vital, vivid experience in the hearts of preacher and people, is the great bond of union in the Church, and the great element of power. The early ministers dwelt on "Christ in them the hope of glory." When unfolding the great truths of the Gospel, like the Psalmist, they declared what the Lord had done for their souls. That minister is to be pitied and blamed who cannot, in preaching the Gospel, bear testimony to its saving power upon his own heart. Hear our brother speak for himself:—

"It is not enough for the hungry man to gaze on the tempting food; he longs to *taste*. This idea of tasting is a Bible one,—'Thy word is sweet to my *taste*.' Paul tells of some who had 'tasted of the good word of God and the powers of the world to come.' We taste of God's goodness when we are forgiven. Tasting is our way of testing food or drink. In religion, by tasting, we mean experimentally testing the power and love of Christ in personal salvation. Many of us can look back a few years to the time when pardon came to our guilty souls. Ah! did we not taste of God's goodness then?

We never can forget the day
When Jesus washed our sins away.

I remember well when I was in my sins and in my blood. I became convinced that I was a miserable sinner. I looked into my heart, and all was guilt and gloom. I looked on to the future, and all was dark and threatening. Not a ray of light shone on my path. I was truly in the region of darkness and death! I wanted some one to pray for me. Before my conviction I hated a certain class leader, who, on every opportunity, pressed home to my heart the subject of religion. Now, he was the very man I wanted to see. My soul longed for salvation. I had tried the pleasures of the world and found them vain. I went to the class leader, and he conversed and prayed with me! I started to return, unblest. My load of guilt and sorrow seemed intolerable. The language of another seemed to suit my case: 'O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death.' While on the way home I was impressed to pray for myself. I kneeled on the earth—a rude stump was my altar, and it pleased God to hear my cry for mercy. My burden left me in a moment, and my darkness was turned into day. I had peace in believing, and arose and shouted the praises of God. I had *tasted* that the Lord was good."

The duty of the text was forcibly urged—and the appropriate inferences drawn from the subject that religion is more than mere profession and form,—that those who enjoy it are anxious for others to share in its blessings,—that the condition of the sinner is deplorable. A brief and pungent exhortation concluded the discourse.

Reflect, thou hast a soul to save,
  Thy sins, how high they mount!
What are thy hopes beyond the grave?
  How stands that dark account?

Why will you in the naked ways
  Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days
  To reach eternal woe.

O! sinner, fly to Christ, and be saved from sin and death!

A good sermon has fitly been compared to the disposition of an army about a fortified castle. The army advances, surrounds the enemy, and approaches to the very gates of the castle. All the outposts are easily carried, and banners and music cheer on the soldiery. All this is like sermonizing. The discussion is expected to be clear and convincing. The outposts of the enemy (the prejudices that men cherish) have to be carried. But this work is only preparatory. In battle the main victory is not gained until the final assault carries triumph within the walls. This last feature of warfare answers to successful exhortation, when the speaker makes his irresistible appeals to the heart, carries it captive, and lays it as a trophy at the Saviour's feet. Many a good sermon reminds us of Xerxes in his Grecian campaign. He crossed the Hellespont as many men enter the pulpit, in high hopes of success; but lacking the courage and skill of the Grecians in close combat, he returned to cherish the mortification of a defeat. It is not thus when a good exhortation closes the sermon. The sermon of Brother Van Valkenburg was good, but it needed a powerful exhortation to follow it. Dr. Peck followed, and the solemnity and power of his appeals made many hearts feel the importance of a present salvation. We cannot on the printed page give his dignified manner, his fatherly yet statesmanlike voice, much less can we record the unction with which the exhortation was given; yet a few paragraphs we transcribe from our notes taken at the time:—

"What is our condition? Are we hungry, and will we 'taste and see that the Lord is good?' That poor sinner that has a mountain of guilt upon his soul pressing him down, is starving. If he but knew his condition, it seems to me he would give up all that he might escape perdition.

Ah! poor sinner, you will soon lift up your eyes in torment, and is there no need that you come to God for the bread of life? O! sinner! goodness is now within your reach. You may now have life! It is free! Salvation is without money and without price. Will you have it? O the goodness of God! God is in earnest to save you. The promises of God, like seraphs, stand all along the way extending their hands and beckoning you to the Saviour. What will you do with these promises?"

The speaker seemed to pass from one degree of earnestness and power to another, his voice increasing in pathos and clearness, until we felt there was not a careless listener on the whole encampment. He urged immediate repentance; hear him:—

"We press you to a decision *now*. Let this hour pass and you may never get religion. O will you let it pass? Will you longer tread on the heart of the Saviour, and spurn the offer of salvation? The time is coming, when you will seek but will not find; when you will knock, but the door of mercy will be closed. Mercy will be clean gone for ever! You will be shut up with the 'rich man' in hell. In all that region of woe, you will not find one drop of mercy. Then you will exclaim, 'O for another opportunity to make my peace with God!' Now is the time, poor, starving prodigal; God waits to save you. * * * * We can't be put off. Your condition is fearful, your guilt is great, and yet you are unfeeling. The rocks can rend, the earth can quake, but you, with guilt enough to rend the earth and cleave the rocks from their foundations, are unfeeling! O sinner, fly to Christ! The storm is coming on! The lightnings flash, and ruin is right on your track! Will you come? O God, stir up the masses!" * * *

CHAPTER XII.

THE MANIAC'S SERMON.

A CAMP MEETING INCIDENT.

> The mind is its own place, and, in itself,
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

It was eleven o'clock on Sabbath morning. Two sermons had been preached during the forenoon, and the "horn" had been blown announcing the third. The people flocked into the meeting by thousands, for a very popular divine was to preach at that hour. Soon the rough seats beneath the tall forest trees were filled, then the aisles became crowded, and still there was no room for those who wished to hear the eminent minister. The owners of the tenements looking into the space, in a spirit of kindness threw them open, and they, too, were well filled with eager listeners. The scene presented within that church of trees, a natural temple to the living God, was striking and impressive.

The eloquent minister who had swayed thousands by the words of truth, who had caused the sinful to repent, and the scoffer to cry out for mercy, arose. All was instantly hushed, and the stillness of midnight reigned in that vast assemblage. He opened a book and read therefrom softly, sweetly, musically, a hymn, which he requested the congregation to sing. The music of a camp meeting! who, that has ever heard it, has not paused to drink the rich melody into his soul? It comes with a grandeur, yet softness and sweetness, that can be heard nowhere else. In the measured strains of a multitude of voices, uttered in charming melody, and unbroken by walls, it swells in solemn grandeur and rolls deliciously through the forests, awaking re-echoing cadences on every hand, and

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

After the hymn had been sung, the minister offered up a brief, eloquent prayer, and then resumed his seat. He had taken the Bible on his knee, and was searching for his text, when he and the whole congregation were startled by the appearance of the Maniac Smith.

The young lunatic, who was known to nearly all present, ascended the pulpit with folded arms, bowed head, and slow and steady pace. Facing the immense congregation, he gazed carefully around, and amid breathless silence, spread forth his hands, and in the most thrilling manner said:—

"Your music is the music of heaven. The pretty birds in yonder tree-tops are bearing it with their songs to the lips of angels above, who will convey it as sweet incense to the omnipotent throne of God. Joy is thine, O Israel! You possess the living soul that rejoices in the light of reason, that laves in the waters of purest love, and rejoices in the glory of immortality. *My soul is dead!* A cherished child of piety, I became recreant to the God who gave me being, and sold my life, my happiness, my immortality, to the Prince of Darkness. Like the traveller who has a well-trodden path before him, but is attracted to dangerous places by the gaudy show of some poisonous flower, I have wandered to my death! My feet were placed in the straight and narrow way, and were covered with the sandals of piety, the Christian staff was placed in my hands, and yet, O God, I wandered to my death! The gaudy baubles of vice, the showy, yet thorny flowers of wickedness, drew me aside. I left the smooth surface and ascended to mountains of trouble, and yet I gained not the object of my pursuit. On I dashed, reckless and indifferent to my fate. The wicked one, who sought my destruction, led me on, and I, cursed with remorse, fol-

lowed. I knew I was plunging into ruin; but with a soul already accursed, what cared I? Voluntarily I had sought death, and it came. It was one night, and O! a fearful night it was to me. Exhausted, doomed, and cursed, I was still clambering up the mountain of sin. I came to a chasm, deep and fearful! Death, eternal death, stared me in the face, and I screamed piteously for help! No one came to aid me. My companions in vice listened not to my cries, and he to whom I sold my soul derided me in mockery! I was moved on nearer and nearer to the precipice. Frantically, I grasped each shrub and rocky prominence which lay in my way; but they crumbled in my hands. I reached the edge of the precipice! I glanced into that deep abyss of death! O! terror! terror! I pleaded with heaven for mercy; but great God! it was too late!

"My sin-covered soul trembled with the agony it suffered, and was piteous in its appeals. But the thunder told me, 'Too late.' The lightning told me 'Too late!' I felt myself going over the precipice. I clung with tenacity to everything within my reach; but nothing could save me. I shrieked! I groaned! *Down to perdition went my soul!*"

Here the Maniac paused. His vivid portraiture of the loss of his soul, had startled the whole congregation, some of whom shrieked outright as he represented his soul's frightful descent into perdition. He paused a minute only. Then, calm again, he softly said:—

"I am living without a soul! You, people of God, may sing your praises, for it is sweet incense to your souls. But you, sinners," and here again he became excited in manner, "but you, sinners, must repent this day, or your souls will go after mine over that deep, dark, dark, fearful abyss into hell! Will you repent, or go with me into eternal perdition?"

The effect of this was more than terrific. Screams and groans arose from the gay and giddy in the congregation.

A year or two before, this young man was brought home insensibly drunk. The next morning found him the victim of a terrible fever, brought on by his sensual indulgences, and by his extravagant course of life. Of that fever he was, after many fearful days, and much tender care by his relatives, cured; but it left him a raving maniac, a frightful lunatic. So fearful were his mad efforts, it became necessary to confine him in a Lunatic Asylum, to keep him from perpetrating mischief on himself and others. He remained there until within a few weeks of the camp meeting, when he became sufficiently restored to return to the custody of his family. He was still insane, but he was mild and obedient; and under those circumstances he was taken with the family to the camp meeting, the utmost vigilance being exercised over him.

Young men, beware of the cup, the destroyer of the body, and worse, the destroyer of the soul.

OH! PLEDGE ME NOT WITH WINE.

BY JOSIE E. HUNT.

O pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shrink from its ruddy glow;
And white and cold a deathly fear
Drops into my heart like snow.

Oh! pledge me not with wine, dear love!
Through its mist of broken foam
I count the beats of a broken heart—
I see a desolate home.

Oh pledge me not with wine, dear love!
I shiver with icy dread;
Each drop to me is a tear of blood
That sorrowful eyes have shed.

I have a picture laid away
Under the dust of years;
Come look on it, and your hearts will break,
Like a summer cloud in tears.

Night and a storm of autumn sleet—
A hearth without fire or light—
A woman—an angry man—a door
That opens into the night—

Hot hands that cling to the crazy latch,
Lips rigid and white with pain—
A curse—a blow—and a wailing babe,
Borne out in the wind and rain—

A woman dead, with her long, loose hair,
Soaked wet in the weeping storm,
And her pallid arms half fallen back
From a baby's waxen form.

A woman dead in the pitiless rain;
And sparkling on the sand,
Dear God!—a golden marriage ring,
Dropped loose from her wasted hand,

A white moon striving through broken clouds,
A horrified man at prayer—
The cry of a passionate heart's remorse,
And a passionate heart's despair.

This is the picture laid away
Under the dust of years;
For thus does the red wine look to me,
The flowing of bloody tears.

Oh! pledge me not, though the wine is bright
As the rarest light that flows;
The sunset's cloudy gates of fire,
Or the morning's vein of rose.

Put down the cup! It is brimmed with blood,
Crushed, throbbing, from hearts like mine!
For hope, for peace, and for love's dear sake,
Oh, pledge me not with wine!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CAMP MEETING.[1]

THE NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

'Tis not a cause of small import,
The pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.
They watch for souls for which the Lord
Did heavenly bliss forego;
For souls which must for ever live
In raptures, or in woe.

Friday Morning. Devotions in the tents, and prayer meeting in the altar, as usual.

Many years ago a plain and pious itinerant heralded the Gospel over these mountains, and along these valleys. Not a few of those who heard him then, have gone to their reward. That father in our Israel still lingers on this side Jordan. His home is in Candor, N. Y. His work is done, and he is leaning on his staff, patiently waiting to be called to his crown. He knows in whom he trusts, and no doubts or fears disturb the calm joy of life's sunset. His mantle seems already to have fallen upon his children. Three sons, young and hopeful, preach Jesus and the Resurrection. Ransom Judd is in Minnesota, proclaiming a free salvation on the frontier. He travels where, but yesterday, the wolf growled and the Indian scalped his victim. William Judd is upon Tioga Circuit—a field of labor touching the Susquehanna river a few miles below Owego, and stretching to the north far enough to include several neighborhoods, which are thrown into as many appointments. Charles W. Judd, the subject of our sketch, is in the stand. At a glance you see that he is medium size, has a fair,

[1] This interesting incident is from the Ladies' Repository, a deservedly popular periodical.

open countenance, is earnest, warm-hearted, and evidently feels the importance of his work. The absence of whiskers gives him a youthful appearance.

He does not expect to shine as a star of the *first* magnitude, but aims at usefulness in the Master's cause. The honors which the multitude place on the brow of genius, or the hosannahs they sing for the truly eloquent, should be received, when merited, with humility, but never sought for by the minister of the cross. Usefulness is the grand idea with a Gospel minister. If we fail to do good, life is a miscarriage.

Brother Judd does not possess genius in the sense that Milton or Pollok did; but he has the genius that the world wants, and that we admire; we mean the genius to *work*. He is young in years and in the ministry. He was born in 1829. In 1841 was converted to God. In ten years thereafter he began to preach the Gospel. He applied himself closely to his studies, and in three years from the time he received his license, he joined the Cincinnati Conference, and the same year was transferred to Wyoming Conference. He has served on the following charges: Susquehanna, Tioga, and Spencer. At each place his services were useful, and his departure, cause of regret to his congregation. His present field of labor is Berkshire, the place of his birth.

Faithful to his calling, he will yet win many souls to Christ. He is not a sensation preacher—he aims not to be. His hearers do not go away in rapt astonishment, saying, "What a splendid preacher!" and forget to pray. He does not desire such doubtful honor. He points out the way of faith in Christ, warns the sinner of his danger, and comforts the saint with the promises of God. He can discourse of experimental religion, for he has felt it in his own soul; yea, he *now* feels it.

Plain and modest in the pulpit, indefatigable in pastoral

labors, and upright in life, he cannot fail to be more or less useful. Success in the ministry is not so much a mysterious or doubtful matter as some suppose. It is only the result of the use of the appropriate means, relying upon God to give them efficiency. It is not the best arranged or most logical sermons that do the best execution. When Mr. Caughey was in Liverpool, England, among other communications from the critics was the following: "Your sermons have been canvassed, taken to pieces, analyzed, compared with those of other ministers, and pronounced far inferior; but the results seem to stumble them." His reply was journalized, and is worthy to be transcribed: "So, if I have much to humble me, there is, after all, something to encourage. My humble success is owing to something above and beyond their criticism." A minister once came to hear the late William Dawson preach. After sermon, in a neighboring house, he spoke of the wonderful effects produced by Mr. D.'s preaching, and wished that he could accomplish the same by his pulpit efforts. "Ah, sir!" said the lady of the house, "you must move the hand of him that moves the world before you can witness these results." The "power of the Holy Ghost," accompanying hard, patient, steady, constant labor, with many tears and much crying to God in private, have produced the "results" which are so mysterious to those of whom you speak. *Knee work!* Knee work!! Knee work!! This is the secret.

> My powerful groans thou canst not bear,
> Nor stand the violence of prayer,
> My prayer omnipotent.

"Give me a revival, convert sinners, or I pine away and die," is a cry that is much thought of in heaven; nor will he who pities the groanings of the distressed soul treat it with indifference. He will come down out of the holy

place, and make bare his arm in the sight of all the people; wound the dragon and cut Rahab in pieces. Then shall the humblest servant of God often thresh the mountains, and beat the hills to chaff; one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight, and the slain of the Lord shall be many. Let any minister (who has not mistaken his call) thus plead with God, while week after week, from a full and bleeding heart, he pours the burning, pointed truths of the Gospel into the ranks of sinners; and, whatever be his talents, he shall be a joyful witness of a glorious revival." In visiting Brother Judd's charge, we heard a discerning man remark: "He is not a remarkable preacher, but he is very useful." His strength is in his faith in God and his devotion to his work.

Experience has corrected a fault into which preachers sometimes fall, and into which Brother Judd occasionally fell the first year of his ministry—that of preaching without sufficient preparation. Extempore preachers, especially those who are young, too often take encouragement from the freedom enjoyed in an unpremeditated exhortation, to preach without previous patient, prayerful thought. This is wrong. It is insulting God, not depending on him. An old divine gives us the following lesson on this point: "I desire my sermons to be like Monica's son; children of many prayers and tears, and thereby the more unlikely to perish. Let all your sermons, as dew, be heaven-born, that they may drop down like rain upon the mown grass. Let prayer be the key to open the mysteries of Christ to you; and let prayer be the turning of the key to lock them up safe within you. Let prayer open and shut all your books; form and write, begin and continue every sermon. Ah! how should he pray, both before and after preaching, who by every sermon preaches his beloved neighbors into eternal burnings or into eternal pleasures!"

Our sketch must close; it is the hour for service. The hymn is announced, and we sing,

And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought;
The dreary regions of the dead
Where all things are forgot!

Prayer is offered by Brother Wheeler, and now we sing the remainder of the same hymn,—

How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Will angel bands convey
Their brother to the bar?
Or devils drag my soul away
To meet its sentence there?

Now the text is announced. No affectation, no circumlocution, no apology. Thank God for common sense.

Matt. xvi. 26. *What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?* Familiar but solemn words! The report of the sermon is now before us, and many interesting passages could be given, but we forbear in order to afford space for a camp meeting incident. The brother aimed to show the value of the soul by noticing its position in the works of creation, its capacities for improvement and enjoyment, its achievements, the vast expenditure on the part of God for its redemption, and the preparation made for its future and immortal home. A tearful and solemn appeal concluded the sermon, after which an exhortation was given by Dr. Peck. This was cut short by the rain, and we were directed to our tents

to spend the time in devotions as circumstances would allow. Leaving the worshippers thus disposed, and singing or praying away the half-hour before dinner, we will insert an interesting incident. It is from the pen of Rev. J. L. CRANE. Read it.

THE INFIDEL AND THE CAMP MEETING.

Mr. Hollis was the proprietor of a large iron foundry in the state of Pennsylvania. His business was extensive, and a number of hands were in his employ. His establishment was in a secluded portion of the country, and the colliers, moulders, engineers, teamsters, clerks, and the foremen connected with the manufactory, made up all the society of that locality. Mr. Hollis was one of those untiring, energetic business men who never indulge in a leisure hour except when asleep. Every thought centred in his business. No thought, plan, or purpose was counted worthy his attention, unless there came from it the sound of iron or the dust of coal. His factory and all connected therewith was his little empire, and all else was excluded. The poor he looked upon just as he looked upon his steam-engines, and had but little concern for their welfare whenever their bone and muscle could not subserve his interest. The unfortunate who were unable to work, the needy who had no power to help themselves, were regarded by him as having served out their earthly probation, and the sooner death conveyed them to another sphere the better for all concerned. All schemes of benevolence, he asserted, were only so many traps constructed by the idle to draw money from the industrious, rich, and prosperous. He was a disbeliever of the Bible, had no faith in religion, and hence would have nothing to do in assisting any of the enterprises of the Church. He said that religion would do very well for the weak-minded, the old men and women, and all those who had little or nothing more to

expect of this world's goods or comforts; but as for himself, he had too many *weighty* interests to look after to *bother* himself with the *whims and fancies invented by designing priests.*

Mrs. Hollis was one of nature's noblewomen. She was the counterpart to her husband in her attention to all his secular interests; but was directly his opposite in her views of benevolence and religion. Many a poor collier offered up his rude thanksgivings that such an angel of mercy was ever sent to relieve the miseries of the hour of his affliction. When the wife and children were bereft of their earthly protector and support, she privately supplied their wants, comforted their hearts, and was abundantly repaid by the tears of gratitude that sparkled like diamonds in the eyes of the receivers—a reward more valued by her, and more precious to her heart than the gold that glittered in he husband's coffers.

In early life she had been converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. And, although she was now removed from all association with religious societies, and seldom heard a Gospel sermon, and was familiar with no voice of prayer but her own closet devotions, yet she adhered to her Bible as her principal solace and guide amid the darkness and depravity around her. Thus years passed on: the husband pressing on and on, more and more eagerly pursuing the great object of his ambition, the accumulation of wealth; and the wife assisting in managing the carefully gathered treasures.

The huts and hovels of the numerous workmen were scattered all around the premises, and, in connection with factory buildings, warehouses, and sheds, presented the appearance of quite a village. Mr. Hollis was the master-spirit and controller of the whole concern. Its whole management devolved upon him, and he took care that all was directed to one end—his secular profit.

About the summer of 1830, when all his business was in the full tide of prosperity, he came into his house one day with his brow knit together, and evidently a load of care upon his heart. His manner was unusual. He appeared restless and disturbed. His wife ventured to inquire the cause of his uneasiness.

"Well," said he, "I don't know what to do with the children of my workmen."

"What's the matter with them now?" said she.

"Why, they are the most degraded specimens of humanity I ever saw. There is no living in peace with them. They will lie like Satan, steal like pirates, fight like wild-cats, and their oaths, curses, and obscene language are enough to make the hair of a decent man stand on end. I have talked to their fathers about them, and they seem to care no more for them than for their dogs I have scolded the whole of them fifty times, and thrashe some of them as often, and they seem to be growing wors and worse, till I am out of heart and out of hope. They break open my shops, offices, stables, and smoke-house; steal my chickens, watermelons, and everything else they can lay their hands on; waste my grain and destroy my machinery; and I don't know what to do with the rascals."

"I'll tell you what they want," said Mrs. Hollis.

"What?"

"They want the influence of religion brought to bear upon their young hearts."

"Yes, yes, that's always the way; whenever I get into trouble, you always bring up your religion as an antidote."

This last remark was made good-humoredly, but evidently with the intention that she should understand that he had no faith in her prescription for the cure of the ills of which he had complained. But, as a sick man who is given up by his physicians to die, is ready to accept any remedy that promises a recovery, so Mr. Hollis thought

he would listen to the plan of his wife, and therefore inquired :—

"What course would *you* take with the little rascals, if you had the control of them and could do as you pleased?"

"Why, I would take a wagon load of the worst and the most influential of the children down to the camp meeting next week, and keep them there during the week, and see what the Gospel could do for them."

"Well, you shall take them—any way to get rid of them even for a time. And, if you don't make them any better, I hope you'll drown them in the river on your way home. How far is it to your camp meeting?"

"About fifteen miles."

"Well, I'll order my best teamster, Jo, to attend on you whenever you may require, and take your time to do the job well; for I consider you have undertaken a desperate hard task; for I'd rather labor in a coal-pit for a month, than try for half that time to instill into the minds of these ragamuffins a decent idea. If your religion can do anything for such heathen, I'll begin to think there is something in it."

During the week preceding the camp meeting, Mrs. Hollis busied herself in persuading some of the older children to accompany her to the camp ground. She had but little trouble in doing this, for they were ready for any new field for sport and mischief. Their parents readily consented to the plan, for they were glad to be free from their annoyance for a time.

Jo, the teamster, had the four-horse team ready for his strange excursion early on the morning of the day the meeting was to commence. The old-fashioned Pennsylvania wagon was well filled with the implements for tenting and taking care of the motley juvenile crowd during their stay.

Mrs. Hollis had her own trouble in trying to discipline

these young specimens of depravity into anything like decent behavior. Some of their heads had never submitted to have their tangled locks straightened and smoothed. Others had been strangers to the virtues of soap and water from time immemorial. These impediments were easily overcome, compared with the self-will, impudence, and savage manners that had, to some extent, to be regulated and guarded before she could hope that her expedition would prove successful. They all, however, had learned before this to respect and reverence Mrs. Hollis, as far as respect and reverence could exist with their degradation. In one point she had a great advantage over them, and that was this, her word, as well as her husband's, was *law* all over the premises.

As the old wagon, with its blue bed and wheels of the broad tread, rolled away, Hollis was heard to exclaim, "Well, that's one of the most foolish experiments of my life; but one has to give way to a woman's whims occasionally. If my wife don't come home with all her notions about the *power* of her religion blasted, then I'm no judge."

The wagon and its load reached the camp ground in safety. The tent was pitched, and all things prepared to make its occupants comfortable during their stay. The youngsters were pleased with the novelty of the enterprise, and the strange things they saw and heard. Mrs. Hollis soon succeeded in interesting the preachers and leaders of that meeting in the welfare of her charge, and soon had them to feel that they had come among friends, and they began to be somewhat at home.

The meeting progressed, and its interest increased. Scores of sinners were convicted and led to repentance and trusting in Christ. One after another of the juvenile colliers was found at the altar of prayer. And when the meeting was closed, every one of the precious load taken there by Mrs. Hollis was converted except two, and

they were seriously inclined in the right direction. She returned home as much rejoiced over her victory as was ever Alexander the Great in the proudest day of successful battle. Hollis met her as soon as she arrived, and wanted to know how she had succeeded. Her full heart could hardly give expression to her joy, as she related to her husband the victory she had achieved in bringing the harmonizing influences of the Gospel to bear on the hearts of her youthful neighbors, and the hopes she had of future good that would result to the whole community from the good seed already sown.

But Mr. Hollis was not prepared to enter into the enthusiastic hopes of his wife, and tried to dampen what he was pleased to term her groundless joy, by saying: "In less than two months those children will be just as bad as ever, and then you will wish that you had made another appropriation of your time, labor, and money, and not wasted them on such barren soil."

"Well, but," says she, "the work is not complete yet. I want you to furnish me twenty dollars to purchase a Sunday school library, that these children may be taught the duties of a Christian's life, and that the other smaller ones may be brought under the same influence, and the good already secured be not lost but improved."

"Yes, yes, that's always the way with your religion; if we give an inch, you'll take an ell. It wants money to start it, and then it wants money to keep it moving. But, as you've got my neck into the halter of this experiment, I suppose I'll have to see you safely through. How much money did you say you wanted for that library?"

"Twenty dollars will do to begin with. More may be needed if that will not accomplish what I desire."

"Well, drive on, and see what you'll come to. If you'll stop the devilment in those children, I'll not begrudge a hundred dollars."

The money was furnished, the library procured, and the Sunday school started. The success of Mrs. Hollis in securing the conversion of these youths, had awakened some of the old backslidden Methodists and Presbyterians among the workmen, who, till now, had been carried off by the sweep of depravity around them, but were once more aroused, came to Sabbath school, and worked like men and enjoyed themselves like Christians. Other children were brought under the influence of religious training in this nursery of piety, till the sacred leaven spread over the entire community. The services of the itinerant were soon secured for one night in every week. Old and young yielded to the growing influence of the Christian religion, till vice was nearly swept from the neighborhood, or brought completely under check and control.

Mr. Hollis witnessed these changes for the better every way, till one day he said to his wife,

"You have conquered me. There's nothing like the religion of the Bible to subdue the unruly passions of men. I never would have believed till I was forced to see it. I have no trouble with those children, now. Everything about the premises is safe. My workmen are more reliable. It's true some of them take a little too much time for their meetings occasionally; but I would a thousand times rather they would do that than waste time in fighting, gambling, and dissipation, as heretofore."

The neighborhood, in a few years, became one of the most peaceable, quiet, and orderly in the whole country. While this incident attests the utility of camp meetings, it shows the value of the Sabbath School.

Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

CHAPTER XIV.

SUFFERINGS AND GLORY.

A SERMON.

Love divine, all loves excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

It is Friday afternoon, and nothing unusual has occurred to make our camp meeting remarkable as compared to others. The rain continues. No public services this afternoon, but the time is not lost, neither are the brethren discouraged. There is "Elisha's" voice in prayer. He is true as the anvil to the stroke. He will have a prayer meeting in his tent if it is the only one on the ground. They are getting much engaged, and this cessation of hostilities on the general field will only allow them to brighten their armor and prepare for another engagement. When the sky brightens, look out. The enemy shall suffer. Praying breath is never spent in vain!

Here, at the extreme left, a number of brethren are singing "Revival Melodies." The heart will select its own music—its own words.

There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me;
Exalted with Christ on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful place is my fatherland,
By faith its delights I explore.

It prepares us for our toil and trials to think and sing of the reward that awaits us on high. Our religion must not be selfish, but since Jesus has joined the cross and the crown, let no man put them asunder. "Moses had respect unto the recompense of the reward." We can sing of that "beautiful world," and it will animate our zeal in this.

We're going home, we've had visions bright,
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing around.

We're going home, we soon shall be
Where the sky is clear and all are free,
Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
And the seraph's anthems blend with its strain,
Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
And beams on a world that is fair and good,
Where stars once dimmed at nature's doom,
Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.

Where the tears and sighs which here were given,
Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven;
Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine,
Are guarded well by a hand divine;
Where the banner of love and friendship's wand
Are waving above the princely band,
And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
Will cheer their immortal company.

'Mid the ransomed throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
'Mid the vernal plains, 'mid angels' cheer,
'Mid the saints that round the throne appear;
Where the conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
Is wafted on the ambrosial air;
Through endless years we then shall prove
The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.

Now and then a young maiden, with umbrella in hand, passes across the ground. Some are engaged in conversation, relating religious experience, while others are spending the solemn hours in self-examination and prayer. This is well. One hour alone with God is worth more than many hours with busy, talking, planning men. Yonder, in Woodville tent, they are having an excellent meeting. Here, in the preacher's stand, are several ministers. Anecdotes, humorous and touching, bits of experience and incidents connected with camp meetings, plans of sermons, and surmisings concerning the weather, fill up the time. In short, everything good, except *prayer*. Our Presiding Elder, Dr. Peck, is central in the group, and the younger ministers hang delighted on his words, like loving children on the teachings of a benignant sire. Here, in the corner, is your humble author taking notes. Thus the afternoon wears away. We could furnish many amusing and instructive paragraphs from the material of that rainy afternoon; but we complete this chapter with something more congenial with our piety and taste. We give you a camp meeting sermon, preached at the Oakville Camp Meeting, C. W., by J. E. Sanderson, of Montreal. It was published by request. Read it; you will find it good "manna in the wilderness."

SUFFERINGS AND GLORY.

We ask the assistance of your prayers for the light and influence of the Holy Spirit, while we meditate upon—

"THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST, AND THE GLORY THAT SHOULD FOLLOW." 1 Peter i. 11.

You will see the connection, when I read from the 9th verse—"Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls. Of which salvation the Prophets have inquired and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you; searching what, or what

manner of time, the Spirit of Christ, which was in them, did signify, when it testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow."

May I ask you to bear in mind the services of yesterday, and especially the evening sermon from—"Let this cup pass from me." You will not wonder that texts that speak directly of Christ, and the atonement he made for our sins, are favorites with ministers. We feel assured that they embody the *essential* truth, and will strike home somewhere. The Apostles began and ended their ministry preaching "Christ and the resurrection." Paul had no time, no ambition, for any discourse "*save Jesus Christ and him crucified.*" And no marvel that, when the fulness of Gospel blessings came—blessings which for long generations had been the burden of promise and of hope—he should be wholly absorbed therewith.

"*Testified beforehand!!*"

My friends, the blessings we enjoy to-day—our sitting together in heavenly places, and our joy in these delightful means, the blessed experience we have of religion, the *peace* which has come to many of you during the past two or three days—and the salvation to which you have borne joyful testimony this morning, were long ago subjects of prediction by the Spirit, and are the purchase of a Saviour's sufferings.

Some wonder at our meetings—stand amazed at the change we feel, and the happiness we experience when converted to God. They deem such experience non-essential, unscriptural, delusive. The spectators at Pentecost had similar thoughts and misgivings, when they heard the preaching of the Apostles, and witnessed the conversion of the first thousands. But Peter declared that the words they uttered were *scriptural and true*—and that the works wrought and the changes experienced were the legitimate and promised operations of the Spirit.

Thank the Lord that there were Prophets who spoke *beforehand* of this "salvation," and "the grace that should come unto you"—who boldly proclaimed the facts which the Spirit dictated; notwithstanding that the time and the manner of their fulfilment were deeply hidden in the obscurity of future years.

The word of God and the converting power of the Spirit have never been withdrawn from the Church—from the world; and, "until the end be," we are authorized to expect the Scripture-marked, and self-attesting, and God-honored operations of both the one and the other.

The doctrines you have heard preached on this camp ground, and the conversions you have witnessed, the blissful experiences you have heard, and which many of you have felt, stand among the facts that were signified by the Spirit—that were spoken of by Prophets—that were subjects of anxiety to the ancient fathers—and "things into which the angels desired to look." But I am anticipating, and shall have occasion to recur to these thoughts hereafter. St. Peter places prominent among all subjects of prophecy and hopeful solicitude, these two central and inexhaustible themes—(1). "The sufferings of Christ; and (2). The glory that should follow."

I. THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

The solemn and earnest thoughts presented last evening, on this subject, will be my apology for dwelling at less length on this first part, than I otherwise would have done; and will permit, what I much desire, the more full consideration of the second, *and the faithful Christian practice* it involves.

(1.) The *Sufferer*—Christ.

He is called "the seed of the woman," the "Lamb of God," the "only begotten of the Father." In nature and character he was "holy, harmless, and undefiled, and separate from sinners."

Feebly and imperfectly had the Eternal Son, the Saviour of men, been prefigured by the meek, innocent, unblemished Lamb. Yet was this the fittest type our sinful earth could supply of him who should "bear our griefs and carry our sorrows." Inspiration tells us of his eternal glory—that "being in the form of God, he thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross."

On earth we behold him as "God manifest in the flesh"—"Emanuel, God with us." Fellow-sinner, behold thy Saviour laying his glory by, veiling his divinity with the "likeness of sinful flesh," and visiting earth to become "Mediator between God and man." As the Son of God he maintains the claims of Divine justice, and is possessed of the power to atone and make reconciliation; while, robed in humanity, "made like unto his brethren," he is fitted to represent our cause and act as our Mediator.

Here, like Paul beholding the splendor of Gospel days and gazing upon the many glories that stud the Christian firmament, we discover one central orb, gilding all others with his rays, shedding down upon us his healing beams, and rejoice that we "are come to Jesus, the Mediator of the New Covenant."

We have seen Christ *in his glory* with the Father; Christ *promised* as the Saviour of the world; Christ *given* and *clothed with humanity*, preparatory to the great atonement. It yet remains for us to behold him accomplishing his sacrifice—treading the wine press alone.

(2.) The *Sufferings*—of Christ.

The bright shining of his glory was eclipsed as "He who was rich, for our sakes became poor." You mark the darkening shades of the night of sadness falling

around him as he traverses the earth, "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Not by might nor by power!

You would have thought had you seen him "going about doing good," attesting, by deeds of mercy, his compassionate regard for man, and in acts of power displaying his sovereign authority; as you saw him place his hand on the fever, and the leprosy, and free their captive; as you heard him command Death to unloose his authority and let go his prey, you would have thought, that by words of authority and by acts of vengeful power, he would hurl from his usurped throne the "Prince of the power of the air," and thus rescue the enslaved sons of men. But no—

He dies to save!!

He has undertaken our cause, he must pay our debt, atone for our sins, satisfy divine justice, obtain honorable redemption, and so take the prey from the mighty. "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." Having freely undertaken the self-sacrificing work, he becomes "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross," "that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the Devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." Heb. ii. 14, 15. His path to triumph and to the throne of mercy lies through Gethsemane and Calvary—the garden and the cross. And in order to his becoming the Captain of our salvation, he shrinks not from being "made perfect through suffering."

The whole scheme of redemption was founded on the hypothesis "that Christ should suffer." The promises that went before, the types that followed after, uniformly pointed to the bleeding Lamb. The plan was divine—the only plan of infinite wisdom. "Oh my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me," but "if this cup may not pass from me, except I drink it, thy will be done."

Full proof of his Messiahship had been given; thirty-three years of humiliation passed, and now, "despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he comes through the dark valley, the lonely garden, bearing our sins, enduring the Father's wrath, to be "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities."

Brethren and friends, raise your eyes to Calvary! Behold the cross, the victim. The promises, the prophecies, the expectations, spread over many thousand years, are contracting to a span. The paschal lamb, the scattered ashes, the sprinkled blood—all the types, the shadows, the figures of ceremonial days, are converging to a point—are receiving their fulfilment in the dying Lamb of God. Amid the reproaches of men and the exultation of fiends, in the darkness of a shrouded sun and the deeper blackness of a Father's hidden face, he suffers alone; cries, "It is finished," and commends his spirit to his Father. The hour is dark, disciples scattered, the faithful few stricken to the heart with grief. Could angels weep, they would do it at grief so sad, at an hour so dark. Yet is it but the dark hour that brings in the early dawn, the fierce combat that presages glorious victory! "Thus it was written, and thus it behooved Christ to suffer." The redemption price is paid, the debt discharged, divine justice satisfied, and wrath turned aside. The day dawns; we are permitted to lift our eyes and gaze upon—

II. THE GLORY THAT SHOULD FOLLOW.

Here mark the connection between the *suffering* and the *glory*. The glory is produced as an effect, follows as a result. It was the goal to be attained. As saith St. Paul, "Who, for the *joy that was set before him*, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. xii. 2.

In Christ's resurrection, the first glimpse of this glory

is seen. Herein he proves himself the mighty conqueror, and despoils Satan of all his boasted laurels. His re-appearance on earth confounds his enemies, wipes from his name the scandal of having died as an impostor and a blasphemer. He has the joy of cheering his friends, re-assuring their hearts, re-establishing them in the faith, and of afresh commissioning them to proclaim salvation through his name.

The ascension of Christ increases the glory. He re-enters heaven, receives the welcome of his Father, and is seated on the mediatorial throne amid the acclamations of the heavenly host. "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains:
Say, Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

But, however great the Saviour's joy may have been in his personal triumph and reascension, the sympathy and benevolence of his nature compel us to look for sources of glory, yet more abounding, in the work he had accomplished in behalf of others. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied; by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many." Isa. liii. 11. "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." Mark x. 45. In glory himself, he awaits the *results* of his death—"from henceforth expecting." It was an article in the covenant with his Father, "that the heathen should be given to him for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possessions." The promise

to Abraham, "in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed," yet awaited fulfilment. Isaiah's bright visions of Messiah's reign, are yet to be realized. What "Kings and Prophets and good men desired to see," but died without the sight, must yet be seen, possessed, enjoyed when the earth should be "full of the knowledge of the Lord." Through his career on earth, Christ was impatiently anxious until salvation should be perfected. "I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished!"

Scarcely had the Apostles become convinced that Christ was really amongst them again, when he said unto them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And his parting words, "Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth," evince the same *ruling desire*, that, since the ransom price had been paid, there should with all speed be made

The free offer of life to all!

The world was enveloped in darkness—the nations "perishing for lack of knowledge;" the contagion of death marching onward with fearful strides of dread devastation; and the black book of the lost swelling its millions hourly—until they should be pointed to the Saviour, "lifted up" upon the cross; and believing should have life through his name. The great Physician, speeding from the court of heaven, cried, "*I am come that ye might have life:*" and continues, "*Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.*"

SALVATION! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

The Apostles and disciples partook their Master's love, and soon five hundred tongues, touched with the hallowed fire of his zeal, are spreading the savor of his name. No

sooner is the promise of the Spirit fulfilled, the promised power imparted, than the Apostles are found boldly testifying to Christ's death and resurrection. And now, while Christ's joy is perfected, and pardon freely offered, he begins to see of the travail of his soul

In sinners repenting!

And does the Saviour rejoice while man weeps—weeps bitter tears of penitential grief? Ah, yes; for this is "the weeping that endures but for a night"—the godly sorrow for sin that never needs to be repented of, and betokens the return of wandering prodigals to their father's house.

Sinners repenting! Mournful, yet blessed sight. Last evening, after witnessing the many scores who were bowed at this altar crying for mercy, brother Jones said, "I thought I never saw a more glorious scene; and the thought occurred to me, that, should a convoy of angels, winging their way through infinite space, pass over this camp ground, and perceive this multitude of penitents, they would rest upon their pinions to gaze and admire." Yes, glory be to God! beloved, "there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth."

It may be a small matter among *men*, that a fellow-sinner is repenting; thousands may pass by without one thought of concern or feeling of sympathy—or pause, if to hear a penitent pray they would pause at all, only to pronounce him foolish or mad. Yea, thousands such, whose only wisdom is to "wonder, despise, and perish." But those who have themselves repented, can "weep with those that weep," and rejoice to see them sorrowing unto repentance. Angels approve; and assuredly Christ, who is "exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give *repentance* and remission of sins," rejoices unspeakably more than men or angels at this fruit of his death.

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;

The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

The day of Pentecost yields three thousand as an earnest of the Gospel harvest; two thousand more are quickly numbered with them, and "the Lord added unto the Church daily such as should be saved."

But the joy which the Saviour and which his people feel over sinners trembling beneath the shafts of conviction, and smarting under the harrowings of a guilty conscience, is necessarily a mingled feeling—of *thankfulness* that they are turning from the error of their ways; and of hope and *anticipation* restrained and pent up, to burst forth into the full tide of realization, as those penitents emerge from contrition and sorrow into the peace and joy of faith.

Mourning penitents, take courage. The work of salvation is *begun*, is *progressing*, within you. "Blessed are ye that weep now, for ye shall laugh." The confessing and forsaking of sin precede the finding of mercy, just as the race precedes the prize, or the battle the victory. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Christ is exalted to give "remission of sins," as well as repentance. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Let the songs of praise and the voices of triumph that reechoed through this leafy temple yesterday and this morning, strengthen your faith and encourage your hope.

Glory redounds to Christ from the personal faithfulness of his people. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Some men will, for a season, but become weary and faint on the way. Many receive

the word with gladness, but when tribulation or persecution ariseth because of the word, by-and-by they are offended. Some are washed, but return, like the sow, to their wallowing in the mire. In all such, Christ has no delight—they prove enemies: "They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame." They bring no fruit to perfection, but stain and dishonor the cause of God. But, if we become "established in the faith;" if we grow in grace and in the knowledge and love of God daily, he takes pleasure in our stability, happiness, safety, and usefulness.

The holiness of his people is another feature of that glory that results from the sufferings of Christ. His death contemplated our complete redemption. When the last stain is washed, it redounds to his glory. "Be ye holy, for I am holy," saith God. Mark it, my dear friends, we are to *be—to live*, holy. We believe that God "is just and faithful to forgive our sins," and more than this, "to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. It was the hope and ambition of the Apostles that they might "present every man perfect in Christ Jesus." With what anxiety did Jesus pray that his people "might be kept from the evil." The safety and triumphs of the Church are inseparably connected with the glory of Christ in this particular. Oh! how shall it swell the rising tide of our Saviour's joy to see "every one that nameth the name of Christ, depart from all iniquity," and to see the Church, the Bride, "without spot and blameless!"—"her garments washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Brethren and sisters, shall the Lord have joy in us, or shall he be ashamed of us, when he comes in the glory of his Father? Shall we be clothed in "the wedding garment"—"the white raiment"—"the righteousness of saints"—and so enter into the marriage supper? or, destitute thereof, shall we be hurled into outer darkness?

Oh! let us wash and be clean! "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John i. 7.

Present fruitfulness, and the glory of God therein, are as much contemplated by the holiness of God's people, as their future happiness. "Herein," saith Jesus, "is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." John xv. 8. And St. Paul—"Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the praise and glory of God." Phil. i. 11. And again—"But now being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life." Rom. vi. 32.

It is *conformity* to the world, and *complicity* with the enemies of God, that keeps the Church, and the individual members, *powerless* for good, and that renders them *nerveless* in Jehovah's battle. Let us sincerely pray, as did David, "Create in me a CLEAN HEART, O God, and renew a right spirit within me," and our assurance of success shall then equal his—"Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Let us "come out from the world and be separated," and "cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God." 2 Cor. vii. 1. Then shall Christ have a two-fold source of joy—(1), The *purity* of the Church, and (2), The assurance that purity will give of the ceaseless triumphs and universal extension of his kingdom.

Thus far your patient attention has been given; let me ask it especially to the thoughts I offer on

PRACTICAL EFFECTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

The first proclamation of salvation through faith in Christ Jesus was attended with glorious success—a success not too signal nor triumphant, however, to be regarded as a fair sample, and legitimate first fruits, of the harvest

that the Church would have been garnering ever since, had the devotion and faith and zeal of her members proved equal to their privileges. True, the good seed has been widely sown, and it has brought forth fruit. There have been many happy conversions, many powerful revivals and reformations, that have yielded millions of trophies to the Redeemer. Italy, and Germany, and Switzerland, and England, and Scotland, and America, with other lands, show the footprints of great and good men who "lifted up their voice like a trumpet, showing the people their transgressions," and calling upon the nations to "Repent and believe the Gospel."

Wycliffe, Luther, Knox and Chalmers, Jewell and Fox, Wesley and Whitefield, with other messengers of God, broke up the sterile ground of Christendom, and scattered far and wide Gospel seed that is yielding fruit to-day. Heber, Carey, Morrison, Coke, Duff, and others, have carried the torch of Christianity into the thick darkness of heathendom, and summoned benighted millions to behold the brightness of the Sun of Righteousness. Churches have been built, Sabbaths observed, the Gospel preached; individuals here, multitudes there, have heard, believed, and rejoiced. Scenes, such as we are now witnessing, of sinners by hundreds asking, "What must we do to be saved?" have become common and well-known facts in Gospel times.

But even yet, what has been really accomplished? Has the Redeemer seen "of the travail of his soul," so as to be "satisfied?" Has he who "would have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth"—who offers pardon to "every one that believeth," has he received returning sinners enough to reward his sufferings —to *satisfy* his longing soul?

How stand Christian nations, and how the world? Of professedly Christian nations it is supposed that not more

than *one* person in *ten*, and probably not more than *one* in *twenty*, is truly converted to God; while of the entire world it is computed that but *one* in a hundred is yet saved! Is it so? But *one* in *ten* of our nation saved—nine of every ten unconverted. Behold these ten persons before you. Think of only one saved—*nine lost!* Yet look through our most favored nations, and thus, on an average, it yet appears to be. Oh! can he who exults to save; to whom it is the very *oil of joy* to deliver souls from going down to death—can *he* be satisfied while so many are perishing, so few saved? And where rests the responsibility? Christ, by his death, finished his work, and exclaims, "all things are now ready," and to his ministers, "compel them to come in."

The responsibility rests on us. *We* have a work to do. We believe that "Christ died for all," and have no sympathy with the doctrine that the atonement was made for a favored few, while others were left to unconditional damnation. What Christ bought he expects to have; the souls he redeemed he waits to save. The quickening Spirit has been sent. The Church is to invite lost sinners to God; not ministers only, but the people are to invite. "The Spirit and the Bride [the Church] say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come." This illustrates and enjoins

Individual effort.

St. James closes his epistle by saying, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way, *shall save a soul from death.* Would you not desire to be the instrument of saving your child, your parent, your brother or sister, your neighbor? And such an instrument you may be. Do like Andrew: "He first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, we have found the Messias, the Christ; *And he brought him to Jesus.*" Bring your friends; yea, even your enemies to Jesus. This is a Bible

principle; and this way of *each one working* would do much towards *filling up the fold of Christ and* CONVERTING THE WORLD.

Brethren, *individual responsibility* in this work is *not transferable.*

Now let me ask, my brother, What have you done for Christ as a co-worker with him for the salvation of the world? Ah! how I fear the experience of that sister who spoke this morning, suits many of us. "I have been," said she, "twenty years a professor of religion, and I do not know that I have been the means of saving one soul!" How shall we render our account to God, how free our skirts from the blood of the multitudes who are sinking down from our hearths and our altars to the bitter pains of eternal death! What is being done in many churches in the real work of *saving souls?* We have numerous churches and much preaching; how many are *saved?* Many condemn our camp meetings, and our preaching the Gospel out here in the wilderness; many who never witness, and perchance neither expect nor desire to witness the conversion of sinners. We are willing to go everywhere preaching the Gospel; as willing to preach in the wilderness as in the chapel or the cathedral, if thereby more souls may be saved.

Will you tell me, dear friend, how many have been *converted* in *your* society during the last week? the last month? the last year? How many? And what have you done towards bringing about the conversions that have taken place? Forget not that the Bible, the guide of our faith and practice, contemplates our laboring, and with success, in this work. "He that winneth souls is wise." Prov. xi. 30. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.

Instrumentally, with the aid and direction of the Holy Spirit, what might we reasonably hope to accomplish? Would it be an over estimate of our duty, or our privilege,

to suppose that in the course of twelve months we would persuade one sinner to turn to God? Many of you would say, "Surely not, that would be very little. I've heard of this and of that good man and woman who have brought *many* to the Saviour in less time than a year." Well, but even this may be more than we have done hitherto. *One every year!* That would be fifty souls in as many years. It might possibly amount to *threescore* in a lifetime. O how we shall rejoice when we arrive at home with them, saying, "Here am I, with those thou hast given me;" giving all the glory to our Father that we had been permitted and enabled to do good to others.

It is individual effort, under an abiding conviction of individual responsibility, coupled with a firm, unyielding faith in God and belief in the *converting power* of the Holy Spirit, that must be brought to bear in this great and glorious work. Let every Christian become *holy* and active, and the world will soon be evangelized. Bishop Janes said, that "a holy Church would make a holy world." Not before that grand consummation, can we believe that the Saviour of the world will be "satisfied." But mark this—*if the work of evangelization and conversion proceed at the rate it has for eighteen hundred years past, it will require a hundred thousand years to convert the world to God.* Yet Christ must have "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." Oh! that the Church were afresh baptized for the work of winning souls! Engrossed with worldly things, we neglect the purposes of our being. While we are slumbering in carnal security, the world is perishing. Let us awake, arise, and gird on our armor afresh. We may yet go forth to glorious victory. Sinners are not so hard to be conquered and won as we sometimes suppose. They know

> They must be born again,
> Or die to all eternity,

and they tremble at the thought. Many are anxious to cast away the arms of their rebellion and return to their allegiance; they stand halting upon the borders of Christ's kingdom, longing to become subjects, waiting to be received. Christians! up and gather them in. They wait your invitation, your sympathies, and your prayers.

Sister Palmer told us of one who resolved to obey the impulse of her newly-cleansed heart, and work for Jesus. While a company were singing,

> We are a band of brethren dear,
> Come and be in this band, hallelujah, &c.,

she observed a young person standing thoughtfully by, hearing but not singing. Addressing him, she said, "My friend, why are you not singing?" "O, I don't belong to the band," he replied. "And why don't you?" said she. A little reasoning and persuasion, and he resolved then and there to seek religion, and he knelt to be prayed for. To another bystander, she said, "Will you pray with this young man?" "Oh, no," he replied, "I don't enjoy religion." "What a pity," said she; "why don't you?" Presently he felt his condition, saw his privilege, and knelt, praying for mercy. Others, through her instrumentality, were added to the number, and soon several rejoiced together in a sweet assurance of pardon and acceptance.

Another person, in a few months, was the honored instrument in the conversion of *fourteen* persons. These are but instances of what, with the blessing of God, some Christians do; and of what all *may* do. If we may not, like Wesley or Whitefield, like Knox or Chalmers, succeed in leading thousands to the Saviour, yet let us strive to induce hundreds, or scores, or tens; and our labor shall not be in vain in the Lord. The souls won shall be to us a "crown of rejoicing" when our Lord shall appear.

The glory of Christ will be consummated when he comes

to meet his redeemed. Their garments shall be washed and made white, and with joy no words can express will they greet their long-expected Saviour. Great will be the joy of Christ as he gazes upon the purchase of his blood, trophies he has won from death and hell. "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied." Each redeemed spirit shall be as a gem to shine for ever in the Redeemer's crown! My brother, my sister, Jesus is expecting *you* to be there. Your absence will cast a cloud over the brightness, and mar the rejoicing, of the Lamb's bridal day. So it would seem; but yours will be the bitterest cup of that disappointment. Your families are expected—parents, children, brothers, sisters—all! "Come thou and all thy house." Your neighbors and friends; all you that are yet out of Christ. Our loving Jesus would have *all men to be saved.*

Soon, very soon, shall the last loud trumpet sound, and the dead awake; soon, very soon, shall Jesus COME TO BE GLORIFIED IN HIS SAINTS, and to be admired in all them that believe;" but as JUDGE, he shall "be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. i. 8.

Sinner! by thy life, or by thy death, Christ shall be glorified. Redeemed, saved, glorified, thou shalt reflect the *glory of his grace;* or, lost, banished, damned, the flames of the lake of fire shall eternally display the *unimpeachable justice* of thy God!

Oh, "turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" The Lord help all present to "seek him while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near." May the spirit of wisdom and of a sound mind be granted to each one of us, that by timely repentance and hearty turning unto the Lord we may obtain his favor, escape his wrath, and finally share in his glory! Amen.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DEIST AND THE SEA CAPTAIN.

A REMARKABLE INCIDENT.

A Christian is the highest style of man;
And is there who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonored brow?—
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight.

Friday, 6 *P. M.* No preaching from the stand to-night; but we make no complaints. The great trouble is, we have too many *sermons*, and too little *Gospel*. Now that we are in for a week's campaign in the woods, let us remedy the defect as far as we can. God is on our side; he is transferring the work from the preacher's stand to the tents, from the voice of the speaker to the hearts of believers. The leaven is working! The fire is burning, though it has not yet broken out in a blaze. Notwithstanding the rain, many persons have been in from the region round about. The interest is increasing *on* and *off* the ground.

Now the lamps are lit, the fires on the stands kindled, and singing in different tents is the signal for services. Supper is out of the way, and many are sallying forth, attracted by the music, in search of "*a good meeting*." Listen to that hymn:—

O Jesus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest!
My life and salvation, my joy and my rest!
Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song,
Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.

O, who's like my Saviour? He's Salem's bright King,
He smiles, and he loves me, and he learns me to sing;
I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes loud and shrill,
While rivers of pleasure my spirit do fill.

Following the music, we find ourselves in Woodville tent. Here is Brother Gorham; thank God for that, for he is a live man. He can *talk*, *sing*, or *pray*. * * The meeting is about to commence; who shall lead? Several ministers of age and experience are in the company; but they all decline. The lot falls on Brother Gorham. He generally has something to say, and the reason is, he *thinks*. Nature and grace are constantly driving him beneath the surface of things. Your talkative men generally weary us with their many words, and the little they say. The trouble is, they don't think. Brother Gorham opens the meeting; but not without first asking a Presiding Elder present, to take the lead. From the manner of the opening, we judge that an exhortation, well worth hearing, will be first in order. In this we are not disappointed. For more than a half an hour, the truth, kindly, plainly, forcibly told, falls on our ears, and that to our profit. A large number of ministers and leading members are in the tent, and to them the remarks in a great measure apply. We give a few extracts. Here is a paragraph from the introduction; it speaks for itself:—

"It was a part of my consecration to fill breaches, to do work that others refuse to do; and by the grace of God I will do it. I am nothing in myself; but God and Brother Gorham are a power in the earth. Brother Gorham alone is a small matter; it takes a microscope to see him, and it takes a microscope to see his work, unless it is the damage he does; and at such times he generally damages everything he touches."

From this bit of honest confession, he glided readily into the instructive portions of the address. His remarks on the self-condemnation that always attends proper views of sin, and on the faith that saves from that condemnation, were clear and scriptural. Here is an extract bearing upon this point:—

"I have thought much of late of the Apostle's words: 'But we had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead.' We feel, when looking at ourselves, as a man under sentence of death; but we trust in Christ; we believe that Christ can save us because he can raise the dead. Any less *faith* than this, any less *power* than this, cannot save."

He addressed the ministers present on the importance and superiority of that skill requisite to instruct the Christian, and build him up in the knowledge and graces of salvation. On this subject he said:—

"When you go among mechanics, you will find this invariably true; those mechanics who *finish off* work, plant themselves on their dignity and superiority over those whose business it is to block out or commence the work. The carpenter is above the man that cuts the material; the joiner is above the carpenter; and the cabinet maker is above the joiner. The whitesmith regards his post as finisher as superior to the work of the blacksmith, who forges out."

From this familiar and forcible illustration, it was shown that all should regard the work of *perfecting the saints* of great importance and involving spiritual skill. We were told not to regard the work completed the day we get people to profess religion. The work only commences then; but let us quote from the exhortation:—

"How much do you suppose it takes to finish up a man, bring out and adjust all his graces, give him symmetry of character? to polish and perfect a saint, even after he has been forged out into the general shape and appearance of a Christian at conversion? Important and great as that work is, I am pained to say that there are many ministers who have no idea of performing it. My heart aches as I think of it. The Church is to be fed, to be

built up in experience. This is a science; just as much of a science as Geology, and far greater in importance and grandeur. It is an art to cope with the devil. There is a knack in it.

As ministers, we want to be prepared to understandingly explain experimental religion. We have doctors of *divinity;* we ought to have doctors of Christian experience —those who know all about the symptoms, and can skilfully apply the remedy. How many things in every man's life perplex his mind, retard his piety, and lessen his power, when a few moments' conversation right to the point, would clear up the difficulty at once! Christians throughout the different churches are suffering more for the want of close, plain, searching sermons on Christian experience, than all other things combined. I speak the honest, though painful convictions of my heart. * * *

Converts need instruction. They must be built up in Christ. Unless this is done they will go back and die. Some seem to bend all their energies to get souls converted, and then sweep all they can into the Church. They don't do anything else; they don't *intend* to do anything else. Go on some of their charges six months after they report great revivals, and it will make your soul bleed to see the desolation. Most of the converts that are not *dead* have fainted. Now we want men to go among these, not as the professor mounts the rostrum to lecture and teach theory, but as a skilful physician among his patients, feeling the pulse, and giving the proper remedy, and the timely nutriment. Ah, that's it; we must feel the pulse of our people!"

We have transcribed these painful and suggestive truths because we deem them worthy extensive circulation. They should be read and remembered by all, especially by those who watch for souls. The concluding portion of the address was directed to the membership. They were notified of the direct causes of their weakness and ineffi-

ciency in the Christian life, and then with plain and loving words, invited to seek in Christ the strength and salvation they needed. The meeting took the right turn: one and another arose, and told of deep and irrepressible desires for full salvation. It was a solemn time! Preachers and people fell upon their knees, and with united voice besought the Lord to pour upon them the baptism of the Holy Ghost. O, the holy, subduing, sanctifying influence that was felt there! God did not come in the whirlwind or the fire, but the gentle whispers of his love. Ah, reader, you should have been there, when, at the conclusion of vocal prayer, that devout company remained on their knees and sang in touching strains:—

Though late, I all forsake;
My friends, my all resign;
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wavering soul,
With all thy weight of love.

The faithful bell announced the hour for family devotions, and the duties of the evening closed with family prayer. At ten o'clock the lamps were put out and the pine-knot fires burned low. We sought our pillows, happy in the assurance that "The Lord giveth his beloved sleep."

Let this chapter conclude with an interesting account of

THE DEIST AND THE OLD SEA CAPTAIN.

At a western camp meeting in the year 1810, there were great displays of the divine power. A certain Mr. Gavit was converted at this meeting. He resided in the town of Granville, which had been settled by a company from New England, of the old stock of Calvinistic Puritans. He was a confirmed Deist, and had been rooted and

grounded in infidelity for many years. In this town resided an old sea captain with his wife and two daughters. The captain was a confirmed drunkard, and was spending all his property in the gratification of his monster appetite. At a town meeting Mr. Gavit was appointed his guardian —a most wholesome arrangement. Every conceivable means was used by the guardian to break up the habit of the captain, and every inducement was offered to get him restored to sobriety. All however proved in vain. As a last resort he took him to camp meeting; for, although he had no faith in religion, and cared not for any of its exercises, he believed from what he had seen and heard, that the Methodists had some process by which they could transform a drunkard into a sober man.

The time at length arrived, and with much moral suasion and physical force, he succeeded in getting Mr. B. into the carriage, in company with himself, Mrs. Gavit, and their eldest son. On Saturday they arrived on the ground, and pitched their tent that evening. In the mean time the captain stole away from their observation, and became intoxicated. Mr. Gavit went and brought him into the tent. A strict watch was now kept over him, lest he should again run away. The Sabbath passed away, and Mr. B. became perfectly sober. In the evening, God opened heaven and let down glory on the encampment. A praying circle was formed; and Mr. Gavit, taking the captain by the arm, said:—

"Let us go into the circle, for I have brought you here to get you converted, and now is the time."

I[1] saw them coming; and as they approached he asked me if they could get in. I made a way for them in the crowd, and they passed in. After succeeding in getting as close as possible to those who were engaged in leading the exercises, Mr. Gavit said to the captain:—

[1] Rev. J. B. Finley, who furnishes the account.

"Who will you have to pray for you?"

"I don't want any one to pray for me," he replied.

"But you must get down on your knees, and have the prayers of this people."

Seeing he was resolved, and knowing the determined character of the man, he said:—

"Well, if I must have prayer, I would just as soon have Mr. C., the class-leader, pray for me, as any one."

The leader was soon brought, and Mr. G. said to the captain:—

"Now get down on your knees."

"I don't like to do that, unless you will kneel with me," he replied.

In an instant both were on their knees, and the class-leader began to pray, with all the faith and fervency of his soul, for the salvation of both. The power of God came down, and, in less than two minutes, Gavit fell prostrated on the ground, and screamed for mercy like one in despair. This frightened the captain, and, springing from his knees, he fled through the crowd and made his escape. We carried Mr. G. out of the crowd, and brought his wife and son, but could not get the captain to move a step from the tent. We prayed with Mr. G. all night, during which time his wife and son were powerfully convicted. They all continued to pray and seek religion, but did not find peace.

The time arrived for the meeting to close, and Mr. G. and family made their departure for home. A heavy load was at his heart, and he was loth to leave the ground. While on the way, so insupportable did his burden of sin become, that he ordered his son to stop the carriage, and they all got out and held a prayer meeting by the road side. During this meeting the son was converted, and the captain became powerfully convicted, and began to cry for mercy. They again resumed their journey, the son

shouting, the father and mother praying, and the captain weeping. On their journey they were stopped at Newark, and invited to prayer meeting; at which Mr. G. and his wife both found peace in believing, and went on their way home, giving glory to God. Shortly after this, the captain was happily converted. When I came round, I formed a class, consisting of these four persons; and this was the introduction of Methodism into Granville. All these lived happy Christians. Mr. G. had two younger sons that embraced religion, and became efficient and useful travelling preachers.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found;
  I knew not where to go.
O'erwhelmed with guilt, and anguish slain,
The sinner must be born again,
  Or sink to endless woe.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRANCE.

THE CHILD'S VISION OF HEAVEN.

We're going home, we've had visions bright,
Of that holy land, that world of light,
Where the long dark night of time is past,
And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;
Where the brow with sparkling gems is crowned,
And the waves of bliss are flowing around.

Saturday Morning. The rain came down in torrents last night. "They are having fine times in the woods; I guess they wish themselves home again," said a Christian lady a few miles from the ground. I say *Christian*, for she claimed membership in a branch of the Church of Christ; yet little was the sympathy she felt for any form of worship unlike the routine in her own church. The words were addressed to a female sitting near her. Miss B., catching the spirit of contempt that evidently had more to do with the remark than piety had, added:—

"I think as much. They appear more like drowned rats than anything else. Ha! ha! I should like to go around, and look in the tents, and see the *romance* of camp meeting."

We will leave our fair friends to enjoy, if they can, such *kind* feelings toward God's people. Reader, do you not "*know that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord?*" rain not excepted? Thank God for the rain. It made sweet music on leaf and tent, and lulled us into sweeter repose than the bed of luxury ever afforded the slaves of pleasure. We felt no fear, for God was our protector, and now our hearts are joyful. While those

who know not our motives, and are strangers to our blessings, are amused as they *imagine* innumerable inconveniences for us, we invite you to our tent. Breakfast has been cheerfully and skilfully prepared, and now we gather round the table. True, the rain continues, but it only enhances the comfort of our spacious cloth tent. We are at the table, and the silence is broken by a young minister saying: "I am much pleased with Brother S.," referring to a member of the New Jersey Conference, "attending the meeting. His people are very kind; they sent him up to the valley to recruit—they pay his expenses."

"Oh, they often do that in the Eastern Conferences," replies Rev. Brother G. "Some churches give their pastors a vacation, and money to go to Europe."

"I should like to go there, and stay long enough to be sent to Europe."

"I should like to go anywhere to save souls," was the quick and emphatic reply. The reproof will not soon be forgotten by that young man. It will be well for him, yea, for *all* ministers, to read the following language of an eminent scholar and reformer:[1] "I am a creature of a day, passing through life as an arrow through the air. I am a spirit come from God, and returning to God; just hovering over the great gulf; till a few moments hence I am no more seen! I drop into an unchangeable eternity! I want to know one thing, the way to heaven; how to land safe on that happy shore. God himself has condescended to teach the way; for this very end he came from heaven. He hath written it down in a book! Oh, give me that book! At any price, give me the book of God! I have it: here is knowledge enough for me. Let me be *homo unius libra*."[2] When shall we be thus absorbed in the book of God? Such views as Wesley cherished would

[1] Rev. John Wesley, in 1747. See Preface to Sermons, vol. I. p. 6.
[2] A man of one book.

crowd out vain curiosity, and strike a death-blow to our love of pleasure. But we are wandering.

Breakfast is over; listen to a communication being read by a brother present. It is from the pen of Rev. B. W. Gorham. The piece is thrilling indeed. We transcribe it for the reader. It is entitled

A Child's Vision of Heaven.

During a recent visit to Rochester and its vicinity, for the purpose of attending a camp meeting, I became acquainted with a Mrs. J., of Batavia, N. Y., and one of her daughters, a girl of nine years of age. The mother seemed to possess a Christian character, strongly marked, and I noticed in the daughter an apparent thoughtfulness and calmness, not usual in children of her years. She is above medium size, in apparent good health, the muscular system is well developed, brain large, but apparently in a healthy, normal state; she sleeps regularly, and also eats regularly, though, since the remarkable occurrence which I am about to relate, she has, at times, complained of a choking sensation in attempting to take her meals. The family consists, or did consist, of five children—a daughter of eleven years; the subject of this narrative, nine; a daughter, seven; a son, William, four; and a daughter, Harriet, two. William and Harriet died, the one on the twenty-seventh of last September, and the other five days after.

The oldest daughter was converted in January last, and the second and third daughters were converted in February. The second is the one of whom I write. She was converted at home, in family prayer, and at the time she seemed to be lost in the contemplation of the glory of God, and continued long in adoration and praise. From that time forth each evening, she seemed to get lost to all earthly things while praying in the family

prayer meeting, and often prayed till checked by one of her parents.

About two weeks after her conversion the father and mother spent the evening out, leaving the three young sisters, and their cousin, a young lady, at home. During the evening the said young lady was converted. When Mr. and Mrs. J. returned, the evening was far spent, and they proposed a season of prayer, briefer than usual. The eldest daughter prayed first, and was followed by the second. As usual, she was soon lost to all things earthly, and more and more absorbed in contemplation of the glory of God, and the realities of the eternal state. Her voice changed, and her language assumed a character altogether unlike herself. Her mother suggested that it might be best to stop her, but her father said, "Let her have it out." The change went on, both in her tone and in her language, until the whole scene became unearthly in its solemn and awful interest. Twenty minutes had now elapsed since she began to pray, when she said, "*Jesus! Let me say three words more!*" She uttered another sentence or two, and then falling gently sidewise on the floor, became entirely silent. Her breath ceased entirely, and there was, at first, no pulse, but a slight tremor of the heart.

The countenance became deathly, the eyes were closed tightly, and the jaws set. A clammy sweat, like that of a person dying, appeared upon the skin, and the limbs would remain fixed wherever placed. She was laid upon the sofa, and remained, with substantially the same symptoms, one hour and a half from the time when she first fell or sank over on the floor. She then came to herself and opened her eyes, exclaiming, "Glory! Ma, I didn't want to come back here. I asked Jesus if I might stay, but he said, 'Your time is not yet come, your work is not yet done, but you will soon be here.' I have

been to heaven. I saw God on his throne, and I saw Willie and Hattie."

"Where did you see them?"

"They came out of a bed of flowers that never decayed, and they kissed me. The flowers are of all manner of colors, very beautiful. They asked me if I came to stay, and I asked Jesus again if I might stay, and he said 'No, but you will soon be here, and *the gates will be wide open.*' I saw twenty-four Elders on one side of the throne, and they all had crowns, with twenty-four stars in each. The stars were in four groups, and each front group had twelve diamonds, of *various colors.* Each of the Elders had a Bible in his hand, printed in gold letters. God was asking them questions on 2 Kings iv. 1–3, out of a large Bible on the throne, larger than our large table." Here she repeated the verses, though her mother says she did not know them before.

"They were answering in concert."

"Had God a crown?"

"Yes, and it was like a flame, and gave light to the whole world there. Heaven is not a *building*, but a large *world.* The eyes of God were like fire, his hair was white, and his throne was larger than any building, and looked like white marble. On the wall, behind the throne, were the Ten Commandments, written in gold. There were other verses on the throne." Here the child repeated a considerable number of verses, which her parents had never before heard, and which she has now forgotten herself.

"I also saw the Archangel, with his trump, on the other side of the throne. He was sitting down most of the time, and I sat by his side, and between him and his trump. All about the throne there were robes and crowns for the faithful, thousands of them, of all sizes. I saw millions of infants there. They were nearest the throne,

and the children next, right in front. There were a great many seats, which all looked like white marble, all around the throne. There was a beautiful place where they sometimes marched. There are no high seats, but some are nearer the throne, these are for the children. When they marched we went two by two, then, pretty soon the Archangel sounded his trump, not very loud, and we all sat down. Then Diantha Firman[1] came and kissed me, and asked me if I had come to stay. Each child carried a palm and a Bible, which looked like gold." Here she broke forth in singing, in unearthly strains, some enrapturing stanzas, and when she was through she said, "The Angels sing so, ma." Soon after this she sang again; and in the course of her communication she performed thus some three or four pieces, which she said she had heard them sing in heaven. In every case the tune and the words were new, and the performance, though exceedingly quiet, was overwhelming on the listeners.

"I saw all my uncles and aunts, and I knew them, and I saw millions of people besides. The angels all had harps, and were flying all through heaven. I could not see their feet, their robes were very long, and they seemed to use their wings in moving when they were on the ground.

"I saw the sea of glass. There was one straight street through heaven. The tree of life was on one side of the street, in the middle of heaven. It bore twelve kinds of fruit—six on each side. There was another tree that bore grapes, on the side of the street opposite the tree of life. The grape-tree was very high; the branches ran out very far, and then bent over, and hung down to the ground like the branches of the weeping willow. The fruit grew in clusters from the bend—the curve—to the ground. The

[1] A little girl, daughter of Rev. Mr. Firman. She had died a few months before.

grapes were as large as my two fists." Here the child made the first motion after the trance, except of her organs of speech, by bringing her two fists together.

"Did you eat of it?"

"No!" said she, with surprise, "it is for the *redeemed*. They drink wine there. All the patriarchs, and apostles, and other people that have been in heaven so long, wore white, and their garments were not soiled or old. There is no dust in heaven. I asked Willie and Hattie, 'Do you want to go back and see ma?' They said, "No, but we want ma to come to this beautiful place."

"Did they look as they used to here?"

"Yes; only more beautiful."

"How did you get to heaven?"

"Jesus came right here in this room, and took me in his arms."

"How long did it take you to go to heaven?"

"Not a minute. He flew away with me, and set me down in heaven where Willie and Hattie were in the flowers. They both wore crowns, and there were six stars in each."

These statements were taken from the lips of Mrs. J., who thinks the order of the several particulars, as related by the child, was the same, in all material respects, as here given. The night was far advanced before the statements were closed. The recollection of the child, touching most of the particulars, remains yet entirely distinct, and the statements have been several times repeated to her parents —always in the same order. A profuse perspiration was upon her during the whole time, and to prepare her for bed all her garments were changed. In order and appearance, they were like those taken from a corpse after the death-struggle.

For three days she was not able to take food, but on attempting to eat, complained of choking. The same

symptom has frequently exhibited itself since, to a greater or less extent. She says the Saviour has sanctified her soul; and, strange as the words may sound in some ears, she does seem to me, to exhibit the fruits of the Spirit in their maturity. Her mother says, that so far as she knows, her daughter has not, since that time, even for a moment, exhibited any temper not in perfect accordance with the Spirit of Christ, though she is generally cheerful and sometimes playful. Her manner in prayer has greatly changed. She approaches God with deep reverence and awe, utters a few simple petitions, and relapses into silence. Her nervous system, though apparently sound, does not endure hard study. She told me she would be glad to die and go to heaven now, if the Saviour would let her; but she did not understand him to mean, when he told her she would soon be there, that she would certainly die before she should grow up to be a woman.

Persons who shall read this account, will be likely to ask, "Are the statements reliable?" I have given them from the lips of the mother, as corroborated by the daughter. None were present but the family, on the evening referred to; but the intimate friends of the family imply in all their allusions to it, the most unquestioning credence of the account, as a statement of facts; the persons concerned being evidently altogether above suspicion in the opinion of their neighbors. The known character and habits of the child are in accordance with the supposition of the sincerity and honesty of her statements. Her manner, while making the statements to me, impressed me deeply. I told her that her mother and myself had been conversing about the remarkable exercises which she had last spring, and that I wished to publish the account. She sat with her eyes fixed upon the ground, but made no response. I then read the notes to her which I had made of the account, as given by her mother,

with a view to ascertain if it were in any point incorrect, touching what she saw and heard on the occasion referred to. During the reading she seemed oppressed with a sense of awe—her chest heaved with deep emotion, and she answered my questions with apparent reluctance, and in monosyllables. Several questions she could not be prevailed on to answer at all. This deep reverence of the child's manner, and her reluctance, until motives of piety were set before her, to have the matter published, impressed me as in striking coincidence with the manner of the Rev. Wm. Tennant, of New Jersey, who, when a young man, lay in a trance three days, being favored with a vision of the heavenly state. It is known that he never mentioned the thing as a matter suited to ordinary conversation, and that, occasionally, when in the presence of an intimate friend or two, if he spoke of it at all, it was in few words, and with the deepest solemnity.

Some will ask, "Was it a trance?" I see no reason to assert the contrary.

Some will object that the view it gives of God is too little elevated—too physical. But her view was strikingly like that of John the Revelator—"his head and his hair were white like wool, as white as snow, and his eyes were as a flame of fire." Rev. i. 14.

Some will question the propriety of publishing this account. The reasons for doing it, are, that the facts are of sufficient interest to make them well worthy permanent record; and I feel it to be a privilege, both to myself and those around me, to contemplate often, and with deep attention, the state of the glorified. It is an element of power in any Christian man, to live habitually with heaven in his eye. I am persuaded every devout mind will be quickened and inspired in the perusal of the account, as my own soul has been greatly refreshed in the preparation of it.

After reading this interesting account, we turned to, and read the 21st chapter of Revelation. We know that various views obtain, respecting this figurative and highly interesting chapter. Some interpret it as descriptive of the Christian Church, when she shall have achieved her most glorious triumphs on earth. Others refer it to the state of eternal blessedness. "What we do not know now, we shall know hereafter." To our mind the true meaning is found in referring this to both—to the Church in her spiritual glory, and her striking achievements here, and also to the glories of the heavenly world, when she shall be for ever complete in the excellencies that are so often diminished in lustre and power on earth. Reader, turn to the chapter, and read for yourself, but not till you sing the following hymn, which was sung that morning, with a spirit that doubtless led many to think that a double blessing had come to Pittston tent.

Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home;
The city of saints shall appear,—
The day of eternity come.
From earth we shall quickly remove,
And mount to our native abode;
The house of our Father above,—
The palace of angels and God.

Our mourning is all at an end,
When, raised by the life-giving word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorned as a bride for her Lord;
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air;
No gloom of affliction or sin;
No shadow of evil is there.

By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear;

Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever hath stood,
And brightly her builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.

No need of the sun in that day
Which never is followed by night,
Where Jesus's beauties display
A pure and a permanent light.
The Lamb is their light and their sun,
And, lo! by reflection they shine;
With Jesus ineffably one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
In Jesus, in heaven, they live,—
They reign in the smile of their Lord.
The flame of angelical love
Is kindled at Jesus's face;
And all the enjoyment above
Consists in the rapturous gaze.

Thus we read, and thus we sang that rainy morning away. Our tent in the woods became a Bethel to our souls. We smile to think of those who pity us for our inconveniences and sufferings in the woods. Slavery and suffering are identified with artificial life. How free and happy were our souls that morning!

CHAPTER XVII.

SKETCH OF REV. I. D. WARREN.

Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
Broad-cast it o'er the land.
Thou knowest not which shall thrive,—
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.

"GIVE me men that can sleep o' nights," said Cæsar, meaning those who could enjoy life, relish their food, and not get so nervous in consequence of the labors past, or the conflicts to come, as to be unable to rest at the proper time. Here, in the person of Rev. I. D. Warren, you have one of Cæsar's model men, except the *obesity*, for he did say they must be fat. Brother Warren is of clever make, a little above the medium size, and put together for strength and endurance. If we are any judge of human nature, the sharp lines of his countenance, and the unequivocal flash of his eye, tell us that he is like the locomotive they called "Rough and Ready," that is, *he never backs*. We have not the least doubt of his piety, and hence conclude that his creed is to "render good for evil." Nevertheless, if he were put in a close corner, he would glorify God by making good use of *all* the powers he possessed. He is a Peter-Cartwright-man in this respect. If rowdies were to assault him in church, he would first try mild words, but if these failed, he would use *hard arguments*, and after the contest would get up and preach you a good extempore sermon, from the text, "*The gates of hell shall not prevail.*"

He is a good companion, and will enter readily into

conversation. We do like the communicative men, that are not afraid to take one to their hearts in social intercourse. Brother Warren, with all the evidences of care and toil upon him, has yet an elastic movement, and something of a young look. We attribute this, in part, to his sociability. He has a wonderful aptness and felicity in relating anecdotes. This, by the way, has been the itinerant's panacea for a long time. The author of "Heroes of Methodism" tells us, that when the old preachers met they would sometimes speak of their trials and their destitution. The picture was so sad they could not contemplate it without tears; and they would instantly change the conversation, saying, "We must not think of such things." Then came anecdotes—serious and amusing, instructive and laughable, in the relation of which they would get each other into a hearty laugh. Thus they kept up their spirits, and went to their work with good heart. Brother Warren is great at anecdotes. Reader, if he should call at your house of an afternoon, be sure and detain him for the night, and you will have a rich evening.

He is quite a singer, though his voice has nothing of the sweetness and power of former years. He has often witnessed the conversion of the penitent while singing over him at the altar some favorite stanza of Charles Wesley. He is eminently a practical man, and he says, "Any way to get them into the kingdom; sing them in or pray them in—any way." This is precisely our view, and it is the result of careful observation. Here is an illustration. A gentleman of some standing in the literary and commercial world, knelt at the altar as a seeker of religion. Some seemed fearful, while others were over anxious. The man carried his burden for some days, the prayers and instructions of God's people apparently availing nought. At last this verse was sung for him:—

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

Instantly his mind rested on the sufficiency of the atonement, and his "guilty stains" were all washed away. He is now a rejoicing disciple of Jesus.

Many years ago, in the early part of his ministry, Brother Warren preached in the settlements along the Delaware River, N. Y. He was invited to the house of a pious German, and while the supper was being prepared, he improved the time in singing, and hereby hangs an incident for the study of the divine and the psychologist. The wife of the brother who invited the preacher was a wholesome specimen of the German women. She and her husband belonged to the M. E. Church, and they considered it a great treat to have the minister stop with them. She meant to have a good supper, and had placed sundry famous pieces of ham in the long-handled frying-pan, which she was holding over the fire. As the singing went on the old lady got excited, and fearing results, grasped the handle tightly. Brother Warren sang a hymn and tune, the people there had never heard:—

Away with our sorrow and fear,
We soon shall recover our home,
The city of saints shall appear,—
The day of eternity come.

A wonderful influence seemed to come instantly upon all present. A young person in the room began to jump and praise the Lord, but in a moment was still and stiff as if suddenly petrified. The old lady forgot her supper, and, in the excitement and suddenness of her joy, threw her arms up; but what made it worse, she held on to the frying-pan handle, and scattered the ham and gravy about the room. It was no time to think of "the meat that

perisheth." When the pan was just high enough for the last drop of gravy to run out, the arm that held it was paralyzed. There stood the old lady, apparently unable to move, holding up the huge frying-pan in attitude that reminded one of Jupiter when about to hurl a thunderbolt. Sundry persons had dropped in, and they were loud in their "Amens" and exclamations of "Glory to God," and Brother Warren continued to sing. It was some time before the sister was enabled to control her person so as to move or sit down. The family testified, "*dere niver vash such a singin'.*" Brother Warren says, "It was a great time, but the misfortune was, we lost a good supper of ham and eggs."

The reader may ask, "Was that religion?" Well, we do not see any religion in mere physical demonstrations. Those people were like many others: their religion was *emotional* and *practical*. They went in for *good meetings*, and living up to the *Discipline*. Their piety was not marked with large and liberal views of religious doctrine and Christian enterprise. They were not thoughtful! They had religion, but with it an undue proportion of natural affection and sympathy, and in their simplicity they called it all the "*power of God.*"

Brother Warren has been a successful minister of the Gospel. God has owned his labors, and often crowned them with glorious fruits in the sight of all the people. We could give the reader many instances, but space will allow us to insert only one. Some years ago he was laboring on the Pitcher Charge, Oneida Conference. Great power attended his labors, and scores were led to Christ. The work took hold of some of the worst cases. As usual, there were those who mocked at the work and denounced the preacher. There was one great burly sinner, who swore they could not "faze him."

"Go to the anxious seat and try it," said one of the converts.

"I am not afraid of Warren, nor the anxious seat, nor God Almighty either, and I will go forward to-night, and you tell your minister to do his best. It's all nonsense to make such a fuss. You are a pack of fools to talk about the *power*."

As good as his word, that night he went forward to show his defiance of the preacher and the power of the Spirit. That was just what Brother Warren wanted, for we told you he *never backs*. This incident shows his courage and his faith, and, at the same time, illustrates what Whitefield called "*sovereign grace*." No sooner had this "bull of Bashan" got well at the altar, than Brother Warren began to pray earnestly for God to take him in hand, and convince him of all "his ungodly deeds."

"Do your best, I'm a hard case; let sliver!" said the man in a blustering, defiant tone.

The minister prayed on, and it was not many minutes before trembling took hold of the bold blasphemer. At last he fell at full length on the floor, and roared for very agony. Some thought he was making it all; others feared he had a fit and was dying; but the praying portion of the audience understood the matter. A skilful surgeon pays no attention to the whims and fears of bystanders, but applies himself to his critical task till it is accomplished, and then washes the blood from his hands, and wipes the sweat from his brow. Brother W. did after this sort. He paid no attention to the bystanders, but attended closely to his "big sinner." The struggle was long and fearful, but it resulted in the happy conversion of the man. Then with what delight and power did they sing:—

> My God is reconciled, his pardoning voice I hear,
> He owns me for his child, I can no longer fear.

Brother Warren is fifty-two years of age, and this accounts for the gray hairs that begin to honor his brow.

He was converted at twenty-one; thus the year of his majority became the year of emancipation from sin. In 1833 he joined the travelling connection, and was sent with William Round on the old Chenango Circuit. Eight months' service had been previously rendered under the Presiding Elder. Calvin Hawley was his colleague, and has long since entered into rest. We have data at hand, and could trace his history through various fields of labor, but we forbear. Four years since he became a member of the Wyoming Conference, and has rendered acceptable service. We have shared the hospitalities of his Christian home, heard him relate his (to us) deeply interesting Christian experience, passed hours with him in religious and social intercourse, knelt with him at the family altar, and listened to him as he proclaimed the word of life; and it gives us pleasure to make this brief record of one we have so soon learned to respect and love. Twenty-five years he has preached the Gospel, and he is good for many a campaign yet.

Saturday, 10 *o'clock A. M.* A voice from the stand. Listen! "There will be no preaching from the pulpit this morning; the seats are too wet. Brother Warren will preach in front of the Woodville tent."

There at the base of a tree a pulpit was soon made. "A pulpit?" you ask with surprise. Yes, two blocks of wood with boards across them, making a platform three feet by four feet. Don't laugh at our calling it a pulpit. It is more like a pulpit than a box on stilts at one end of a church.

The tents near by were thrown open and filled, and many gathered around the speaker as he discoursed from Luke xix. 41, 42. *And when he was come near, he beheld the city and wept over it; saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! But now they are hid from thine eyes.*"

We followed in exhortation. Neither the *preacher* nor the exhorter had his usual liberty, yet it pleased God to bless the word to the good of some present, for tears were seen to fall as we urged them to attend to the things which "make for our peace," and we afterward learned that the effect was not transient. "The arrows of the Almighty stuck fast in the hearts of the King's enemies." Even so, amen! We give no extracts from the sermon or the exhortation; but append a solemn and faithful appeal from the pen of another.[1]

My dear unconverted reader, whence that misery of which thou art at times the victim? Why dost thou tremble under an arousing sermon? Why doth the funeral knell grate on thine ear? What makes thy knees knock together at the sound of thunder? Why dost thou quiver at nightfall, though a leaf, all solitary, was the only thing which stirred within many a yard of thee? Why dost thou feel such alarm when pestilence is abroad? Why so anxious after a hundred remedies? Why so fearful if thou art but sick an hour? Why so unwilling to visit the grave of thy companion? Answer this, O soul, without reserve! Is it not that thou art afraid to die? It is—thou knowest it is!

But, O my friend, fear death as much as thou wilt, thou canst not escape it. On his pale horse he is pursuing thee at no lame pace; but at a rate which thou mayst guess of by the wind or the flashing lightning. Noiseless is the wing of time, dumb is the lip of death; but time is none the less rapid for its silence, and death not one whit the more uncertain because he trumpets not his coming. Remember, while thou art fearing, the messenger is hastening to arrest thee. Every moment now gliding away is another moment lost, and lost to one who little

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[1] Spurgeon's "Saint and his Saviour," page 215.

can afford it. Oh! ere the wax hath cooled which is sealing thy death-warrant, list to a warning from God, for if the book of thy doom be once sealed, it shall never be opened for erasure or inscription. Hear Moses and the Prophets, and then hear the great Jesus speak:—"The soul that sinneth, it shall die." "He will by no means spare the guilty." "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the law, to do them." "Behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and ALL THAT DO *wickedly*, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." Regard then the voice of Jesus, full of mercy:—"*The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.*"

Long the Gospel thou hast spurned,
Long delayed to love thy God,
Stifled conscience, nor hast turned,
Moved though by a Saviour's blood.

Think, O sinner! on thy end!
See the judgment day appear;
Thither must thy spirit wend,
There thy righteous sentence hear.

Wretched, ruined, helpless soul,
To a Saviour's blood apply;
He alone can make thee whole—
Fly to Jesus, sinner, fly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SKETCH OF REV. B. W. GORHAM.

"He is fittest to preach, that is himself most like his message, and comes forth not only with a handful of the seed in his hand, but with a store of it in his heart,—the word 'dwelling richly in him.'"

His eloquence, a stream of living thought,
Gushing from out the fountain of the heart;
Now 'mong green pastures making minstrelsy;
Now fearless, rushing from the dizzy brink
Like mountain cataract, with thundering voice
Bearing the breathless hearers amidst the foam,
Then lulling into calm midst rainbow hues;
As gently flowed from his persuasive tongue
The promises of pleasantness and peace.

HERE is a man that has a large place in our heart. We love him,—not because we think him faultless, or in spite of his faults, *but faults and all.* Like all men of positive qualities, he is often misunderstood; we mean, his motives and spirit are not always appreciated. For people seldom misunderstand him. It is one of his peculiarities to say what he means, and mean what he says. This is a noble quality; we admire and applaud it wherever we find it. It has led a few, perhaps, to say: "He is officious; he has a wonderful conceit of himself." Let us assure you that he is not a man to withhold his views of *truth* and *duty* for fear of clashing with the opinions of some whose favor he desires. We have enough men who are afraid to shoulder responsibility. We love modesty,—it is a Christian grace; but when it becomes the cloak of cowardice and dwindles into whining effeminacy, we detest it, or, rather, we detest the man that thus perverts it.

Closely scan his countenance, and you will see there an index to his character; see in that well-defined nose and those trim lips the indications of energy and spirit. What mean those large, lustrous, and penetrating eyes? The phrenologist says, they indicate language. They indicate perception, to say the least; for many things that others pass heedlessly by, are carefully noted by him. He sees clearly where others blunder. His forehead is well developed. We would pronounce his organs of vision quite too large, were it not for a brow correspondingly prominent, and which gives an intellectual, massive beauty to the countenance. Physically, he is just such a man as Napoleon would have picked to conduct a long march, or carry a breast-work by storm: his power of endurance eminently fitting him for the march, and his *intensity* making him just the man for the assault.

There is too much *action* about him for a judicious legislator, but there is every element in him to secure faithful attention to all the details of administration. And in this he is, in some respects, a model. Too many ministers fail to revise the class-books, neglect to ascertain the condition of the church property, and give no thought to the practical workings of the Sunday school, and, what is still worse, they are too indolent to call for the prescribed Conference collections. Away with such ministers! Brother Gorham is not of that class, as his annual reports show.

As a minister, he excels. Sometimes his thoughts seem to congeal, and his language is lame; but he is not the man to make miserable apologies, or go whining about for sympathy, though he knows the people go away, saying, "What a miserable sermon Gorham preached to-day!" He goes to his closet, to wrestle with God. He goes to his study, and toils for sacred knowledge; and the next effort leads his hearers, delighted and blest, to exclaim, "There,—I told you he would make it all up!" To be

appreciated, he must be heard in one of his happiest efforts. At such a time he is eloquent. And what is eloquence? It is inspiration,—the outer, acting man supplemented by a mysterious something from within, swayed and impelled by a divine something from above. Eloquence is three-fold,—it lies, or rather reveals itself, in *thought*, *utterance*, and *action*. The first we call poetry,—it is the soul blooming; the second is oratory,—eloquence speaking; the last, eloquence in action,—and this we term heroism. We call eloquence an *inspiration;* such it is in its highest forms. We have heard our brother address listening thousands on a camp ground, when no uninspired man could command such utterance, or wield such power over the vast assemblage. At such times, he pours forth his thoughts with the freshness and ease of the lark singing his first morning carol, and, at the same time, with a power indescribable.

He has no set time for emphasis,—but rises in feeling with the importance of his subject; and the people go up with him, till both gain the summit of the mount. The power of his eloquence at such times becomes almost painful from its resistless intensity, and illustrates the strong language of a late writer:[1] "There are times when we see the human soul entering a freer, mightier, and a more intense life,—a life that seems to gush with red and terrible action! The whole being seems to be shocked through and through with currents of divine galvanism. The ordinary infirmities of human nature seem to have melted all away under the mysterious heat of an awakened, inspired, eloquent soul. The reason has assumed a strange clearness; the imagination is all alive with bold and beautiful imagery; and the eye darts forth a wild and weird electricity. To speak powerfully at that hour seems as

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[1] J. T. Bell.

easy as for the storm to shake the giant trees, or toss the iron-ribbed ship. The great deep of the soul has been broken up. Every look, every gesture, every smile, and every frown beams and burns and overflows with fervid power. And the glorious words—that come sparkling, and leaping, and gleaming, and thundering forth,—then, oh, who can describe them!"

> "They seize upon the mind, arrest, and search,
> And shake it—bow the tall soul as by wind—
> Rush over it as rivers over reeds,
> That quaver in the current—turn us cold,
> And pale, and voiceless, leaving in the brain
> A rocking and ringing!"

"One of the peculiar features of this lofty inspiration is its naturalness. It is always interpreted by the occasion from which it originates. You cannot mistake it. No buffoon can pass off an inflated for an inspired soul. The mimic orator will always be betrayed by his speechless eyes. True eloquence can no more be mimicked than an elephant could be housed in a soap-bubble. The inspired man will always present you his credentials, and you will acknowledge them and give him welcome to your soul, for you must. As his day, so will his strength be. When you hear true eloquence you know what it is, just as, when you hear a rumbling among the clouds, you know it is thunder."

This is strong language to apply to the pulpit powers of any mortal, but it is no exaggeration. The manner of our brother is peculiar to himself. He copies no model. He is not a compilation. "His sermons are the legitimate offspring of his mental texture. They are not an accumulation, but a contexture—not a concretion, but a development. They are often invested with a power which a discourse derives from all its parts pressing forward with united energy toward the single aim." His

inspiration is of a peculiar character,—not peculiar to him alone, but peculiar as it is distinguished from the inspiration of genius, nature, or truth; it is the inspiration of the *Holy Ghost*, baptizing, animating, firing his whole mental and spiritual being. "*Force* is the expressive monosyllable comprehending his striking characteristics as a preacher. It implies that rapidity of conception whose emblem is the darting ray—that celerity of combination, undistinguishable from intuition—that taste for the beautiful which rises to a passion—that love of the right which kindles into worship—that profound awe, felt nowhere but at the Infinite Presence." At times his style (as was said of Dr. Beaumont) has all the impetuosity of a rushing torrent, leaping down rapids, bounding over rocks, and dashing through ravines, that seem to echo and reverberate with its roar. But then it has also its lull in almost equal proportions, when it seems to sleep in its placid bed, or ripples with wondrously sweet music between its flowery banks. In these more quiet moments, the hearer has time to look back on the scenery through which he has passed; and reflection, which was held in abeyance to the pleasing turbulence of emotion, is brought into play.

He discourses much of Christian experience. He has long been a happy partaker and bold defender of "*Full salvation.*" He is associate editor of the "*Guide to Holiness.*" So strong have been his convictions that it is his duty to go about as an Evangelist giving due prominence to the doctrine of holiness and laboring through the length and breadth of the land for the conversion of sinners, that he continues in the regular work with many misgivings. Many of his brethren talk discouragingly to him concerning any change in his mode of labor. Not the least among the reasons for so doing, is the wish to retain him in the Conference. All acknowledge his adaptation to the work of

an Evangelist, and those best acquainted with him can easily predict his usefulness.

He is the author of a deservedly popular volume, called "Camp Meeting Manual." Its circulation is yearly increasing, and will continue to do so while the Methodists grow in grace and hold camp meetings. His writings are clear and strong, and full of *points*.

In social life he endears himself to those who are favored with his intercourse. In his fireside talks, he evinces two desirable peculiarities: ability to edify, and the faculty of amusing. Indeed, you cannot be long in his presence without being both instructed and amused.

He is progressive in his views, as you might expect. Nevertheless, the claims of secondary reforms are not allowed to trench upon his devotion to the great work of soul-saving, by the Gospel of Christ. We say he is progressive; by this we mean he is far removed from suspicious conservatism on the one hand, and ultra, run-mad abolitionism on the other. His views of reform are conscientiously entertained, and boldly defended when necessary. On this point, however, he is careful to observe the courtesies of public or social intercourse. Let the following incident illustrate.

In company with several clergymen, among whom was Rev. P. C., of the Philadelphia Conference, we were spending a pleasant hour at Brother Gorham's residence. Tea was over, and we had gathered in the parlor for conversation and song. * * * * * *

"It is one of the unaccountable things that you northern preachers," said Brother C., "will take the gross misrepresentations of such men as Long and McCarter, against the testimony of nearly the whole Conference, and set us down as pro-slavery. The fact is we are anti-slavery, and have been from the beginning."

"Ah! I am glad to hear you say it," replied Brother Gorham. "I hope you will say it till you believe it."

"We believe it *now*," was the spirited reply.

"Well, I mean if you keep on, other people will believe it too."

"You won't believe it either. You have the action of the Conference, and the testimony of nearly every member of the Conference, and yet you throw it all aside. We don't expect to convince you northern fanatics."

"Well, if you keep on, the people will think you *believe yourselves*, when you say it. Let me tell you a story. Up in O. last winter, two brethren professed the blessing of holiness. We were afraid one of them was mistaken, for he was very positive in his profession, saying, '*I* KNOW *God has sanctified my soul, but my* WIFE *says she don't believe it.*' The other had a very satisfactory experience, but was not so positive; he said he thought Christ had sanctified his soul, and, said he, '*Susan thinks just so too.*' You say you are anti-slavery down there on the border, but the trouble is, *Susan don't think so.* You claim to be anti-slavery, but a part of your own number stand right up and deny the claim, and show the documents."

This brought Brother C. to his feet, and he affirmed with his own peculiar emphasis,

"*Ah! you are all a great set of Susans up here.*"

He then reaffirmed the anti-slavery character of his own Conference, and proceeded to show, in strong language, the absurdity of ultra, northern measures. We became wonderfully interested, and said to ourselves, "Now for a combat, they are just the men for it;" but, instantly, a Christian smile overspread Brother Gorham's countenance, and he said, in a manner that was creditable to himself, and respectful to those present,

"Brother C. is my guest, and this discussion will not be the most profitable."

Thus you see that his Christian courtesy is not sacrificed by an untimely utterance of his opinions. The happy

turn given to the conversation of that hour, prepared us for the devotions of the evening, and we parted, cherishing an increase of brotherly love.

He is, as a singer, equalled by few, and surpassed by none. His voice, naturally clear, musical, and strong, has been well trained, so that his singing has the excellence of artistic accuracy. He is not always in a singing mood; but, when the pent-up passions and sentiments of his soul are demanding expression, look out. Singing, with him, is worship, and he is an earnest advocate for congregational singing.

In prayer he is mighty, and proves, even to the irreligious, that he is no stranger to intercourse with Heaven. We are aware that prayer is not a duty to criticise, and neither is it proper to be laudatory in our remarks concerning those who may be gifted in prayer; yet, our sketch would be defective, were we to pass this point in silence. We could say much of our brother's exercises and manner in prayer. Reader, have you ever felt your heart agitated with strong and singular emotions, while listening to the earnest pleadings of the man of God? Thus have we often felt on listening to Brother G., when his soul has been drawn out in prayer. At such times his voice has a peculiar sweetness, and its intonations are most moving. You feel your whole being arrested. His voice rises into what appears to be a succession of climaxes, and as one sentence climbs above another, the congregation ascend with him, until the effects are really overpowering; and when he reaches the loftiest point—when everything of the highest importance to man's eternal interests seems as if tottering upon the rugged pinnacle of some tremendous precipice—then the boldness of faith defies doubt, touches the sceptre, claims the blessing, and the responses of those who have gone up, up, up with him, tell that the baptism has come upon them—upon all.

He is sometimes regarded as severe in his animadversions on the conduct of parents toward their children. He regards it as the solemn duty of every Christian parent to *rule* his house in the fear of God. Especially obligatory is this upon the minister. He is bold to avow that there is neither *piety* nor *propriety* in a minister's allowing a depraved heart and the ridiculous fashions of an ungodly world to mould the tastes and prescribe the conduct of his offspring. We endorse our brother's sentiments upon this point. Our profound sorrow has been awakened when seeing the children of Methodist ministers look down with contempt on the Methodist Church. "*Ma says I needn't join the Methodists; they have no society fit for me to associate with.*"

Thank God there are but few such, and even they will run out, for a soul so contracted has not vitality enough to perpetuate itself! Does our brother urge family government as a positive Christian duty? He is an illustration of the faithful performance of that duty. His children are taught to love the Church, and not to look down with disgust upon her ordinances, her members, and her ministers. He labors prayerfully to bring up his children for God and the Church, and his labors have been successful. He can say with propriety, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." He recently gave his eldest daughter in marriage to a devoted young missionary, and while we are penning this hasty sketch, the vessel is bearing them over the sea to the field of their future labors and trials in China. We would remember and honor the men who love their children too well to see them immolated on the altars of fashion and folly, but who take them to the Church, saying: "Here are the dearest objects of our natural affection; receive them, let them toil and die in missionary fields, if need be, only so they honor God and bless the world."

He entered the Connection in 1836, and, from that time to the present, has been interrupted in his efficient labors only for a brief period, and then by severe illness. We could speak of the different fields where he has labored, and furnish interesting anecdotes illustrating his peculiarities and his usefulness; but we forbear. We have aimed to be discriminating and correct; and we close as we began, by saying, Here is a man that has a large place in our heart. We love him not because we think him faultless, nor in spite of his faults, *but faults and all!* Amen!

CHAPTER XIX.

CONTINUAL PROSPERITY.

A SERMON,

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.

Jesus, we on the words depend,
Spoken by thee while present here,—
"The Father in my name shall send
The Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

THE moments have fled so rapidly that the hour of preaching has arrived. Brother Gorham is in the stand. Perhaps the sketch just given has awakened high expectations. Let no idle curiosity lead you to listen to the word of life. Hear not as a critic or a cold spectator, but as an immortal soul soon to account at God's tribunal for the privilege now offered.

The rain has ceased for the present; a large congregation, in respectful silence, await the text:—

Acts ii. 47. *And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.*

"Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, might have hope." Rom. xv. 4. The "Acts of the Apostles," as a book, is adapted to give comfort and furnish instruction to the devout reader. It has an interesting relation to other books in the New Testament. It is a sacred record, an inspired chronicle of the first application of the Gospel of Christ to the souls of men. It tells us how the new religion worked the first time tried. It is to the teachings of the Gospel what illustrations are to the argument in logic, what the demon-

stration in mathematics is to the problem. It is Bible theory and Bible experience illustrated by Bible incident.

I. *We will turn our attention to the fact stated.*

II. *Then look back of the fact and inquire into the causes of it.*

I. *Notice the fact stated:* "And the Lord *added* to the Church *daily* such as should be saved." This affirms the fact of constant additions to the Church, and is of interest to every good man, supposing the additions to be of the right sort. It is one over which we may justly rejoice, because it tends to increase the strength and influence of the Church.

1. *These additions are a sign of the life of the Church.* They are a sign that God has not departed from his people. A sign that the Gospel is not a failure, has lost none of its power, but, when believed, is "*the power of God unto salvation.*"

2. *A constant increase is the condition of spiritual life in the Church.* The Church can preserve her vitality only by conquest. Take away her aggressive power, and you take away her life. The Church must subsist as Hannibal did in the heart of Italy, by victory after victory. Suppose you were to have no conversions for fifty years; then you may write it down that you will relapse into heathenism. Blot out the power of the Gospel to convert —its aggressive power—its power to go down into the heart of a bad man and make him a good man; blot out its power to do all this, and, though you leave its ritual, its letter, and all the forms of Christianity, you may announce the death of the Gospel and the Church.

Is it not a little singular that this increase occurred at Jerusalem but a short time (at most not more than three months) after Pentecost, and under circumstances the most discouraging? Christianity was new. Its leader had been put to death at a public festival in a most shame-

ful manner. Thus, at the commencement, they were disgraced before mankind. The men who had embraced the new religion were without prestige, without friends, and without influence, yet "the Lord added to the Church daily." There were those found who united their lives and fortunes with the people of God. It cost something to be a Christian *then*. *Now* there is a degree of credit attached to membership in the Church, and often in our dealings we are trusted when it is known that we belong to the Church. Religion gives us friends and position in society. *Then* all this was reversed. It cost something to be a Christian then. A man went down in community; he was scorned and hated and rejected by his former associates, and was looked upon with suspicion by all. They, in many instances, lost their goods, yet "the Lord added to the Church daily." In spite of persecution there were men found who would become the disciples of the despised Nazarene. And this occurred right on the heel of Pentecost, when three thousand had been swept into the Church. A tremendous tornado had rushed over them suddenly. Peter, under the baptism of the Holy Ghost, had preached the Gospel as he had never preached it before, and there was a *general cry* and then a *general salvation!*

The people were there from all parts of the world, but the greater portion remained there; and yet the revival did not stop. Converts kept coming. Now, after we have had a revival, and a few score are converted, faith begins to flag, and we expect, in some instances, that there will be a reaction. After we have got about so many converted we seem to say, "There, Lord, that will do for this time; if we can keep half or two-thirds of these until next winter, then we will go in for a rousing revival." At Pentecost they had a moral earthquake and no reaction. The storm passed and left them the steady rain. It is worthy of note that it was a *steady*

addition. It was not a wet weather stream, that bubbled up in a storm and then ran dry the first day the sun shone; but it was like the majestic river, flowing in sun or storm, till lost in the ocean.

It was a *rapid* increase. "The Lord added *daily;*" not yearly, or quarterly, or monthly, or weekly, but *daily.* They couldn't wait till Sunday, but the very day they were converted they said, "I want to join the Church, put my name down, and mine, and mine. I want to be one of his despised followers."

3. *This addition was of the* LORD. "The LORD added." It wasn't by miserable spiritual sheep-stealing, by proselyting other men's converts, and getting them into the water or into something else. They were converted from the world by the power of the Gospel. The material was good. They were not "hoped" nor "submitted" in, but converted by the Spirit. They had passed from death unto life. "*They were such as should be saved.*" They were of such a character that there was a strong probability in the mind of the Spirit that they would get to heaven. Now it is possible for those who have been soundly converted, yea, and have been sanctified through the blood of the Lamb, to fall away so as to be in danger of eternal ruin. Some, it is to be feared, do backslide. The text was not intended to say that they could not fall away, but being truly converted, and having joined the Church, it was fair to calculate on the probabilities of their salvation.[1] My opinion, about a great many who go reeling and staggering through the world, is, they were never half converted. Those who were daily added to the Apostolic Church had counted the cost, and deliberately given up life and friends and devoted themselves, by an entire and solemn consecration, to the cause of God; and

[1] A literal rendering of the original is, *The Lord added daily such as were saved*—from their sins; from the guilt and power of them.—WESLEY.

when a man gets religion in this way, by forsaking all for Christ, hazarding everything, he will be apt to stick to it.

II. *We are to look back of the fact and inquire for its cause.*

There is lying back of every great event something as its antecedent that is an object of thought to those who look beyond appearances. The thoughtless look at the surface, and are interested only with what is considered as the result of acting, though unseen, forces. Others want to study the cause. They want to know the secret and the nature of that power that brings about great events. Apply this to the Church. How comes this about that the Church, in the midst of persecutions and discouragements, possessed such a force—an internal force driving her on in her conquering march, with the tramp of a giant? How was it, that with the passes of her giant arm, the world was made to rock, and men by thousands were converted to God?

Before Jesus Christ ascended to heaven, he said to eleven men, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.*" Is it a little remarkable that he said another thing? "*Wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith he, Ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water, but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence.*"

After the ascension of Christ, they returned to Jerusalem and commenced a *protracted prayer meeting.* They kept it up daily for from seven to ten days. There were one hundred and twenty members in the Church, and every one in the meeting; yes, *every one!!* They waited on the Lord! They were in earnest for the blessing,—for the promise of the Father; and yet they waited. O

how submissive was their faith! Is not this remarkable, since they had the benefit of Christ's personal instructions and example for three years or more? And that was better than any college or theological seminary; and I would say nothing against these. But after all this, why tarry? Are not sinners all around in haste to go to perdition? Are they not toppling into hell, by the thousand, every week? Why not go out at once? No, no, you must tarry till endued with power from on high. Hence they instituted the prayer meeting, and kept it up from day to day. The blessing did not come the first day; but did they desist? Nay, but prayed on, and when "*they were with one accord in one place, suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.*"

Any Church that will hold a protracted prayer meeting after that sort; continue for seven days, and then all come together, and not one missing, all praying, will have a revival. Show me such a Church, and I will show you a Church where Pentecost will repeat itself! Among all those praying disciples, there were some business men who might have offered excuses for being absent. There were among them laborers who were dependent on their toil for their sustenance. They offered no excuses! They held a *protracted prayer meeting.* They were there to *pray;* not hear Dr. Peter, or some lion of a speaker. It was in the morning too; not in the evening, when the duties of the day were past, but in the *morning*, when it cost something to attend.

Let there be a Church of a hundred and twenty members that will hold a protracted prayer meeting seven

days, and then on the last day all come together, and by a submissive, trustful, united faith, wait on God; let there be such a Church, *anywhere*, and they will have a revival the year round. "The Lord will add daily such as shall be saved." Send them any preacher, and you will have souls converted. If he is cold and lifeless when he goes there, they will galvanize the life of God into him. He will have to get *salvation* or *die!* They will *burn* him out!

They were there in harmony! "With one accord in one place." They were waiting for the promise of the Father; but they did not get weary; they did not reproach each other. There was patience for you! I wonder they hadn't begun to bicker by this time, and charge the delay of the blessing upon each other's unfaithfulness. Happily the spirit of love and faith abides upon them. John does not turn upon Peter and say, "It is your fault; for you denied the Master." Philip does not turn to John and say, "It is your fault; for you and James wanted to lord it over us all." Andrew does not turn to Thomas, and say, "It is your fault; for you *would not believe*, even when we had declared it to you." The seventy do not say, "It is the fault of the twelve; for after the Lord had lifted them above us all, one of them sold him, another denied him, and a third disbelieved him." The Marys do not say, "It is the fault of the whole company, a cold and unfaithful company, professing to love the Master to his face; but the moment he fell into the hands of his enemies, ye all forsook him and fled!" No such talk there. They prayed!

If we keep preaching to the people, and they do nothing themselves, they will be very likely to get into difficulty. A protracted prayer meeting is the remedy. They did not seem to call for any sermons, consolatory or instructive. When one prayed, "O Lord, send the Holy Ghost

upon us," that prayer found an echo in every heart, and received a response from every lip.

Shall we imitate their example? We, like them, are a little band commissioned to go out and do battle for the Lord. We get learning, and that is very important; we inaugurate this scheme and that, and seek in various ways to save men, but there is but one effectual reformatory agent in the world, and that is the *Holy Ghost accompanying the letter of the Gospel.* When they were all together, in *harmony*, the Holy Ghost came upon them, they were *filled*, they spoke. There was something astonishing and significant in the sound, as of rushing wind, and in the tongues of fire, but the great facts of Pentecost were the spiritual graces that were imparted. We are not called upon to wonder so much at the tongue of fire on Peter's head, as at the boldness, and power, and success of his ministry. The baptism has come, and what a change in Peter! Before, he denied his Lord in the presence of a servant; now, he preaches to thousands, and charges the guilt of the crucifixion upon the very murderers of the Son of God. Neither royalty, nor prisons, nor mobs, nor poverty, nor threatened death, can quench his zeal for truth. At last, when about to be crucified for his piety and his preaching, he said, "Please crucify me with my head downwards; I am not worthy to die as my Lord died."

Just such a baptism my soul must have if I would preach with success. And you, my brethren, must have it too. The Church is thirsty for the teeming shower. You must have it if you would accomplish your work. This baptism on the infant Church produced its appropriate results:—

1. *The people abode in the Apostles' doctrine.* They did not backslide in a day, but continued steadfast. Men are naturally self-sufficient; they are impatient of restraint. Gospel salvation makes all this yield to humility and

meekness. It makes them faithful in the performance of religious duty. *They continued in fellowship, and in breaking of bread.*

2. *It promoted their generosity.* They were together, and had all things common. The exigency of the times demanded and justified this. They were regarded as outlaws; the sword of persecution was about to fall heavily upon them, and their property was liable to confiscation at any time. It was far better to give up all for the good of the Church, than to retain it for the heartless mob, or the treasury of an idolatrous government. The readiness with which they did it, shows that it was not done by constraint, but of free will. Their selfishness was effectually cured. It shows that the great tap-root of covetousness that goes deep down into a man's heart, was cut off. They enjoyed it too, for, "*from house to house they did eat their meat in gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favor with all the people. And the Lord added to the Church daily such as should be saved.*" They ate with gladness, not that they were fond of the pleasure of eating and drinking, but because they thereby received strength to glorify God. "Whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, should all be done to the glory of God." These are the antecedents of the text. We will close with a few

OBSERVATIONS.

1. Can you tell me why the Gospel is less efficacious in this day than then? When Dr. Durbin came back from Europe, he attended our Conference, and said that Dr. Schmucker had announced the cheering truth that in the last fifty years the progress of the Church had been equal to her advance for the first fifty years under Apostolic labors. We were glad to hear it, and we shouted "Glory to God." My mind began to study on the difference between the times of Apostolic achievements and modern

missionary enterprise. It amounts to this: we, with thousands of missionaries, tens of thousands of ministers, and church members *by the million;* with railroads, printing presses, post offices, and steamboats; with legislation and social influence on our side, have accomplished, in fifty years, as much as eleven Apostles, with a hundred and twenty members to back them, did in the same time, without a railroad, printing press, or post office. O, my God! is the Gospel true? Is it true that there is life in the Gospel yet? Yes; yes. The energies of Christianity are not exhausted! Let not the enemy boast as if we were defeated. How do you account for the difference between Apostolic times and the present, if the Gospel be not deficient? On this wise: the Gospel is not deficient in power, but the Church is deficient in the power of enforcing the Gospel. If the moral power of the Church were commensurate with her membership and the power of the Gospel, she might to-day arise and assert her claim to the world. The world belongs to Jesus Christ and his Church; the Devil is a usurper. I have been looking on the dark side. You say, "Why don't you preach to sinners?" Ah, my brother, I love sinners, but my soul is distressed when I think that there is such power in the Gospel, and yet we are so feeble in administering it!!

Look at the Christian Church. Do you see every one, like the hundred and twenty, at the post of duty? Are they all consecrated to the work? Are they all acting in concert? Nay. What worldliness one exhibits; what fashion and folly distinguish another; Christian parents actually boring holes through the flesh of their children to hang on the jinglery of the devil, and make them like the world. How few there are, comparatively, who are groaning after complete conformity to God's will! O, could we get loose to-day, the old power would come back!

My Lord and my God! send us help from on high!! (Amen! Amen!)

2. This has a personal bearing. It means *me*, it means *you*. Oh that God would strip us to-day! It don't seem to occur to us, that if we put forth power insufficient to achieve the work it reacts upon ourselves, but such is the case. Let parental government illustrate the idea. You undertake to govern that child, and if you do not bring a sufficient amount of firmness and authority into requisition, he is the more rebellious for having defeated you; and you are conscious of a loss of power for that failure. Your influence with the child is less than it was before you made the miserable experiment. God has given the parent power and authority to govern the child, and he is responsible for the use of that power; but parents failing to use that power are always in trouble. They don't *govern*, they only *try*, and hardly that. God has set the Church as the grand seat of moral power and government for the *world*, for CREATION. Let the Church put forth, like the inefficient parent, a limited power, and it will react upon herself; but just so far as she exerts the full measure of Gospel might, so far is she victorious. O, for power adequate to the conquest of the world! (Amen!)

Awake, Jerusalem, awake,—
No longer in thy sins lie down;
The garment of salvation take;
Thy beauty and thy strength put on.

Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise and struggle into light;
The great Deliverer calls,—"Arise."

Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.

3. *To the unconverted.* You know, and I know, that you are without excuse. The deficiencies of Christians do not palliate your sins. You have heard the truth proclaimed, and you know your duty. You have hitherto resisted and defeated the Gospel so far as you are concerned; but it will not always be so, you must yet feel the power of the Gospel. It will *save* or *damn*. Fearful truth, "it is a savor of life unto life or of death unto death." Which shall it be? Sinner, will you longer slight the Saviour? O fly to Christ; seek purity in his atoning blood! The precious hours are flying, and probation will soon close. May God have mercy on this dying multitude! Amen.

Saturday Evening. The rain that followed the afternoon sermon prevented evening preaching from the stand. Social meetings were held in many tents. The writer preached in Woodville tent from the words of Paul, 2 Tim. iv. 6–8. The Lord blessed the word, though spoken in feebleness. The tears of penitence flowed, and seekers were blessed. Up to heaven flew the tidings, "The dead is alive and the lost is found." The relation of Christian experience closed the exercise, and at the ring of the bell we sought our lodgings, and, happy in a Saviour's love, resigned ourselves to peaceful slumber, confident that "the Lord gave his angels charge concerning us."

CHAPTER XX.

OUR HOME IS BEYOND THE TIDE.

HEAVEN.

BY REV. B. W. GORHAM.[1]

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

HEAVEN! What a word! It comprises within its syllables, all ideas of bliss, and stands the perpetual synonym of every term of rapture or delight. It is the highest meaning of whole families of delicious words. It is home. It is rest. It is refuge. It is glory—the glory of achievement, of victory, of wealth, of authority, of personal splendor, and ineffable beauty, of strength, of exaltation, of wisdom, of honor, of unimpeachable truth and beauty, and of unspotted holiness.

Heaven is salvation—salvation from guilt, from fear, from sorrow, from pain and death; a salvation positive as well as negative—fruition of joy as well as deliverance

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[1] We present the reader with an article from Brother Gorham's pen. It was originally prepared as editorial for the "Guide to Holiness." It is a specimen of his nervous style. It will be read with interest in connection with the sketch we have given of him. You will perceive that his own composition serves to introduce a thrilling incident in the experience of another. The incident may be regarded as the jewel of the piece, but the introduction and the close, are as the beautiful setting to the pearl, evincing the skill of the workman and presenting the treasure to the best advantage. Reader, while you read this brief chapter, let your own heart answer honestly to itself the solemn question, "*Is* MY *home beyond the tide?*" If a Scriptural hope of heaven answers "Yes," then are you happy, whether with royalty you wear a crown, or with poverty you press the earth in your destitution. You are rich! A kingdom awaits you! May the Bridegroom's sudden or early call find you waiting.

OUR HOME IS BEYOND THE TIDE

from penalty; salvation for the *body* as well as the soul. It is a house, a mansion—rather, "many mansions,"—a country, a city, a kingdom. It is the general assembly, the family of God, the church of the first-born. It is the casket in which the Saviour treasures his jewels; the divine pasture-ground where the Almighty feeds his flock, and leads them to fountains of living water. It is the marriage supper of the Lamb. It is the joy of the returned mariner, the shout of harvest home, the triumph march of the Redeemer, the coronation of the Son of God. It is another Canaan with another Joshua; another Eden with the second Adam; the real Holy of Holies, with its High Priest for ever, after the order of Melchisedec. Heaven is conscious personal purity during each moment of eternity; it is blissful association with the moral heroes of every age—with Patriarchs, Prophets, Apostles, and Martyrs—and it is the smile of God for ever. It is youth perpetuated without indiscretion, and it is age living on to everlasting years, without infirmity. It is the homestead of the holy, the family mansion of the Universal Father, the fatherland of Gabriel and Michael. It is the goal of the racers, the rest of the pilgrim, and the exceeding great reward of the faithful; the country where none die, or are sick, or sorrowful, or unfortunate, or friendless—a better country. A land in whose soil grows indigenous the tree of life; a scion of which flourished in Eden, till the fall; where there is day without night, and light without the sun, and ceaseless action without fatigue. Heaven is the congregation of the glorified; the one hundred and forty-four thousand of the tribes of Israel, united with the great multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and crying with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God, which sitteth

upon the throne, and to the Lamb;" while all the angels which stand round about the throne, and about the elders, and the four beasts, fall before the throne on their faces, and worship God, saying, "Amen, blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever, Amen."

Heaven is the great supper spread by the Almighty for his family; it is the everlasting union and repose of the saints; it is the Sabbath of eternity; and its seat is the metropolis of creation, the council-chamber of the celestial senate, the court and throne of Jehovah.

All terms used in the Scriptures to set forth "the glory that shall be revealed in us," are so used as to convey a weight of meaning beyond their usual signification; but still, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things that God hath reserved for them that fear him;" for he is able to do in this "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think," and to bestow upon us in the next "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Revelation does not intend to gratify a mere speculative curiosity in regard to the peculiar modes of existence, and the minute details of either pursuit or enjoyment among celestial beings; nor does the Lord commonly permit persons, while yet in the body, to obtain a view, in any way, of the glory of heaven. For special reasons, however, and in a few cases, it seems mortals have been so favored. Paul the Apostle is an instance of this. He was taken up to the third heaven—that is, to the abode of glorified beings, when he heard and saw what he felt it would be unsuitable, as having a sacrilegious appearance, to repeat among men. Perhaps no other persons have been similarly favored with Paul, while in a state of perfect health; but it does happen, apparently with some frequency, that glimpses of the future glory are allowed the soul as a cordial in the death

struggle. Several instances of this have fallen under our own observation.

The late Rev. J. B. Finley, of Ohio, gives us the following narrative in his autobiography: "It was in the summer of 1842, worn down with fatigue, I was completing my last round of Quarterly Meetings, and winding up the labors of a very toilsome year. I had scarcely finished my work, when I was most violently attacked with bilious fever, and it was with great difficulty I reached home. The disease had taken so violent a hold on my system, that I sank rapidly under its power. Everything that kind attention and medical skill could impart, was resorted to, to arrest its ravages; but all was in vain, and my life was despaired of. On the seventh night, in a state of entire sensibility to all around me, when the last ray of hope had departed, and my weeping family and friends were standing around me, waiting to see me breathe my last, it seemed to me that a heavenly visitant entered my room. It came to my side, and, in the softest and most silvery tones, which fell like rich music on my ear, it said,—'I have come to conduct you to another state and place of existence.' In an instant I seemed to rise, and, gently borne by my angel guide, I floated out on the ambient air. Soon earth was lost in the distance, and around us, on every side, were worlds of light and glory. On, on, away, away, from luminous worlds afar, we speed with the velocity of thought. At length we reached the gates of paradise, and, O, the transporting scenes that fell upon my vision, as the emerald portals, wide and high, rolled back upon their golden hinges! Then in its fullest extent did I realize the invocation of the poet:—

Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my raptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian.

"Language, however, is inadequate to describe what then, with unveiled eyes, I saw. The vision is indelibly pictured on my heart. Before me, spread out in beauty, was a broad sheet of water, clear as crystal, without a single ripple on its surface, and in purity and clearness indescribable. On each side of this river rose up the most tall and beautiful trees, covered with all manner of fruits and flowers, the brilliant hues of which were reflected in the bosom of the placid river.

"While I stood gazing in joy and rapture at the scene, a convoy of angels was seen floating in the pure ether of that world. They all had long wings, and, though they went with the greatest rapidity, their wings were folded close by their side. While I gazed, I asked my guide who they were, and what was their mission. To this he responded, 'They are angels despatched to the world, from whence you came, on an errand of mercy.' I could hear strains of the most entrancing melody all around me, but no one was discoverable except my guide. At length I said:—'Will it be possible for me to have a sight of some of the just made perfect in glory?' Just then there came before us three persons; one had the appearance of a male, the other a female, and the third an infant. The appearance of the first two was somewhat similar to the angels I saw, except that they had crowns upon their heads of the purest yellow, and harps in their hands. Their robes, which were full and flowing, were of the purest white. Their countenances were lighted up with a heavenly radiance, and they smiled upon me with ineffable sweetness.

"There was nothing with which the blessed babe, or child, could be compared. It seemed to be about three feet high. Its wings, which were long and most beautiful, were tinged with all the colors of the rainbow. Its dress seemed to be of the whitest silk, covered with the softest

white down. The driven snow could not exceed it for whiteness or purity. Its face was all radiant with glory; its very smile now plays around my heart. I gazed and gazed with wonder upon this heavenly child. At length I said:—'If I have to return to earth, from whence I came, I should love to take this child with me, and show it to the bereaved mothers of earth. Methinks when they see it, they will never shed another tear over their children when they die.' So anxious was I to carry out the desire of my heart, that I made a grasp at the bright and beautiful one, desiring to clasp it in my arms; but it eluded my grasp, and plunged into the river of life. Soon it rose up from the waters, and as the drops fell from its expanding wings, they seemed like diamonds, so brightly did they sparkle. Directing its course to the other shore, it flew up to one of the topmost branches of one of life's fair trees. With a look of most seraphic sweetness it gazed upon me, and then commenced singing, in heaven's own strains, 'To him that hath loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood, to him be glory, both now and for ever. Amen.' At that moment the power of the Eternal God came upon me, and I began to shout and clap my hands. I sprang from my bed, being healed as instantly as the lame man at the Beautiful gate of the temple, who went walking, and leaping, and praising God. Overwhelmed with the glory I saw and felt, I could not cease praising God. The next Sabbath I went to camp meeting, filled with the love and the power of God."

Such, dear readers, is the account which the venerable servant of God has left us of the glimpse of the future glory with which he was once favored. He is now gone!

> We a little longer wait,
> But how little, none can know.

Let us, if we may, occasionally leave the world behind,

and go up to Pisgah and stand with Moses, and view the landscape o'er. We are strangers and pilgrims. This is not our rest. We have no continuing city. Our home is beyond the tide.

Full of immortal hope,
We urge the restless strife,
And hasten to be swallowed up
Of everlasting life.

CHAPTER XXI.

CAMP MEETING LOVE FEAST.

Hark! the notes of angels, singing,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven;
Join the everlasting song.

It is Sabbath morning. The sun is rising above the clouds, and his welcome light, dispelling the mist that rises from the recently drenched earth, is the pledge of a fair day. Last night the rain continued until a late hour, but the darkness and the storm are passed, and we are here to spend the holy Sabbath in the grove. *Holy Sabbath!* The Lord sanctified it and said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." If the spirit of this command can be observed anywhere it is in the grove, where the simplicity of worship, and the absence of worldly objects and cares, the inspiring influence of nature, and the earnestness of devotion, conspire to make the season "a refreshing from the presence of the Lord."

A fossilized theologian railed against camp meetings because they were held on the Lord's day; alleging that those who attended them necessarily broke the Sabbath by going away from church (his meeting-house). Not so. That form of divine worship that promotes the glory of God in the salvation of sinners is acceptable to God whenever and wherever held. The *spirit* and *motives* that attend our devotions determine their character, not the place where they are held. Church-going people, so called,

are guilty of desecrating Sabbath-breaking, right in the house of God. That paper minister that reads a borrowed sermon, and palms it off for his own, desecrates God's house and day. That young lady, spending hours at her toilet, arranging her fashionable attire so as to attract the most attention, breaks the Sabbath; for she goes not up to worship, though she may carry a gilt psalm book in her hand; she goes to display her fancied charms and costly dress for the admiration of those who are as senseless and as wicked as herself. Austerity and formality give no additional value to worship. The Sabbath is consecrated to humanity as well as devotion. Christ taught us to attend to the wants of the brutes that serve us, to comfort the afflicted, and wait upon and relieve the sick and suffering on the Sabbath.

"You certainly break the Sabbath at camp meeting; for you have to attend to domestic affairs; and your cooking arrangements are so public that it does seem sinful."

"My brother, 'Sin is the transgression of the law.' 'And it came to pass, after the second Sabbath after the first, that he went through the cornfields; and his disciples plucked the ears of corn and did eat, rubbing them in their hands.' Luke vi. 1. Call this Sabbath-breaking? Listen! Each tent is converted into a temple, and acceptable praise, like incense, is going up to heaven. Most of that young and happy group in Bro. K.'s tent are young converts, and how they sing,

O happy day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

Now to the tune of Old Hundred, from another tent, is heard,

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truths by night.

In yonder tent they are delightfully singing of

"That beautiful world."

But then, the sound of prayer—loud, clear, and moving—comes from a tent on the farther side of the ground; who is praying? Elisha, of course; don't you recognise his voice? God converted sinners in his tent last night; but, instead of rejoicing over the victory all the time, he is still waiting on God in prayer, anxious for greater displays of power. He presses his suit in earnestness. His boldness and faith remind one of Samuel Hick, the world-renowned "Village Blacksmith." On one occasion, when some one of weaker faith suggested to him that he was a little bold in his petitions, his reply was characteristic of the man: "Hey! bless thee, bairn, that's the way I get what I want. Try it, bairn, try it. It answers well."

Elisha indulges in no expressions that sound as if he wished to propitiate Jehovah. He knows that a path has been opened to the needy, and consecrated to the believer; and he therefore approaches the throne of grace without circumlocution, entering into the holiest place as one who has oft been there. He appears to have a *standing invitation;* and, while he cherishes a profound sense of his own unworthiness, he rejoices that he is always welcome.

Hark! another voice is engaged in prayer; yes, several! This is music. It reminds one of the days of Gospel triumph, when the watchmen shall shout to one another, and praise from the valleys shall mingle with incense from the mountains! The rain that fell so copiously last night has rendered it unsuitable to hold the love feast in the altar. This means of grace must be enjoyed in private

tents, two or three of the largest probably being selected for that purpose. The hour is approaching, and we will make ready.

"My brother, you will attend with us, will you?" say we, addressing a member of the Baptist Church. We speak as if anticipating an affirmative reply.

"I have thought of so doing; but you make so much of love feasts that I desire to know how you came to have such meetings."

"Love feasts were held by the primitive Christians. They met and conversed, and ate and drank together, expressive of their good-will or love. The Jews had similar feasts when they entertained their friends and fed the poor.[1] Similar feasts were in use among the Greeks and Romans. This primitive custom, simplified and rendered more religious, was revived among the Moravians and Wesleyan Methodists. It is not sacramental. It expresses and strengthens our Christian love. Here in the grove we dispense with the bread and water, and retain only the religious features of the feast. You know this is the most important. We Methodists cannot get along without speaking of our experience any better than other Christians."

"I attended a love feast once, in church," replied the Baptist brother, "and I felt afflicted to hear your members speak in such positive terms of their conversion and sanctification. They talked just as if they knew they were converted."

"If that afflicts you, you will have a sorry time here at camp meeting, for I conclude you will hear many strong testimonies before night. How do you stand it in your own Church? Your leading ministers almost outdo the Methodists in talking on experience. It is hard to talk

[1] Deut. xii. 18; xxiv. 12.

of Christian experience when we are strangers to it; and I suppose that is the reason some people dare not say they have religion. I was profited by reading the experience of one of the greatest ministers in your Church.[1] He is a living, experimental Christian; refers often to his own conversion, and talks of the *witness* and *indwelling* of the Holy Ghost. In his sermon on Sovereignty and Salvation, he says:—

"Six years ago to-day, as near as possible at this very hour of the day, I was in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity,—but had yet, by divine grace, been led to feel the bitterness of that bondage, and to cry out by reason of the soreness of its slavery. Seeking rest, and finding none, I stepped within the house of God, and sat there afraid to look upward, lest I should be utterly cut off, and lest his fierce wrath should consume me. The minister rose in his pulpit, and, as I have done this morning, read this text: 'Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else.' I looked that moment; the grace of faith was vouchsafed to me in the self-same instant; and now I think I can say with truth,

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

I shall never forget that day while memory holds its place; nor can I help repeating this text whenever I remember that hour when first I knew the Lord. How strangely gracious! How wonderfully and marvellously kind, that he who heard these words so little time ago for his own soul's profit, should now address you this morning as his hearers, from the same text, in the full and confident hope that some poor sinner within these walls, may hear the glad tidings of salvation for himself also, and may, to-day, be "turned from darkness to light; from the power of Satan unto God.'"

[1] Spurgeon.

"Well, I guess I must go to the love feast; but here is a Presbyterian brother, a friend of mine: let me introduce you to him."

"Thank you, sir." * * * * * *

"We were talking of love feasts," we said, addressing our new companion. "You will attend with us; I presume you have no objections to such meetings?"

"Yes, I have," was the prompt reply. "*You allow women to speak in these public meetings.* I don't believe many beside ministers and officers of the Church ought to speak in meeting. It will do for elders, sometimes, to instruct the people."

"You are not consistent. If your wife and daughter were in danger of being consumed in a burning building, and some courageous man should face the flames and rescue them, you would think it strange if, in company, they should ignore the name and kindness of their deliverer. *Jesus* has saved them from the fire that is never quenched, and from the worm that never dies,—and you think it a shame for them to speak of a Saviour's love, and invite their friends to serve God. You think women are proper teachers for our schools. You feel and acknowledge the influence of woman in every circle in society; but, in your estimation, that influence must not be exerted on the side of religion. God employed a dumb ass to rebuke the Prophet,—a dunghill fowl to send conviction to the heart of backslidden Peter; and I see no reason why woman should not reprove sin. Bless you, man! woman has as good a right to the privileges of the Gospel, as you or I. She was last at the cross, and first at the sepulchre. You have forgotten that the Prophet, in describing the privileges and glories of the Gospel dispensation, was particular to say that the Spirit should be poured out upon the '*maidens*,' and that our '*daughters should prophesy*,' or speak in meeting. The truth is, my brother, you and your creed belong to a by-

gone age, when woman hardly dare speak in the presence of her husband,—when silence and inaction were enjoined on account of her (supposed) inferiority. That day has passed. Woman has been redeemed by the blood of Christ, and exalted to equality with man in the privileges and blessings of the Gospel dispensation. I pity the man that has no higher views of woman's nature and duty and influence than to wish to put her under foot, and then endeavor to sanctify the meanness of the act by pleading for it the sanction of religion."

"I think you are pretty plain."

"You are not the first man that has said so. But I am not plainer than yourself, in coming into our church (this is our church) and advocating your silly prejudices against a custom that has obtained in all ages of the Church, and which has been signally blest of God. Woman has mental and spiritual power,—and we are anxious that it shall be consecrated to the cause of the Redeemer."

Reader,—do you realize the potency of woman's influence? In reviewing the annals of the past, we find that woman has often laid her hand on the springs of the world's destiny, coiled in decisive events; and from her sanctified genius have streamed the radiating lines of redeeming influence over the world. As the morning light, her influence goes forth everywhere. It once marred, so it is to be mighty in restoring, the glorious image of Deity to man. She *may*,—she *shall* speak for the cross. We will listen to her testimony, and profit by her experience.

"O, if now
Woman would lift the noble wand she bore
In Paradise so transcendent, and which still
She wears,—half-hidden, though not powerless,—
And again wave its magic power o'er pilgrim man,
How would she win him from apostasy,
Lure back the world from its dim path of woe,
And open a new Eden on our years."

But not alone from the potency of woman's influence, or the dignity of her nature, do we infer that her religious privileges are to be equal with man's. Bible incidents and Bible precepts put in their authority. What lesson does Pentecost afford? It teaches us that *all* share in the blessings of the Gospel, and that *all* should be witnesses of its power and joy. "THEY ALL *began to speak.*" This shows that the testimony of Christ was not borne by the ministry alone; that this chief work of the Church was not confined to official hands. The multitude of believers were not mere adherents, but living, speaking, burning agents in the great movements for the universal diffusion of God's message. Many feel as if religion, on the part of the ministry, was to be a matter of bold and public testimony; but on that of ordinary Christians, especially women, a heart-secret between themselves and God—"that it will do for the elders to instruct the people." Let such sit down in sight of that first Christian scene; let them behold every countenance lighted up with a common joy, and hear every tongue speak under the common impulse, and then ask Bartimeus, or *Mary*, if the private disciple has not just as much cause to be a witness that Jesus lives, and that Jesus saves, as either James or John? Let them ask if it is like their religion that our lonely minister shall, on the Lord's day, bear witness before a thousand Christians, who decorously hear his testimony as worthy the acceptance of all, and then go away, and never repeat the strain in any human ear?

Looking on the universal movement of that Pentecostal day, who could think that the new religion was ever to come down to this? that speaking of its joys, its hopes, its pardon for the wide world, was to be considered a professional work, for set solemnities alone, and not be a daily joy and heart's-ease to ever-growing multitudes of

happy, simple men? Cheerless is the work of that Christian minister who, at set times, raises his testimony in the ears of a people, all of whom make a practice of hiding it in their hearts! Blessed in his office is he who knows that, while he, in his own sphere, proclaims the glad tidings, hundreds around him are ready, each one in his sphere, to make them their boast and their song! Spiritual office and spiritual gifts vary greatly in degree, honor, and authority, and he who has the less ought to reverence him who has the greater; remembering who it is that dispenses them; but the greater should never attempt to extinguish the less, and to reduce the exercise of spiritual gifts within the limits of the public and ordained ministry. To do so is to depart from primitive Christianity.[1]

Before going into love feast we will spend a few moments in closet prayer. Where? Anywhere,—in the tent, under a tree, or in the throng. Peter's closet was on the house-top. Nathaniel's was under the tree. Christ chose the garden of Gethsemane, and the earth was his altar, and dropping blood the responses of his prayer. The Prophet found a closet in the desert; Lydia by the sea-shore. While in silent devotion may we receive a preparation to bear testimony to the power of Christ to save.

The bell rings. "There will be a love feast in the Woodville tent; and another ——." Here we are in Woodville tent. Now we sing

"HOMEWARD BOUND!"

We live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.

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[1] Rev. Wm. Arthur's "TONGUE OF FIRE."

Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward content with the fare—
We're homeward bound.

Earth with its trifles we all have resigned,
We're homeward bound;
Heaven with its glories we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
O! how delusive and vain they appear
While to our home we are drawing so near!
We're homeward bound.

We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and opprest,
Join in our number, O come and be blest,
Journey with us to the mansions of rest—
We're homeward bound.

Soon we'll be singing, if faithful we prove,
We're home at last!
Sounding in triumph, in mansions above
We're home at last.
Soon as our toils and temptations are o'er,
Up to our home with the blest we shall soar,
O how we'll shout as we enter the door,
We're home at last.

We cannot name all the witnesses of that love feast, or record their testimony. The young convert, warm in his first love, spoke of the joys of pardon. He had but recently entered this way—expected to find some difficulties and trials, but through Christ he hoped to conquer. He earnestly requested an interest in the prayers of God's people. "Go on, young soldier," was our response.

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Many bore similar testimony, and the interest of the meeting rapidly increased. The spacious tent was filled, and scores stood listening without, attracted by the devout singing and earnest speaking. A sister, with smiling countenance and earnestness in her tone, said: "I am a great debtor to divine grace. Two weeks ago, Christ cleansed my heart from *all* sin, and through his great goodness, gave me the witness of full salvation, even the Comforter. I am content to sit at Jesus' feet and learn of him. All my anxiety is to do his will. My joy is deep, but not ecstatic. A heavenly peace fills my soul, and I am lost in wonder, love, and praise, while contemplating the character and love of Jesus. There is an infinite fulness in him. His blood cleanseth from all sin."

O, thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin,
Moved by thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my soul to win,
I will praise thee,
Where shall I thy praise begin!

Brother Warren had been thirty-nine years in the service of Christ, and had a good report to make. He had been led through many a conflict sore, but Christ was his Captain. He had never trusted in the Lord in vain. For many years he had been preaching the Gospel of Jesus, and had witnessed glorious displays of its power. The prospect before him was bright. He had a blessed hope of heaven. Christ was his *present*, and he believed he would be his *eternal* Saviour.

O, what a blessed hope is ours,
While here on earth we stay;
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day.

Many spoke of a deep desire to be cleansed from *all* in. "I have a great desire to be made holy in heart, in

life, and in all conversation." Amen! Sister, it is not every one that can say, "I have a great desire to be made holy." "Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he will grant thee the desires of thy heart." Thank God for good desires! They are the sails of the mind. O spread them to the breeze. The Holy Ghost will come as "a rushing mighty wind."

Many tears fell as Sister W. spoke. We had never seen her before, and a few moments ascertained to us that she was perfectly blind. Her dress was plain, but deep mourning. The odor of the zephyr reports the fragrant flowers where it has played. So the souls that linger long in the society of Jesus, bring with them a sanctity and odor that oft refresh a whole assembly. The manner and language of our beloved sister proved that she was much in company with Jesus. She spoke of waves of sorrow; but Jesus had been in the storm, and lifted up her head so that the waves had not passed over her. "I am blind; I cannot see *you;* but by faith I can see my *Saviour*, and that bright world where so many of my kindred have gone. I cannot murmur or complain, God is so good to me. In his own good time he will take me to himself, when I 'shall see as I am seen, and know as I am known.'" Tears fell from her sightless eyes as she narrated briefly her experience, and spoke touchingly of her hope of heaven. Scores wept with her; and angels lingered there and heard with interest the touching words of that sightless pilgrim. Judging from her frail appearance, her little bark will not be tossed long on life's billowy ocean, but we feel certain that she will safely land on the heavenly shore.

Angels now are hovering round us,
Unperceived they mix the throng:
Wondering at the love that crowns us,

Glad to join the holy song.
Alleluiah!
Love and praise to Christ belong!

An aged father, known and loved of all, said he was glad to hear the birds sing—referring to the young converts; but *he* had gathered some clusters, and would make his report of the goodly land. Some smiled, and some responded for joy as the old patriarch brought things, new and old, out of the treasury of a long and rich experience. He stood on the borders of the heavenly Canaan, and was soon to cross Jordan. His children had all been converted at the family altar. His face looked young again as it glowed with a Christian smile, and he bade us stand to our posts, and all would be well. We could think of no one but Jacob, leaning upon the top of his staff and blessing his children. There are two sights of deep interest to angels and good men. One is a young soul consecrating itself for ever to Christ and his service; the other is an old soldier, victor from many a field, ready for his discharge, and waiting the joyful summons. The love feast closed.

At ten o'clock, many thousands of people had gathered upon the encampment. The faithful bell was rung, and the public services began. Dr. Peck preached from Acts xviii. 17: "*And Gallio cared for none of those things.*" For more than one hour and a half (and the time seemed short) did he address that vast assembly, and their attention and solemnity showed that no unimportant subject was presented,—no ordinary speaker was addressing them. As he progressed in his discourse, his voice assumed an unusual clearness, pathos, and power, so that the most distant listener could hear and feel the heavenly message. In the next chapter will be found a sketch of the Doctor.

CHAPTER XXII.

REV. GEORGE PECK, D. D.

My soul is not at rest. There comes
A strange and secret whisper to my spirit
Like a dream of night, that tells me I am
On enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stoop
To play with earthly shadows, or pluck earthly
Flowers, till I my work have done and rendered up account.

Rev. George Peck, D. D., is now in his sixty-second year. For forty-two years he has been a preacher of the Gospel. Reared in humble circumstances, in early life bound down by poverty, unblessed by academical instruction, unadmitted to libraries, unaided by teachers, he has been struggling on and fighting his way up; watchful of opportunities for improvement, snatching at way-side facilities, gathering here a little and there a little, borrowing a history of one, buying a grammar of another, reading in kitchen corners, studying in log cabins in his backwoods' circuit, learning Latin of his son, joining a Hebrew class nineteen years after he began to preach, he has held on his course perseveringly, steadily, calmly, unwaveringly, until now he stands forth one of the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church, one of the Patriarchs of the clergy, respected, revered, relied upon, beloved.

Dr. Peck has preached faithfully and successfully forty-two years; but preaching has not been the act which has individualized him. Other men have preached faithfully and successfully, who, at the end of forty-two years, are undistinguished from their many brethren who have also preached faithfully and successfully. Dr. Peck has

done this, and he has done more than this. He has accomplished a special mission. This has individualized him; this has distinguished him. Of this we wish specially to speak; and after having thus introduced him to the general reader, we shall present a brief biographical sketch for the gratification of his many personal friends, who, already knowing the man, desire to know the history of his life. The special work to which we refer as constituting his mission, is the awakening of interest through the Methodist denomination in the education of her clergy, and the consequent exalting of the standard of literary and theological attainments. It is a notorious fact, that not many years ago a far larger proportion of our ministers were *uneducated* men, than at present.

In using the derivations of this word *education*, in this sketch, we shall employ it in its popular signification (which is, at the same time, a limited and technical one), as referring to the mental culture obtained in *schools* and by *books*. There is a meaning of this word, which is truer and broader. In this truer sense many men are educated, who, in the popular sense, pass for uneducated. There are many, who, versed in languages, and steeped in literature, stagger under the load of science stacked up in their brains, who are, nevertheless, uneducated men. Their mental, moral, and spiritual powers are not developed, brought out (*e-duco*), strengthened for efficient service—they are still in embryo, spiritually weak, dependent, creeping infants. There are other men who know little of books, but who can think, and reason, and feel, and influence, and accomplish, to such an extent, that they are the guides, the captains, pioneers in the march of life.

Some of these unlettered men seem to have intuitive knowledge. These are the "common sense" persons. Some have studied human science from the living volumes,

but have read few printed ones. Some have been trained in the school of active life; some have been disciplined by trials; some have been developed by silent thought and solitary reflection; and many have been apt scholars in the school of Christ. And all of these know little of text-books, or lexicons, or encyclopædias, and yet are truly educated—better educated than many a pale student who has paid his five dollars for a parchment. There have been many such among the Methodist clergy; and yet, because they are unlettered, unschooled, and undiplomaed, people call them uneducated—and, so shall we. We have dwelt upon this point because we would not be misunderstood, so as to seem to cast reproach upon men, who, with limited book knowledge, have become great teachers, and with scanty seed reap mighty harvests. There is no doubt but every one of these would be of an higher order of manhood, and be more effective ministers, if they were better versed in books. Dr. Peck felt this strongly, and hence he applied himself to the work of awakening an interest in education throughout our denomination, and of providing means for the more thorough training of the ministry. He contemplated especially the training of young men who expected soon to enter the work. When he was a young man, persons were sent out to preach by the Conferences, who knew nothing of the languages in which the Scriptures were written; who could not decline *hic*, *hæc* nor *hoc;* who knew nothing of Biblical criticism; who were untrained in philosophical principles; nay, who could neither read with fluency, nor write with correctness. They were men of strong minds, but whose strength might be used to promote error as well as to establish truth. They were men of large, beating hearts, but whose impulses, while they aimed to warm into being a love for God, might kindle the wild-fire of fanaticism. They were men of zeal, but sometimes, "zeal not

according to knowledge." They were men of a most self-sacrificing spirit, but there was danger that, in the sacrifice of self, they would also sacrifice the truth. They felt that they had received a "call" from Heaven to preach. They were as certain of their commission, as was Paul, on his way to Damascus, when the light above the brightness of the sun shone around him. Like Paul they answered, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" But, unlike Paul, they were not blessed with a thorough education With the gratitude of redemption, with the warmth of a first love, with the assurance of a divine commission, they present themselves to the Conference, and the Conference sends them forth. They go into the new settlements. They gather about them people more unlettered than themselves. They preach in cabins, and in log school-houses, with an eloquence fired by devotion, but unassisted by education. They ofttimes utter words of the deepest wisdom, but sometimes proclaim reasonings the most sophistical, and sentiments the most absurd. They sometimes strive to increase their stock of knowledge while on the circuit, by studying while riding on horseback, as did Dr. Durbin, or retiring with a book to the corner of the kitchen—the whole of which is occupied by the family—as did Dr. Peck; but often they feel no necessity for this extra exertion, and frequently they could have no books if they realized the necessity. Such was a fair share of Methodist ministers but forty years ago. They accomplished great good, and left much good unaccomplished. They were the pioneers of the Church. They mounted the foremost wave as the tide of civilization rolled over the Western prairies, and they cast the bread of life upon the waters, which is now being gathered "after many days." They could live on one hundred dollars a year—preach seven times each week—exhort daily from house to house—sleep on the floor—walk from

one frontier settlement to another—and at the end of the year report themselves strong and hearty to the Conference, and receive their credentials for another year's campaign. We honor them for their devotion; we bless them for the good they accomplished; and we believe God freely forgave all their mistakes.

From the very success of these uneducated men, has resulted the conviction in quite too many minds in our own communion, that a liberal education is by no means necessary to the Gospel minister, that extensive literary attainments are prejudicial to the spirituality and success of the ministry. We would enter our protest against anything or anybody that would canonize ignorance and bigotry. Persons, among us, who sneer at education, so far as they have influence, bring reproach upon religion and Methodism. Ignorant of the early history of Methodism, and cherishing the memory of those thrilling and peculiar times when God powerfully blessed an uneducated ministry, they fallaciously conclude that those revival scenes would be perpetuated by perpetuating an ignorant ministry. Such persons "forget that Methodism, like the Reformation, like modern missions, and like almost every other great movement of the evangelical world, had its birth in an institution of learning. It sounded its first trumpet, and commenced its march over the world, from within the gates of a university. Most of its great leaders were learned men. Wesley, its founder and legislator, was fellow of a college; Charles Wesley, its psalmist, was a collegian in the same university; Coke, its first American Bishop, and the founder of its missions, bore the highest title of the learned world; Benson was a university student; Fletcher was the president of a theological school; Clarke was a student of universal knowledge. Among our own great names, are those of Ruter, Emory, Fisk, Olin, and others of the dead and the living.

Were these men unfitted for the demands of Methodism, by their intellectual culture? Had we a ministry to-day, composed of all such men, our banners would soon wave over the world."

The planting of Methodism in this country, was attended with peculiar trials. The population was rapidly increasing, schools were few and far between, and Methodist ministers were treated as innovators. Nevertheless, their word was "in demonstration of the Spirit." The demands of the work were pressing. Under such circumstances, uneducated men were encouraged to enter the ministry. The intelligence of the ministry and the literature of the Church, had not kept pace with the achievements of the pulpit. At this juncture, Dr. Peck stepped forth, and his timely and successful efforts demand grateful acknowledgment from the Church. While Dr. Fisk was arousing New England to the importance of education, and inaugurating an era that was to dot the land of the Pilgrims with Methodist seminaries, Dr. Peck gave his attention to the wants of the ministry, and brought into existence and activity the means of their relief.

We quote from an address which he delivered in 1854. The state of the ministry at that time, and the views he entertained respecting an educated ministry, are ably set forth.

"As a body of ministers, we have less literature than is, at the present day, highly necessary to give us that commanding influence over the community which will render us adequate to the emergencies of the times in which we live. This proposition, I think, all will concede; and I doubt not but all will unite most heartily in the inquiry after the causes and the remedy." * * * *

"General education lays the foundation for the cultivation of the several branches of science and literature. And hence a defective knowledge in any department of

literature may originate in a defective general education. Here, then, we are undoubtedly to look for some of the causes of the deficiency in ministerial education. We shall find, upon due inquiry, that the difficulty commences with the very rudiments of knowledge. The teachers employed, the books and systems of instruction used in our early years, were most wofully defective. And hence the false notions which we imbibed in childhood from these sources have crippled our efforts in after life, and some of their evil effects we may carry to our graves. But some of us have labored under still other embarrassments, growing out of our circumstances in life, location, habits of thinking, &c., which, however, I need not detail.

"But as to the means of education in the *higher branches*, there is still greater cause of complaint. Until these few years past, the Methodist Church exerted next to no influence over the high schools and colleges in the country, and had none under its immediate patronage. Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury made a laudable effort to raise the standard of literature among the Methodists, by erecting Cokesbury College. This institution was opened on the 8th of December, 1787, with twenty-five students. But it had scarcely begun to shed its genial rays upon our infant community, before, by a mysterious Providence, its light was extinguished. It was destroyed by fire, December 4, 1795, about eight years after it was opened, and about ten after laying the foundation of the edifice. A long and gloomy night succeeded the catastrophe of this rising institution, during which no effectual provision was made for the literary improvement of our Church. Our fathers were so constantly employed in meeting the numerous and pressing calls for labor which came up from every quarter of our widely-extended country, and in thrusting themselves into the thousand doors which were opening for the preaching of the word and the conversion

of souls (and some of them, too, hastily concluding that the destruction of Cokesbury College was an indication of Providence that the Methodists did not need, and ought not to have, literary institutions); that no similar effort was made, no college or seminary erected, or brought under the especial patronage of any Annual Conference, for more than twenty years!

"The consequence was such as would be naturally expected. The literature of the Methodist Episcopal Church, struggling under such disadvantages, remained low. Most of our people who had the means of giving their sons a liberal education, were averse to putting them under the influence and instruction of such men as branded Methodism as a novel heresy, and might think it a good work to alienate them from it. Consequently, few who became Methodist preachers ever had it in their power to take a regular course in the higher branches of education; not to say that many of us, from the necessities of honest poverty (which, I suppose, ought not to be reckoned to us a sin), never had the means to find our way into a college, or enter an academy or high school, had we been ever so much disposed, or had there been institutions of these classes ever so much to our liking."

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"As things now are, and as it is to be feared they may too long continue, our candidates for the ministry are left with very little to aid them in plodding their way through the preparatory studies which we appoint them: and these are comparatively limited, and in several branches quite inadequate."

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"We have all remarked the disadvantages which accrue to the Church from the course which some of our most talented ministers feel themselves compelled to pursue. During their two years' probation, they have so much to

study, and with so few helps, that they have little time for anything else. After entering, they feel that they have *but just commenced* their course of reading and study; that nothing should occasion a relaxation of their application to books, or retard them in their regular course. And so, at least in the opinion of many of the people, they prosecute their studies at the expense of regular pastoral duties. And who knows how much the work has actually suffered from this course? But that such ministers do themselves suffer indescribably, every one knows who has made the experiment. And that it is no small source of mortification to be called in question by the people for neglecting to visit them, and to feel that many things of more or less interest to the Church must be left undone, or a regular course of reading and study be abandoned, or but partially attended to, many have proved by sad experience. Many, influenced by these difficulties, have abandoned their regular course of study early in their ministry, and have labored for many years, and perhaps will continue to do so through life, with but scanty literary qualifications. All these facts are perfectly obvious to every one who has been but a cursory observer of the Methodist ministry for these few years past."

With a clear view to the evils incident to an uneducated ministry, a view rendered vivid by personal experience in early life, Dr. Peck set himself to work to introduce a reform. He pressed the subject upon the attention of his brethren; he addressed Conferences; he advocated the study of the Greek and Hebrew; he proposed that additional qualifications should be necessary to a license to preach; that more time should be allowed for preparation; that in the list of books prescribed for examination the starting point should be higher, and consequently the advance greater; that money should be appropriated for the assistance of indigent young men while engaged in

preparatory studies; that suitable text-books should be prepared, and theological libraries established; that competent ministers should be employed to instruct their younger brethren; and that a magazine should be established, "of a high literary and critical character, in which should be published translations of select articles from the German critics, critical notices of new foreign publications, with reviews of the new works which are published at home and abroad;" and which would be calculated "to call out powerful pens which are now slumbering, and, no doubt, will continue to slumber, until some such communication is introduced."

Dr. Peck earnestly recommended the study of the Greek and Hebrew.

"An argument of no little force, in favor of some provision for efficient aid in the study of the higher branches of theological literature, is derived from the advanced and constantly advancing state of *Biblical learning* in the country. An increasing attention is now paid to the original Scriptures; and the real importance of the knowledge of the languages in which our sacred books were written, to a minister of the Gospel, appears now to be universally felt and acknowledged. The originals are now studied and referred to, as the last and highest authority, by theologians and preachers of all classes—orthodox and heterodox. So much is this the case, that it is thought disreputable for the minister, under ordinary circumstances, not to have some knowledge of them; and one is constantly liable to meet some antagonist who makes pretensions, either true or false, to a knowledge of the original languages of the Bible."

"That much has been done by learned and judicious commentators to remove difficulties and clear away obscurities from the Scriptures, will not be questioned; but the diligent student of the Bible and of sacred criticism can-

not but be convinced that much more remains to be done. And a share of this, by reading the originals, any one may do for himself, much more to his own satisfaction than another may do it for him. Indeed it is impossible that all the beauty, force, and shades of meaning, contained in the originals, should ever be fully developed by translators and commentators. If it could be done, as St. John says of a history of all the actions of Christ, 'the world itself could not contain the books which would be written' upon the subject. But by a bare ability to read the originals with tolerable facility, the Biblical student is able to explain many passages, upon which he would find nothing satisfactory in the critics and commentators if he should search the whole of them."

An additional extract from the same address will be given to show the necessity of an educated ministry. These were the early views of Dr. Peck, and time and experience have demonstrated his wisdom.

"Intelligence and literature are at all times and in all places essential qualifications of the Gospel minister. But these qualifications are especially necessary in an age when the arts and sciences are cultivated with the greatest avidity, and in a country where they are the national birthright of all classes of the community. The improvements which have been made in the systems of education, and the multiplication of facilities for the attainment of knowledge within these few years past, have greatly improved the literature of the country, and considerably elevated the literary character of all classes of the community. And it requires no extraordinary penetration to see that the Christian ministry must make corresponding advances or fall behind the times, and, consequently, go into disrepute, and so expose the cause of Christianity to contempt. An unlettered ministry at this age of the Church, must be considered as fairly out of the

question. The present is emphatically an age of inquiry. And it is an age in which skepticism and infidelity are disseminated and openly avowed. The enemies of truth abate not a whit of their zeal and malignity. They are incessant in their attacks upon the foundation of our faith. They assume a variety of false colors and deceptive garbs. Stale and antiquated objections to fundamental truths are diligently sought out and revived, and men's brains are put to the rack to find out new ones. Old heresies are daily dug out of the rubbish of antiquity, and novel ones are coined, and both are disseminated with more than Apostolic ardor; and our people are daily becoming more inquisitive and intelligent. How our ministry is to be qualified for the emergency growing out of all these facts, is a question of the deepest interest, both to our Church and to the community. The present is not the age of miracles. We are not now authorized to expect that 'it shall be given to us in the self-same hour what we ought to speak.' The object is now placed within the grasp of the ordinary means; and, when this is the case, God does not ordinarily put forth his miraculous powers, but we are required to make use of the appointed means, and then look to him who gives the *increase* for his blessing."

But it was not alone by portraying the evils incident to an uneducated ministry, and proposing plans for a thorough and systematic education, that Dr. Peck, in the origination and prosecution of this great reform, distinguished himself. He laid hold with his own hands of the work which he advised to be done. He was an active participator in the establishment of the Cazenovia Seminary. In the year 1817, he drew up a report, which was presented to the Conference, in favor of the project of such a school, in which he earnestly set forth the necessity of means for literary improvement, and subsequently bore an active part in the purchase

of the building, and in the organization of the institution. It is worthy of notice that he subscribed toward the cost of the building, twenty-five dollars, when he was not worth a cent in the world, and afterwards earned the sum and paid it. Eighteen years afterwards he was appointed Principal of the institution, and held the post for four years. He was also the originator, and the first editor of the Quarterly Review, a periodical which ranks among the very first in our country.

Such a periodical was much needed, and the influence and ability of its first editor were considered a guarantee of its success. Dr. Peck fulfilled the predictions of his friends as editor. Dr. McClintock, the ripe scholar, and the stout theologian, was next appointed editor of the Review. At present, Dr. Whedon conducts it. As Dr. Peck took the editorial chair, his views of the proposed Review were ably presented in an editorial, one paragraph of which we transcribe:—

"It is the genius of Methodism to enter every open door, and to supply every agency called for by the exigency of the times. Now, it strikes us that here is a wide door open; and instrumentality called for, which, under the circumstances, is absolutely indispensable. We are aware that our 'sling and stone,' in former times, brought down many a proud Goliah. But this is no proof that *now*, after God has put into our hands swords and shields, and engines of war, that we have no need of them; and that our institutions can be defended, and be brought up to the desirable point of efficiency and successful operation, without them. Indeed, all the resources within our reach should be called into requisition, and the instruments by which others are exerting a mighty influence over the intelligence of the age, are not to be judged unimportant to our success and security."

More than a quarter of a century has rolled by, since Dr. Peck began to agitate the question of clerical education. It has been a season of rich growth, and of great progress, in the Methodist denomination—a season of manifold changes, and of striking improvement. The labors of Dr. Peck, and of his associates, who sympathized and acted with him, have been crowned with abundant success. The seed-time has passed, and the harvest is being gathered. The day has gone by when people look strangely at the mention of a Methodist college, and when the term "Methodist minister" may be used as a synonym for ignorance and boorishness.

The suggestions for improvement, made by him, have become living realities. A regular system of education has been established. Text-books have been prepared; the hand of timely aid is in some specific instances extended to the indigent youth, who are preparing for their Master's service; libraries have been founded for their advantage; Methodist colleges, and Methodist seminaries, are in flourishing operation; Methodist religious newspapers rank in merit and circulation with those of the Presbyterians, the Baptists, and the Episcopalians; The Methodist Quarterly Review is justly distinguished for the ability and elegance of its contributions, while the Methodist Book Concern is issuing its valuable publications in incalculable numbers. Such has been the improvement in the *means* for the education of the ministry; and the change has not been less striking on the part of the ministers. There are still uneducated men in the ministerial ranks, but the ratio is greatly reduced; and though the change is so recent, that the Presbyterians of some quiet country village, still continue to be a little puzzled, at discovering that the Methodist preacher who has come among them is a man of polished eloquence, of literary acquirements, and of refined taste;

yet the change is made, and the improvement is going forward. Success to its progress, and speed to its consummation! Few of those in other denominations, who have noticed this change, know that it is the result of plans concocted, and efforts put forth years ago; and still fewer know how much the denomination is indebted to the subject of this sketch for the change they notice, and the progress they so gladly recognise. And while we give full credit to him, and wish that others also should share in our thank offering, we would not offend his sense of justice, or our own, by omitting to mention that other men of liberal views, and large hearts, have also labored to the same good end.

We will now proceed to give an outline of Dr. Peck's life in accordance with our proposed design. It will be a record of no startling or striking incidents; but mostly of those changes from place to place incident to the life of a Methodist minister. The interest of the sketch may be diminished in the estimation of those who are unacquainted with Dr. Peck; but even such will glean instruction from our sketch, while, among his wide circle of friends, the interest felt in the individual will be transferred to the facts, assured, as they may be, that the statement is reliable.

George Peck was born on the 8th of August, 1797, in the town of Middlefield, Otsego Co., New York. His parents were natives of Connecticut, having removed from that state about a year previous. Both of his grandfathers were soldiers in the Revolution, and both fell while fighting the battles for freedom. His father was a blacksmith, a man of industrious and frugal habits. Both of his parents were godly people, bringing up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, devoting *special* care to their religious training. They were members of the Congregationalist Church while in Connecticut

but after their removal to New York united with the Methodists. Their family consisted of five sons and six daughters. Of these, all survive except two of the daughters. The sons are all ministers. One, Jesse T. Peck, D. D., an author of some celebrity, was, for some time, President of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., and is now in California planting Methodism in that new and rising state.

They abounded in Christian hospitality, and their house was a home for the travelling preachers. From an early age, George was especially fond of listening to the conversation of these worthy partakers of his father's bounty. It was his theological education. At that time, the seeds of truth were dropped, which have since borne fruit so abundantly. It is thus that well-doing is often rewarded in this life. The father shared his slender earnings with his religious teachers. Heaven accepted the willing gift, and spiritual blessings descended upon his household. In the way of education, the children had no better advantages than were furnished by the district school, which was not of a high order. During one winter, in his eighteenth year, George attended a better school, where he studied English grammar. This was the sum total of his academical education.

From childhood, he was the subject of strong religious impressions. The teachings of his parents, and the conversations of the visiting clergy, were received into an open and a susceptible heart. The deep emotions frequently aroused by the presentation of religious truth were, however, as evanescent as the emotions of childhood usually are. The tide of youthful feeling ebbs and flows with a rapidity only equalled by its strength. There was the sorrow for sin, the gush of penitential tears, the forgetfulness and the laughing glee—the sunshine of the heart again as bright as if no cloud had just cast its

dark shadow on the soul. As boyhood came on, there was the usual tendency to boyhood's hatred of restraint and love of waywardness. When in his sixteenth year, however, a wonderful escape from instant death was the occasion of a more earnest reflection, which resulted ultimately in a consecration of himself to his Heavenly Father. One Sabbath afternoon he had eluded the watchful care of his parents, and wandered with his younger brother into the woods to gather nuts. While there, a fearful tempest came on, and the great forest trees fell before the blast. A giant hemlock was prostrated close by the youthful truants. As it came to the ground, they were enveloped in the branches, and its huge trunk lay but three feet from where they stood. The narrow escape made an ineffaceable impression. The future world was brought very nigh with its eternal interests. Though he relapsed into his former carelessness, yet the impressions of that hour did not wholly wear away; and one year subsequently to the occurrence, gratitude for deliverance from death, and remorse for sin, were changed into gratitude for pardon from on high, and the unspeakable joy of being accounted a child of God.

In his nineteenth year, in the year 1816, he began to preach. His first circuit was in Broome county, New York. About this time, or somewhat earlier, he applied himself most vigorously to reading and study. He was in earnest to accomplish good. His heart was wholly absorbed in leading others to the Saviour he so much loved. Hence he entered thus early into the active duties of the preacher, and hence, when he felt the need of mental discipline and information, he bent all the energies not employed in preaching, to his studies. In the summer he would often go into the woods with his books, where he was sure of undisturbed seclusion, and in the winter he would retire

to the log cabin. This zeal in the pursuit of knowledge has characterized his life ever since. Indomitable perseverance has conquered the obstacles that opposed him, and to a surprising degree overcome the defects of his early education. During these first years of his ministry he usually preached six or seven times each week, and occasionally even twice that amount, and withal reading, reading incessantly. He went by the name of the "boy-preacher," youthful as he was in appearance and in reality. His zeal and earnestness naturally brought him into collision with the opposers of religion, and the partisans of other sects. He became involved in many a smart theological skirmish, which, while it quickened his mind and developed his powers, pressed more and more upon his attention the necessity of a thorough training, and stimulated him on in his course of study. Such was his progress that before he preached a year he was consulted by other ministers on matters of information and criticism.

In 1817 he was appointed to the Cortland Circuit, within the limits of which now stands the Cazenovia Seminary. At this time it was that he exerted himself in the purchase of the building which was afterward appropriated to that institution. It was during this year that his great exertions and some imprudence in speaking induced a disease of the lungs, and for awhile his life was despaired of, but from this attack he entirely recovered.

In 1818 he was appointed to the Wyoming Circuit, on the Susquehanna, the place rendered immortal by the genius of Campbell, no less than by the terrible Indian massacre that depopulated its fair valley.

> On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!
> Although the wild flower on thy ruined wall,

And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! May I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

To the locality of that fearful massacre reference is made in the third chapter of this work. That year he was married to Miss Myers, whose mother was one of the sufferers in the Indian invasion. She was in Forty Fort, being then sixteen years of age. A minute description of this occurrence may be found in a recent work from the pen of Dr. Peck, issued the past year by the Harpers, entitled "WYOMING, *its History, Romantic Adventures, &c.*"

We cannot stop to detail the toils and incidents of his term of service on the Wyoming Circuit. He was in "labors more abundant," and great success attended those labors. The writer has met many who point to that time, and to the services of Dr. Peck, with pious enthusiasm, saying, "*I was converted then.*"

In 1819 he entered on the Bridgewater Circuit in Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania. This part of the country was newly settled. Only one good road was constructed throughout the county. The people were poverty-stricken, and Brother Peck (we may call him brother, for he had not been *doctored* then) received during the whole year *only fifty-six dollars for his salary, of which only about one-half was paid in money.* The generosity of friends supplied what was lacking for the support of life. This was a life of hardship, and yet let no one suppose it was an unhappy life. It is not loaded tables, and equipages, and mahogany, and silk, and damask that can create happiness. It is the self-denying toil for others' good; the

care, tender and strong, for our brother man, that wakens in the soul a deep and abiding joy which poverty cannot starve nor persecution destroy.

In 1820 he travelled Canaan Circuit, Wayne county, Pennsylvania, and in 1821 was placed on the Saquoit Station, Oneida county, New York. He was still prosecuting his studies with unremitted vigor, and it is well for some of his brethren to be informed that he planned to read commentaries on the whole Bible, and he accomplished it by reading Dr. Clarke's Commentary on the Historical Books, Dr. Scott's on the Prophecies, and Dr. Cooke's on the New Testament. It is enough to make one grow thin and pale, to see these huge volumes piled together, and imagine the reading of them by course in one year—besides preaching nearly as many sermons as there are days.

In 1822 he removed to Utica, where he spent two years. During this term his reading time was devoted especially to history. Ramsay's Universal History, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, Prideaux's Work on the Connection between the Old and New Testaments, two Histories of England, and several Histories of the United States, were perused. We are careful to note these intellectual labors in connection with pulpit and pastoral work, since they show the toilsome ascent by which the subject of this sketch has reached his high position in the religious and literary world. Ye young ministers who are limping along through your Conference studies, offering sundry excuses for being reported *deficient*, and trying to get into Conference by being *begged* in by your Presiding Elders, read this narrative and repent before God of your indolence. *Give attention to reading.* Here is a man who had fewer advantages at the commencement of his ministry than yourselves, preached two sermons to your one, and studied

more in one year than some men study in a lifetime. The title of "D. D." well becomes him.

In 1824 he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Susquehanna District. In a new country, where the state of society is unsettled, and the ministry uneducated and inexperienced, this post is one of great responsibility and difficulty. It is a mark of unusual confidence that he should have received the appointment so early in life, being now only in his twenty-seventh year. He was also elected this year to the General Conference, it being the first year he was eligible. His district was bounded on the north by Bainbridge, Norwich, and Lisle; on the east by the Delaware; on the south by Wilkesbarre, and on the west by Ithaca and Wellsborough.

In 1826, he was again appointed to the Wyoming Circuit. The Genesee Conference then included all that territory now known as Black River, Genesee, East Genesee, Oneida, and Wyoming Conferences. It was during this year that Dr. Peck was led to the preparation and publication of his first book, entitled "Universal Salvation Considered, and the Eternal Punishment of the Finally Impenitent Established." The circumstances of the case were peculiar. It seems that a Universalist periodical was commenced in the preceding year, at Montrose, entitled "The Candid Examiner." In the seventh number, the editor gave a challenge to any one who differed in opinion with him on the subject of eternal punishment, in the following language:—

"We also would say to all our opposers, that we are open to conviction, and that the columns of this paper will be gladly granted to their service, should they wish to refute the doctrine of its conductor. If our doctrine is as absurd and as unscriptural as they insinuate, it is their duty to show it. We then say again to our opposers, *if there is light let it shine.* Remember that you must

answer to your God for your criminality, by permitting what you call *our darkness* to extinguish *your light.* Open and fair dealing comports with a good religion—stratagem and intrigue it will spurn out of its presence. Come, then, let us reason together."

The editor had previously made similar proposals, and, as no one came forward to take up the glove so manfully cast down, Dr. Peck saw fit to enter the list himself, and was welcomed in these words:—

"We welcome 'Observer' into the columns of the Examiner, and promise him a candid hearing and all due attention. His design in coming forward is laudable, and we hope if our 'bulwarks' are vulnerable, he will bring forward 'engines' powerful enough to demolish them."

The plan was embraced in five short numbers, which the editor published promptly, giving replies at the same time. A second series was then commenced by Dr. Peck, in answer to the articles of the editor, which were published until the fifth number, and then discontinued without any statement of the reason, until several weeks had elapsed, when the editor alleged as an excuse the want of room. This means of publication being closed, Dr. Peck gathered his articles together and published them in book form. We mention this circumstance to illustrate the spirit of the man. He has always been ready to defend what he deemed the truth, wherever and whenever an opportunity was afforded. Some may deem this a failing rather than a virtue. We think otherwise. He has battled nobly for the truth, and in the conflict has given at once the evidence of manly principle, Christian courtesy, and extensive knowledge. Those who have read his controversial writings have been impressed with his good temper and candor. When exposing the pretensions and absurdities of Romanism, he has at times appeared severe, but his severity was rendered necessary by the *subject.*

In 1827, Dr. Peck was stationed in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and in 1828 at Ithaca, New York, where he remained two years, and during this time vigorously prosecuted the study of metaphysics and history.

In 1830, he was again stationed in Utica. A new church had just been built. Good progress had been made since he was last there. But, in the spring of 1831, he was obliged to leave on account of the utter failure of his health. His labors had been excessive. There had been great interest in religion, and he had preached almost every day for a long time. Nearly one hundred persons were supposed to have become true servants of God under his labors. During the summer, he so far recruited that, at the Conference in July, he was able to be appointed to the Cazenovia Station. This was a field of lighter labor than the one he had left, inasmuch as he could have the assistance of the Seminary. There he resumed the study of Greek, under the direction of the Professor of Languages, which he had previously undertaken alone. During the fall of 1832, the society erected a stone church, at a cost of seven thousand dollars, so much had it advanced since 1817, when he preached to them in a private room.

In the winter of 1832–33, Dr. Peck was invited to the dedication of a new church at Auburn, New York. The occasion and the preaching were the means of exciting a wonderful religious interest, which detained him there for three weeks, during which time he preached every evening, and twice on the Sabbath. Such was the state of the Society, and so great the interest felt in Dr. Peck, that he was forthwith removed from Cazenovia, and labored in that place for two years. While there, he connected himself with the theological seminary, in the study of Hebrew. Professor Mills received him as a friend and brother, and afforded him much valuable assistance, not only by allow-

ing him free access to a valuable private library, but also by familiar and instructive conversation. Here he formed many friendships, which have never been lost sight of in the lapse of time, or the distance of sectarian separation.

He had always directed his studies with a view to good preaching. He had, as yet, no purpose to enter his name upon the list of public writers, nor had he a suspicion that such was to be his future lot. But in 1835 he was appointed Principal of the Cazenovia Seminary, and from this time may be dated the commencement of a new era in his life—the literary era. There he had more time for study, though he still continued to preach twice on the Sabbath, and had charge of the departments of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Hebrew, and Rhetoric, and of the government of the institution. His public duties were numerous, and he pursued his studies with the zeal of the true student, and yet he found time to use his pen, for in addition to his numerous contributions to the periodical literature of the Church, he published at the Book Room, in 1837, The Lives of the Apostles and Evangelists. This valuable work is now in the Sunday School Library.

In the winter of 1838–39, he travelled south with his wife, on account of her ill health, and spent the winter in Wheeling. But he was not idle. He took charge of a school, and preached nearly every other evening. The hospitality of the inhabitants of Wheeling is widely known, and Dr. Peck was blessed with personal experience of their generosity. In the spring of 1839, he continued his journey to Nashville, St. Louis, and the Rock River country, returning home by the Ohio, to Wyoming. In the summer he was appointed Presiding Elder of the Susquehanna District, over which he travelled one year.

In the spring of 1840, he was appointed first Editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review. This post he held until 1848, when he was transferred to the editorship of the

Christian Advocate and Journal. This post he filled for four years, with credit to himself and satisfaction to the Church.

In 1842, he published an elaborate work on "Christian Perfection," of 470 octavo pages, in which the doctrine is stated and defended, and a critical and historical examination of the controversy on this subject, both in early and in later times, is appended. In its historical portion it presents the views entertained by Clement, Ignatius, Irenæus, Erasmus, Cudworth, and many others. It has had an extensive circulation, and, we believe, has done great good. In 1848, an abridgment of it was published for popular circulation: the larger work is a text-book in the course of ministerial study. In 1844, he published a work entitled, "Appeal from Tradition to Scripture and Common Sense, or an Answer to the Question, What constitutes the Divine Rule of Faith and Practice?" The preparation of this cost the author a great expenditure of thought and research; but the value of it fully repays the labor,—this is also a theological text-book. While in New York, Dr. Peck edited a volume of sketches of eminent ministers of the British Conference. His pen has not lain idle an hour apparently, for, besides the preparation of octavos for the press, he has furnished numerous "Essays" and "Critical Reviews," which, if collected, would make two stout volumes.

In 1846, Dr. Peck visited England as a delegate from a large number of Methodist Churches in this country to the "Evangelical Alliance," which held its distinguished meetings in London. During the sitting he made a powerful speech, which was reported and published in full. It was delivered to a resolution, which enjoined upon all the members of the Alliance who may be connected with the press, to carry out the principles of Christian union, charity, and politeness in their writings,—and is pervaded

with an excellent spirit, which well sets forth the generous spirit of the man.

The Doctor's connection with the slavery question demands a passing notice. All are aware, that in the General Conference of 1844, held in New York, the question came up for discussion. The Methodist Church had been anti-slavery from the beginning in sentiment and legislation, but unfortunately some of her members in the slave states had become involved in the evil. The ministry must be kept free,—and this was well understood. Bishop Andrew, by marriage, became the owner of slaves, and he refused to give any assurance to the Conference that he would free them. The Conference required him to desist from the duties of the episcopal office; and the South, deeply offended, seceded and set up for themselves under the title of "*The Methodist Episcopal Church* SOUTH." When the division, or rather *secession*, became a certainty, the Conference unwisely fixed a dividing line, coincident for the most part with "Mason and Dixon's line."

At this Conference Dr. Peck was a prominent candidate for the episcopacy. All will concede that his position on the slavery question greatly modified the vote. We have reason to bless God that the Methodist Episcopal Church has, since her organization, been favored with Bishops who have, without exception, proved themselves wise in counsel, humble in piety, unyielding in integrity, and efficient in labors; nevertheless, many regrets have been expressed, that Dr. Peck was not elected to the episcopacy. No man ever questioned his qualifications for the office. Even some of the Bishops are frank in expressing their regret that he is not one of their number. One of them recently made this remark, or its equivalent: Dr. Peck, I always feel embarrassed when presiding in Conference where you are. Your age and experience

seem to say, that *you* should preside." The worthy Bishop who made the remark ranks high as a scholar and divine, and what he said evinced at once his Christian modesty and his just appreciation of the piety and talents of Dr. Peck.

The vote of the Conference of 1844, requiring Bishop Andrew to desist from episcopal duties, was followed by a protest from Dr. Bascom. Dr. Peck was selected to reply to this protest. He did so in an able volume of 140 pages, under the title of "Slavery and the Episcopacy." The title was a great annoyance to the South, and they found it easier to find fault therewith than to answer the arguments of the book.

In 1852 he became a member of the Wyoming Conference, and was stationed at Wilkesbarre. Two years of successful labor there revived old friendships and formed many new ones. In 1854 he was appointed to the Wyoming District. In 1855 he took the Binghamton District. At the expiration of one year he was stationed in Scranton, Pa., where he labored efficiently for two years. During his labors upon this station he prepared and published "Wyoming, its History, Romantic Adventures, &c.," a work that is having an extensive sale, and has received high commendations from literary men both in this country and in England. At present he is Presiding Elder of the Wyoming District. Though admonished that his probation is rapidly drawing to a close, he labors on with the ardor of youth. He is at present preparing a History of Methodism in the Wyoming Conference. This will do honor to his ripe scholarship and patient research. From what we have been able to learn of the character of the work it will exceed in thrilling interest any former production.

His present residence is Scranton, Pa., where, in a neat and inviting home, he hopes to spend the residue of life surrounded by the cheering fruits of his early toil and

sacrifice. He stands among us as Bunting stood among the Methodists in England. When it pleases God to take him hence, a bereaved Church will mourn his loss.

Much as he has done, we would ask him to do more—to collect and arrange his writings in a uniform set of volumes. This will be what all will appeciate. Dr. Beecher has laid the religious world under obligation by pursuing this course with his own productions. Let two of the smaller works make one volume; let the "Reviews" make a separate volume; while his "Essays" and "Addresses" make an additional one. His General Conference Speeches must not be lost: they would make a valuable book. But why enumerate? Let all the children of his pen be gathered into an unbroken household, and over the whole, as a presiding genius, let the Doctor's Autobiography be placed; or in lieu thereof some able hand write his life. In the above paragraph we have expressed the wishes of many.

Thus have we presented the leading facts in the life of Dr. Peck up to the present time. We utter the wish that he may be spared to fill up many a year with rich experiences and good works. He has wrought well. It is a good work to arouse a denomination to educational advance. It is a good work to prepare elaborate volumes, which are worthy of adoption in the list of theological text-books. It is a good work to successfully fill the editorial chair for twelve years. It is a good work to preside over a prosperous seminary. But in the accomplishment of all these, it must not be forgotten that he has preached uninterruptedly for forty-two years, and has delivered during that time not less than eight thousand sermons.

Ye who rise early and toil late to hoard up gold, which ye spend in building sumptuous dwellings, where ye live or yourselves and die with no breath of gratitude to waft your spirits up to Heaven—ye who struggle, and manœu-

vre, and electioneer, sacrificing principle and peace to win earthly power, which ye use for your own higher elevation, and never to benefit the people who exalted you—ye who live in lazy indolence, consuming the harvests your soft hands have neither sown nor reaped—as ye consider the life which has here been sketched, the summer serenity of its declining, and the joyful memories and heavenly hopes of its possessor, well may ye, in loathing of your own positive transgression and fearful omission of duty, envy the hardships, and poverty, and lowliness, and toil, and reward of the self-sacrificing, man-loving, God-fearing minister, who has, in this world, trials and labor; but "in the world to come, life everlasting."[1]

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1 "Holden's Dollar Magazine," for 1849, contained a sketch of Dr. Peck. We have been permitted to avail ourselves of that article in preparing this, and would here make the acknowledgment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVERTED, AND THE MURDERERS SAVED.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departing hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.

It is Sunday, one o-clock, P. M. Thousands are on the ground. Some are walking, some sitting, some conversing, some in groups on or about the ground, while a few are alone, and their seriousness leads us to infer that, possibly, they are reflecting on the solemn sermon preached to them this morning. All are hurrying to eternity; but how few realize it! It will not be profitable to mix with the throng, and we will return to our tent and spend the time in conversation and prayer. Reader, by your permission, you shall have the best seat, and enjoy with us a camp meeting talk.

"A great many people here to-day."

"Yes, and there are some here to-day, that have probably heard a Gospel sermon for the first time."

"You must mean the Catholics."

"Yes, I mean them. A large number attended to-day, and they listened with deep interest."

"O, you can't make anything of the Catholics," affirms one who evidently has but little of that "*charity that hopeth all things.*"

"I noticed," says Sister S., "that one Catholic woman wept while Dr. Peck was preaching; and after the sermon

she turned to me and said, 'I know he is a good man, he is so *earnest*. I never heard such preaching before.'"

"Perhaps," we ventured to affirm, "this meeting will be the means of her conversion. I am encouraged to labor for the conversion of the followers of the Pope. I have seen many of them converted."

"Well," said our skeptical brother, "some of them may get converted, but there is no dependence to be put on them; and the priest, in trying twice can frighten them right back to say their prayers to the Virgin the same as ever."

"I am afraid that you know but little of the power of religion in your own heart, or you would not be so ready to doubt its efficacy on the hearts of others. You should read the incident related by the Rev. Wm. Arthur in his Address in behalf of Ireland. The Irish, though so many of them are degraded Catholics, are destined to see better days. For wit, heart, sympathy, they may be put beside the English, German, or French peasantry, and if they had been free from the Roman priesthood, and under the training of Protestantism, would have been to-day one of the most genial, generous, enlightened, and powerful races of the earth."

"Will you please relate the incident to which you allude?"

"I will. Perhaps it will be profitable to us all, as illustrating the simplicity of faith, while it shows that the 'Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto the salvation of the anxious Catholic."

In the distant part of Ireland there lived a farmer. On a certain occasion, the preacher who was travelling the Circuit, having heard of him, determined to pay him a visit, which he accordingly did. Almost as soon as he entered the house, the son of Wesley opened his message, and requested the privilege of preaching in the

neighborhood. This was granted; the word of God was attended with power; the Lord opened the farmer's heart, as he did that of Lydia of Thyatira; he opened his parlor and invited the preacher to make it a preaching-place. This, of course, was accepted with gladness; and it was not long before the farmer and his family and several of the neighbors were happily converted to God. A class was formed, and the farmer was appointed its leader.

"Was he the Catholic that was converted?"

"Have the goodness to be patient a moment; I am not through with the story."

The farmer had in his employ a cowherd, a Roman Catholic, who, hearing of what was going on, became wonderfully alarmed. It was his custom to bring the cows home at a certain hour in the day; but whenever the period arrived for meeting he was always sure to anticipate the time by an hour, that he might be away, and not be annoyed by the "Swadlers," as the Methodist preachers were called. While he was using all his precaution, the Spirit of God was silently, yet powerfully, working in the soul of the simple-hearted man. He had heard enough of Gospel truth, by rumor and otherwise, to awaken him to a sense of his lost condition, and he became sad and dispirited. As he went moping about with a dejected countenance, unfit for work, his wife said to him, one day:—

"Brian, what ails you? You are good for nothing."

"Molly, my dear, I'm afraid I'll lose my sowl."

"Lose your sowl, man! and how's that? Are ye not the best man in the parish, and don't ye attend to all your dues and duties? What have ye been doing? Have ye been murthering or robbing anybody?"

"Nae, Molly; the truth is, I'm afraid I'll lose my sowl—indade, I will lose my sowl!"

"Why, Brian, what makes you think that?"

"Because," said the deeply-convicted man, "I'm all dirty within!"

"My advice is that ye go immadiately to the praist, and tell him all about it."

Brian accordingly went to see the holy father, and commenced telling him how bad he was, and how badly he felt.

"What's the matter, Brian?'

Brian then related the conversation which passed between him and Molly, and closed by saying: "O, holy father, I am all dirty within!"

"O, you dog," said the priest, "you have been to hear the 'Swadlers' preach."

"Not I, yer riverence; I kept far enough away from them. To be sure I did, and never a one have I heard prache."

The priest then tried to allay his fears about his losing his soul, telling him to come to confession and attend the mass, and all would be well. But, alas! Brian grew worse and worse, until finally the priest told him to go to Loch Dergh, St. Patrick's purgatory. In the midst of Loch Dergh, or Red Lake, there was a rocky island, which was called St. Patrick's, or the purgatory for refractory, incurable Catholics. And indeed it was a purgatory, a bleak and dreary spot; and the banished ones were obliged to go barefoot upon the sharp stones, and kneel upon their bare knees, fasting, and praying to the Virgin, until they were restored, or had suffered sufficient to atone for their sins.

Brian accordingly went to Loch Dergh, and crossed over to Saint Patrick's purgatory, where he went through with the penance on his bare knees. After remaining there some time he returned home.

As soon as his wife saw him she said, "Well, you won't lose your sowl *now*."

"Och, dear," he replied, "I've been to Loch Dergh, but I am dirtier than I iver was before!"

"Well, then, you must go and see Father Tom agin," which he did, and the priest meeting him said, "Well, Brian, it's all right now."

"Nae, holy father, I'm dirtier and dirtier."

"Brian," said the priest, "you must try and get your spirits up. There is to be a dance at such a place; go, and don't forget to *take a drop;* it will do you good."

Brian, supposing that any advice from the clergy was right, never having been instructed otherwise, went to the dance, and did take a drop, but it was a drop too much, and he became intoxicated. He came home late at night, and his wife was awakened by hearing him rolling and roaring on the floor, saying, "Sure and I'll lose my sowl!"

She became alarmed, and commenced crying, and together they wept and prayed as well as they knew how until morning.

That day he went to his work, and, as usual, brought the cows home for his master; but he forgot that it was the day of the meeting. He concluded to stay and hear the preaching, and for this purpose took a seat outside near the door. The text was, "*What must I do to be saved?*" He found the sermon wonderfully to correspond with his own thoughts, and he became intensely interested. The preacher alluded to the different answers sometimes given to the question, "What must I do to be saved?" and among others he remarked that the poor convicted sinner is told to go to Loch Dergh and he will be saved.

"Och, I'll declare," said Brian audibly, "it's me sure. Hav'n't I been there?"

Sometimes he is asked to go and drink to drive away his sorrows.

"Och, and wasn't it only yisterday the praist towld me that same; and the divil's advice it was, too."

At this the master went out and brought him in and quieted him. After the preaching was ended, Brian whispered to his master, and said, "I would like to stay and spake to that gintleman." To this the master assented.

When the congregation was dismissed and they were about to hold class-meeting, his master requested him to stay, which he did; and when he was spoken to, got up and told the whole story we have been relating.

"You say," addressing the preacher, "that if I belave on the Lord Jasus Christ, I will be saved. How do you *know* that?"

"By the word of God," said the preacher.

"An' have you that word?"

"Here it is," said he, holding up the Bible. "'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

Brian sat down comforted; but before the class was through he sprang to his feet, and seizing the preacher, he said, "What ails me, sir? What ails me? I don't feel bad any more at all, at all; I'm all clane within."

"You are converted," the preacher replied.

"An' whin will ye convart agin? I'd like to have Molly convarted."

He went home a happy man, walking and leaping, and praising God. When he met his wife he exclaimed, "O, Molly, I'm all clane within! The Lord Jasus Christ has convarted my sowl."

On Sunday morning he took Molly with him to meeting, and it was not long before she was brought to taste the pardoning love of God. Still Brian had not forgotten his Church, and he said to his master, "Shall I go to mass?"

The master, believing that he was under the teachings and guidance of the Spirit, told him to go if he desired. He and Molly accordingly went to Church, and after the

ceremony of reading the prayers in Latin was over, the priest, addressing Brian and his wife, said, "Come up here, you heretic dog!" (Many a man has thus been singled out and denounced from the altar, and not long after had a bullet shot through his heart.) "You have deceived me, you arch heretic," continued the priest, "you have been to hear the '*Swadlers.*'"

"Yes, yer riverence, glory be to God! I have been convarted, and so has Molly."

"How dare you speak to me thus!" said the priest. "Go down on your knees before the altar, and pray to the Virgin, or I will curse you, bell, book and candle." Finding him unyielding, he then uttered the curse before the whole congregation. Candles were placed around, and at the ringing of a bell the curse began. All the saints, and angels, and holy martyrs, were invoked to curse him. The curse went into detail, extending to every member of his body, from his hair down to his toes. He was cursed in all possible conditions and circumstances in life. Such a curse everlasting malice only could invent. The person cursed was cut off from all the sympathies and aid of the congregation; and if he was a merchant, mechanic, or laboring man, all custom would at once be withdrawn. After the curse he was permitted to leave, and he went out, notwithstanding, a happy man; for how can a priest "curse whom God has not cursed."

Brian and Molly led consistent and pious lives, died in the faith, and went up to glory.

THE MURDERERS SAVED.

Many desperate sinners have been reached at camp meetings, that could be reached by no other means. We furnish an account of the conversion of two. The incident occurred at a camp meeting held in Tennessee,

under the direction of the far-famed Western preacher, Peter Cartwright. Let the incident be related in the words of the preacher:—"There were two young men in this settlement, of wealthy and respectable parentage, who were distantly related. They both were paying attention to a wealthy young lady. Some jealousy about rivalship sprung up between them; they were mutually jealous of each other, and it spread like an eating cancer. They quarrelled, and finally fought; both armed themselves, and each bound himself in a solemn oath to kill the other. Thus sworn, and armed with pistols and dirks, they attended camp meeting. I was acquainted with them, and apprised of the circumstances of this disagreeable affair. On Sunday, when I was addressing a large congregation, and was trying to enforce the terrors of the violated law of God, there was a visible power, more than human, rested on the congregation. Many fell under the preaching of the word. In closing my discourse, I called for mourners to come into the altar. Both these young men were in the congregation, and the Holy Spirit had convicted each of them; their murderous hearts quailed under the mighty power of God, and with dreadful feelings they made for the altar. One entered on the right, the other on the left. Each was perfectly ignorant of the other being there. I went deliberately to each of them, and took their deadly weapons from their bosoms, and carried them into the preachers' tent, and then returned and labored faithfully with them and others (for the altar was full) nearly all the afternoon and night. These young men had a sore struggle; but the great deep of their hearts was broken up, and they cried hard for mercy; and while I was kneeling by the side of one of them, just before the break of day, the Lord spoke peace to his wounded soul. He rose in triumph, and gave some thrilling shouts. I hastened to the other young man, at the

other side of the altar, and in less than fifteen minutes, God powerfully blessed his soul, and he rose and shouted victory; and as these young men *faced* about, they saw each other, and starting simultaneously, met about midway of the altar, and instantly clasped each other in their arms. What a shout went up to heaven from these young men, and almost the whole assembly that were present! There were a great many more who were converted that night, and, indeed it was a night long to be remembered for the clear conversion of souls. One of these young men made an able itinerant preacher. He travelled a few years, had a brilliant career, and spread the holy fire. He then fell sick, lingered awhile, and died triumphantly. There was a remarkable instance of the power of religion manifested in the change of these two young men. A few hours before, they were sworn enemies, thirsting for each other's blood; but now all those murderous feelings were removed from them, and behold! their hearts were filled with love. Old things were done away, and all things became new."

At two o'clock the vast multitude again assembled for worship. Rev. William Wyatt preached. His sermon we give in full; it was founded on Jacob's dream, and is known as his "Ladder Sermon." The sermon was followed by prayer meeting in the altar. "Elisha's" well-known voice was heard above "the din of battle." Due intermission was allowed for refreshment and rest, and the batteries opened again at lamp-lighting. Rev. O. M. McDowall preached in the evening, after which a call was made for mourners to come to the altar. At ten o'clock we repaired to our tents, and rested upon our arms until daylight. We will not narrate the incidents of that day and night, but give the reader, first a sketch of Rev. William Wyatt, and then allow him to read the "Ladder Sermon."

CHAPTER XXIV.

REV. WILLIAM WYATT.

Would I describe a preacher such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master strokes, and draw from his design.
I would express him simple, grave, sincere;
In doctrine uncorrupt; in language plain,
And plain in manner; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he finds
May feel it too; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.

It has been forcibly remarked that it is not the work of the minister of Christ to rear columns and carve statues to adorn earthly temples, so soon to moulder beneath the blasting touch of time. His sphere of action is far higher. His material is immortal. He is striking blows with the hammer of truth, which will vibrate long after the last star has been blown out. He is rearing columns of mind to beautify that temple wherein the Lamb dwelleth. His mission is to bring the dark elements of man's unregenerate nature beneath the moulding and sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit; in short, to contribute, by every means in his power, to restamp the lost moral image of God upon a wrecked world. He is to gather souls to "shine as the stars for ever and ever;" spirits to blaze as bright jewels in the diadem of the world's Redeemer. His sermons are to be delivered by the power of example, and the moral influence of precept. He is to thunder from the pulpit; to speak in the majesty of silence

through the press; to cry in the crowded thoroughfares of life, and continually to warn a world of the wrath of the Lamb.

Solemn and awful is the position of the minister of God, as dismantled wrecks are drifting past him to the ocean of despair. O that God would fire the hearts of his servants with new and undying zeal, that they may rest not in ease, but, sweeping hill and valley, scouring the crowded street and the deserted highway, they may, by lives of active devotion to God, snatch souls as "brands from the burning."[1]

The wish just expressed, finds an illustration in the piety, labors, and success of him whose name stands at the head of this chapter. We propose a brief sketch of his experience, and shall insert some incidents illustrative of his personal and pulpit peculiarities.

He was born in Danby, N. Y., 1812. His childhood was not distinguished by anything peculiar, and no one predicted or even dreamed of his future eminence and usefulness. His sense of religious truth was vivid and correct; and when but a child, such was his sense of sin and its consequences, that he feared to go to sleep at night, lest the Devil would take him off before morning. His mental sufferings were great, and did not terminate until he reached his twelfth year. He then went many miles to a camp meeting, resolved to give his heart to Christ. So frequently had he heard of remarkable conversions in the woods, that he firmly believed God would give *him* "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." His faith was not disappointed. His penitence was deep, and his desires strong. He was at the altar with other penitents, and the keenness of his distress attracted the

[1] Guide to Holiness, vol. 33, p. 16.

attention of some, but they said, "He is a *boy*." Just as the sun was going down, and many struggling mourners were merging into a new and joyous life, William, by faith, claimed the great blessing of pardon. The transition from penitential grief to conscious adoption was so vivid, and the joy attending it so great, that his strength gave way. That was "manna in the wilderness," indeed. The last rays of the setting sun lingered in beauty then as if emblemizing the light from the Sun of Righteousness, that had turned darkness into day. Happy brethren and sisters sang in animated strains, and angels bore up to heaven the tidings that lost sinners were found.

William returned to his father's house with a new heart. Years flew on, and the once awkward boy would speak of his experience, and exhort the ungodly in a manner that led many to brush the tear aside, saying, "*I tell you there is something in that William Wyatt.*" Soon after his conversion, he joined the Church, and, encouraged by kind brethren, was not backward in expressing a desire to do good. He was licensed to exhort, by Morgan Sherman. Rev. Brother Colburn, a very popular and successful preacher, followed, and encouraged William to improve his gifts, with reference to an early entrance upon the regular work of the ministry. The day came for him to preach his trial sermon. This was a memorable day in William's history, but he prepared for it on this wise. He had met with a volume of the "British Sketches," and finding a good sermon that he had heard Brother Colburn preach, he memorized it, and went to his appointment with just as good a sermon as his Pastor had delivered from the same text. Brother C. was present, and heard the sermon; and when, soon after, he was called to report to the official board, he said, "Brother Wyatt preached an excellent sermon, and I move that he receive license to preach, and be recommended to the Annual

Conference." The preaching of that borrowed sermon accomplished two desirable things: (1), It led Brother C. to resolve to preach no more borrowed sermons; and (2), It secured for the candidate a good recommend. This reminds us of a similar incident in the life of the Rev. Christmas Evens, the renowned Welsh preacher. Christmas preached a powerful sermon. One of his hearers, carried away with the success of the trial effort of the young man, was loud in his applause. A bystander cut him short, by saying, "That was a borrowed sermon, every word of it." "I don't care if it was," the admirer instantly replied, "the prayer he made beat anything I ever heard, and I'll praise him up for *that*." The truth was, the *prayer* was borrowed too. But Christmas Evens soon threw aside his borrowed wings, and his own piety and genius brought him greater success than foreign help could have secured. The same remark will apply to the subject of this sketch.

He joined the Oneida Conference in 1835, and has not faltered in the battle from that hour to the present. What," asks the reader, "did he not stop to attend college?" No, indeed, he had no time for that. His Bible, his commentary, and his closet were his theological seminary. His commission from heaven was unquestionable; it was written in the New Testament, in the Saviour's own words, "*Go preach the Gospel to every creature.*" The dust of college walls had not soiled his garments; yet he was no novice, no ignoramus. He had studied religion, books, men, and his *own heart*. He graduated in his father's meadow, and left his scythe to go out and wield the Gospel blade. Don't pity him; reserve your tears for men of less success and less genius. The hundreds that have been converted under his labors are his diploma.

It is not that ambassador of Christ who is most extensively versed in ancient lore and modern science, who is

most successful in winning souls to Jesus. He may be well read in the systems of philosophy taught by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; he may be equally versed in the writings of Homer and his contemporaries; he may touch, with a master hand, the secret springs of the systems of Confucius and Zoroaster; he may bring a thousand torches blazing from the fires kindled by human genius, and throw their light upon the sacred page in his investigations for truth, and yet all this knowledge, unsanctified by the baptism of the Holy Spirit, will prove vain and fruitless. Neither is it he whose talents shine most brilliantly whose language is most finished and elegant; whose eloquence charms the multitude, and calls forth the voice of popular favor; and around whom gather admiring thousands, who is most successful in pointing sinners to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

From the dates given, the reader will perceive that Brother Wyatt has been in the ministry twenty-three years. During that time hundreds have been converted under his labors. Frequently is he greeted by those who remind him that at such a time and place they were awakened and led to Christ under his ministry. Many of his spiritual children are ministers of the New Testament, and many have already gone to their reward.

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

Factoryville, N. Y., was his third station. A great revival attended his labors there. Many small boys shared in the benefits of the revival. Doubtless his own early and vivid experience led him to feel a greater interest for children, and prepared him for greater success in leading them to Christ. The writer, a few years since, preached in Factoryville, and the blessed fruits of the revival under Brother Wyatt's labors, remained. The boys had

grown to manhood, and many of them were filling honorable places in society.

A few months since Rev. Mr. S****, of the East Genesee Conference, called on Brother Wyatt, and, taking him warmly by the hand, said, "Don't you remember that one of the little boys converted under your preaching at Factoryville was so desirous to be a Methodist in every respect that he wanted a Methodist hymn book and Bible, thinking in his simplicity that they were better than the hymn books and Bibles of other people. His father was dead, and his mother was poor, but he succeeded in selling chickens enough to buy a hymn book and Bible."

"Yes, I remember him well."

"I am that boy. *I sold the chickens* and bought the hymn book and Bible, and now I am endeavoring to preach the same Gospel that saved me, when a poor boy, through your instrumentality." * * * *

As a preacher Brother Wyatt excels. His sermons are formed after no model. He is an original man: he is not a reprint of anybody or anything, and on his sermons are indelibly stamped the distinctive peculiarities of their author. Paul was an inspired man, and so was David, and yet the lyrics of the latter and the argumentative chapters of the former are very unlike. In the one David sings, in the other an Apostle argues, but inspiration speaks through both. It is Paul and David, nay, it is God. Thus with preachers now; "every man in his own order." Brother Wyatt preaches in his peculiar way. Those who hear him, often remark, "There, that was Bro. Wyatt all over." No man can preach like him. We always listen to him with pleasure and profit, yet we would not propose his style of sermonizing as a model for young preachers. He sometimes is the subject of criticism. Those who, in their own estimation, have a more logical and dignified style, take it upon themselves to prove that there is nothing in his ser-

mons to justify the interest they awaken in his audience, or merit the popularity and success that have given him the most responsible appointments. An intelligent discriminating critic is as valuable as he is rare. We have too many self-made critics that set themselves up as the arbiters of ministerial reputation and talent, and they are as contemptible as they are little.

We said that Brother Wyatt excels as a preacher. We have never known a minister to maintain, for any great length of time, the reputation our brother has acquired as a preacher, without deserving it. There is an ephemeral popularity that passes away as rapidly as it comes. *His* reputation is well deserved, and it is permanent. Indeed, we never heard of his preaching but one poor sermon, and that was on "*Woman's Rights.*" The subject was not in his line.

His appearance is as deceptive as it is peculiar, especially to those who have had no previous representation of the man. When he rises in the pulpit, his manner and looks promise but a sorry effort. There is a seriousness and sincerity about him that lead you to say, "Well, I guess he is a good man, but he can't preach." Before he is half through his introduction, some remark or word will fasten your attention and awaken your expectation; and yet, you are afraid to indulge much hope lest the failure of the speaker disappoint you after all. Ten minutes generally tell the story, for before that time the smiles of the audience and the hearty amens of the pious, tell that the preacher has a good hearing. You become wonderfully interested, and you can hardly tell why. It is not the originality and depth of the sermon so much that take you by surprise, nor the faultless manner of the speaker that captivates you, though the sermon and the manner of its presentation are strikingly peculiar, and impress you. The *passion* of the speaker is overwhelming

"Action, Action," said an ancient orator, "is the secret f eloquence," but we don't believe it. Passion, passion, specially when it is kindled and sanctified by the themes f the Gospel, is to us an essential element of eloquence. To action and language and passion we must superadd a ivine *unction*. The Spirit, after all, is the great master- ower in preaching. Before our brother finishes his ser- ion you become enthusiastic in your interest and esponses. Some preachers have a wonderful way of xhausting their mental strength on the introduction or rst division of their subject, and after that they flatten ut like a pancake. Not so with Brother Wyatt; he rounds p like a bullet, and the last end of his sermon is always ie biggest.

As an amusing instance of the disappointment of rangers, take the following. A few years since two fluential members of the Church in W——, went several iles to a camp meeting. The congregation was large, nd the brethren in question took their places on the out- kirts at the base of a tree. A stranger arose and began ie services.

"What Irishman have they washed up and put up ere?" said one, impatiently, alluding to the full habit, rid countenance, and light hair of the speaker.

"He is a poor stick, any way," replied the other.

"Yes, I warrant you that he is a poor preacher, and I ish I was at home."

"Let us hold on a few minutes, and see what he has to y."

They did hold on, or, as the lawyers say, they held the use open for farther testimony. * * *

"I like that: that sounds well," said the brother who a w moments before called him a poor preacher; and he ned forward, eager to catch every word. Compliments d criticisms were laid aside, and the falling tear, and

the half-uttered "Amen," told what deep feeling the stranger's sermon had awakened. The services concluded.

"That was a geat sermon: it did me good."

"Yes," replied the brother who had been the most severe in his criticisms at first, "I never was so disappointed in anybody in my life. That was the greatest sermon I ever heard. We must have him for our preacher next year."

The next Conference came—Bishop Janes presided. When the appointments were read, the Bishop said, with considerable emphasis, "WILKESBARRE, WILLIAM WYATT *a good place, a good preacher.*"

He does not in any way sacrifice the dignity and influence of the Christian minister, and yet there is nothing about him that is very *ministerial.* When he is travelling strangers take him for almost anybody except a Methodist minister. Irish cabmen have said, "And where will ye Riverence go?" proffering their services to take him free of charge, under the impression that he was a *praist.* While waiting for the cars a short time since, in Scranton he had occasion to step into an eating-saloon for refreshment, when several paddies accosted him with,

"What will yer Riverence tack to drink?"

"Nothing, I thank you, I don't drink."

"Indade ye are a *praist*, and ye will have somethin good to drink. Call for jist what ye like!"

We must not judge of people by their appearance. One of the greatest blacklegs in New York city wears white cravat, and broad cloth to match, and looks like a modest, pious country parson. Looks are deceptive. A policeman, on a certain occasion, followed up the gre and good Dr. Newton; and so strong were his suspicio that the Doctor was a rascal, that he was on the point arresting him, when a gentleman said: "Dr. Newton, w

you take this coach?" The officer was glad to apologize, and allow the Doctor to pass on to his appointment.

Brother Wyatt has particular sermons that he preaches on different stations, as circumstances require. The repetition of these sermons is spoken of by some disparagingly. "I heard that sermon seven years ago, and he preached it to-day just as he did then." Very well, then give him credit for planting a sermon in your memory so distinctly that seven years have not effaced it. During that time you have heard scores of sermons, "warranted forty minutes, and orthodox," but they passed in one ear and out the other. Surely your piety should lead you to wish the sermon repeated for the benefit of others. Reader, we can tell you why he makes so little alteration in his sermons on particular subjects. At first they are wrought out with so much care and minuteness, that they stand forth the legitimate offspring of his own head and heart, complete in every part. A child that is *deformed* at birth may *improve*, or *die* under the knife of the surgeon. So with sermons that are born all out of shape. The pruning process will improve them if there is enough of them to improve; if not, they die under the knife.

We never saw him get out of breath but once in preaching, and then he was providentially relieved. He was preaching at the Binghamton camp meeting. His subject was, "*The Derbe and Lystra Circuit.*" The passion and fervor of his soul kindled kindred fires in hundreds of hearts around, and these reacted upon his own, and he dashed and blazed on until the meeting became almost tumultuous by its excess of religious feeling and power. Just as he finished an overwhelming paragraph, a sister directly in front of the stand (known as "the Presiding Elder," because of her masculine voice and numerous and successful efforts at camp meetings) rose and began to shout. Three times did she give "*Glory to God!*" and

her clear, strong voice echoed to the farthest verge of the camp ground. The congregation rose instantly to their feet, and the sister added sundry words of exhortation. While she was speaking, Elder N. R., who had charge of the meeting, rose in the stand, and said: "I—hope—there—will—be no—disorder."

"Let her alone, I tell you, I am out of breath."

Thus, at the right time, did he have help. When the sister concluded, he was ready to finish his sermon. That sermon, and that evening, will long be remembered. God anciently sent the Prophet food by a raven; in this instance relief came by a woman.

He is not a lazy preacher. He *cannot* be, with his strong feelings and ardent temperament. With him, living is acting. His earnestness in the pulpit sometimes rises to vehemence; his utterance becomes rapid, clear, and loud; his gestures, not in curves, but animated and in straight lines. His whole body is swayed to and fro with the feelings and thoughts that seem struggling for utterance, and the audience is swayed too. At such times give him a wide berth, as the sailors say. Woe be to man, or lamp, or pitcher, that comes in his way. An incident which we will here relate, teaches what to expect under such circumstances.

He was stationed in Bleecker street, Utica, some years since. Crowds attended upon his ministry, and the ministers who might be in the city without any engagement for the Sabbath, were sure to go to Bleecker street. One Sabbath evening, a large audience gathered to hear him. Two preachers sat in the altar. He seemed to have unusual liberty; he was preaching what is known as his "*Devil Sermon.*" His subject led him to remark that the Devil paid particular attention to ministers.

"Ah, the Devil is mean, and he is busy, too. He follows the minister to the home of the pious to defeat his instructions. He enters the sick-room, and seeks to defeat the

words of promise and hope uttered in the ear of the suffering and the dying. While the minister urges the penitent to believe in Christ, the Devil is on hand, and says, 'Don't you do it, don't you do it.' He comes into the sanctuary, yea, he enters the pulpit, and takes his place by the preacher while the sermon is being delivered. He is here to-night. Yes, he is. He would prevent my doing good. He is now at my right hand!"

This passage was uttered with an earnestness of voice and gesture that showed that the speaker meant it all, and was no friend to the Devil. So intent was he on emphasizing the fact that the Devil was close at his *right hand*, that he forgot the proximity of material objects. "*He is now at my right hand!*" Smash, dash, went the pulpit-lamp. His *right hand* stove in the glass globe, and sent lamp, fragments, and oil into the altar. Rev. Brother Torry sat in the altar, and barely escaped an *anointing*. Was the sermon spoiled?

"There, I told you the Devil was at my right hand. Now I guess you will believe it. How fortunate that it was only a lamp! A few dollars will replace it, but the Devil is here to destroy hopes that can never be regained. He is here to ruin souls. Oh, sinner, if he ruins your soul, it will be an *eternal* ruin. No money can repair, no ages of suffering restore your ruined soul. The Devil is here to dash you down to hell. O, fly to Christ. Make no delay."

The exhortation went on. That vast crowd, that a moment before was in a titter at the preacher's misfortune, became silent and solemn as the grave. Under that sudden and timely appeal, the tears of penitence and sympathy started from many eyes, and we predict that eternity will show that the breaking of that pulpit-lamp resulted in the salvation of immortal souls!

He is a good beggar. We advise the reader, if he ever falls in Brother Wyatt's way, to give on the first application. His happy tact in this, and his fame as a preacher, have led societies far and near to employ him to dedicate churches. Nor is his success confined to these

occasions alone. He is a host on the platform, especially when the missionary cause calls for help. Like the late Dr. Newton, he generally makes what is termed the *begging speech*. Equally successful is he in taking hold of an old debt. Some years since he was stationed in the city of Carbondale. When he arrived, the brethren were ready to give up. They had borrowed nearly $100 to make up the salary of the preacher, who had just removed. A debt of $2600 was as a mountain upon them; the hammer of the sheriff was ready to knock off the Church property to the highest bidder; and they were saying, "There is no use, we may as well give up." "Never!" said Brother Wyatt; "God is with us, he will help us, and that right early. The Methodists never did build houses for others to inhabit, and it is too late to begin now." The people began to hope. As their pastor returned from his collecting tours, they assembled to hear the report, and when they saw the hundreds of dollars counted out, and felt that their church was saved, tears and thanksgivings to God told their gratitude and delight. At the expiration of two years he was enabled to report the debt all cancelled, his own claims met, sixty dollars in the treasury, and, what was better than all, *one hundred and eighty conversions*.

We never knew of his being accused of swearing but once, and that was since he became Presiding Elder. Perhaps you say the case requires investigation. Let us tell the story. At one of his Quarterly Meetings in Hyde Park, he preached with great freedom, and, as on the occasion when the lamp was demolished, he said hard things against the Devil. Amongst the listeners was a little boy, four years old, and who, by the people acquainted with him, was called "Elder Wyatt," from his seriousness and his resemblance to the Elder. When the boy reached home, he said,

"Ma, I don't want to be called 'Elder Wyatt,' any more."

"Why, my son?" inquired the mother.

"I don't like him."

"Why, what has he done?"

"He swears so, I don't like him."

"I guess he didn't swear. What did he say?'

"He said 'Devil,' *and he didn't whisper it, either.*"

We admire the child's close attention, but we cannot join in the condemnation.

We could extend this sketch and multiply incidents illustrative of his peculiarities and his piety. It is no flattery to say, that for the many years he has been connected with the Conference, he has been a faithful and an able minister. In 1855 he was made Presiding Elder, and from that time to the present, he has magnified the office. He is just the man for it. He is alive. He is active. It is a disgrace to the Presiding Eldership—a disgrace to the Itinerancy, to put men upon the Districts, who are both *stereotyped* and *superannuated*, and who are unacceptable upon stations or circuits. This is delicate ground, and we say but little. One thing is certain—if the Presiding Elders do not sustain the officers, the stationed preachers *can't*, and the people *won't*.

He is distinguished more for religious passion and power than for combativeness. In this respect, he is not unlike the illustrious Whitefield. His zeal proclaims him a worthy son of Wesley. If he is not distinguished as a logician, yet he possesses, in a remarkable degree, what scholars have sighed for in vain,—namely, the power of arousing people to action, and indelibly impressing upon their minds truth clearly revealed and demonstrated. If he has any of the infirmities that are common to man, they are not serious defects in his character; but rather the delicate shadings that give variety to, without obscuring the brightness of his Christian manhood. Let us sacredly cherish the memory of his many virtues, and pray to meet him in heaven.

CHAPTER XXV.

JACOB'S LADDER;

A SERMON BY REV. WM. WYATT.

PREACHED AT THE WYOMING CAMP MEETING.

TEXT.—Gen. xxviii. 10–14.—*And Jacob went out from Beer-sheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place; and he tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillow, and lay down in that place to sleep. And he dreamed, and, behold, a ladder, set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and, behold, the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord stood above it, and said, I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.*

GOD anciently communicated important truths to men by dreams and visions of the night. This mode of Divine communication was not confined to the Patriarchal age, but was employed in the days of the Jewish Prophets. One of the Prophets says: "*It shall come to pass in the last days* (*the Gospel days*), *saith the Lord, that I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh, and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions.*"

To what extent God communicates truth now, by dreams and night visions, I cannot say; yet it is more than intimated in the Bible that this shall be one mode of Divine communication while the world shall stand. At least, it is comforting to know that the good man may have uninterrupted intercourse with God: intercourse in the day-

time, when hard at work and pressed with care; and intercourse in the night-time, when resigned to

"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

Ordinarily, I think but very little of dreams, and seldom speak of them in the pulpit; but the dream in the text is a very remarkable dream, and prophetic, and it will be the subject of thought for the present occasion.

I see, in this dream, *the great plan of human redemption by Jesus Christ our Lord* distinctly brought to view, and the *wonderful adaptation*, the *practical workings* of that plan. This is the theme, and this is the plan of thought for the present occasion.

I see, in the great plan of human salvation by Jesus Christ our Lord, *a connecting link between heaven and earth, a channel of communication open between God and man.* And Jacob saw, in his dream, "a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven." This *ladder* is the connecting link; this is the channel of communication; and it is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ, "the only name, given under heaven or among men, whereby we must be saved;" the "one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus;" "the *way*, the *truth*, and the *life*."

I know that our world is small—a mere speck among the numberless worlds that God has made—yet, small as it is, God has not forgotten it, but has linked it to heaven. I know that our world is fallen, and deeply depraved—an "alien to the commonwealth of Israel," and "a stranger to the covenant of promise"—and lost; lost in the "ruins of the fall;" but Jesus "left the ninety and nine, and went into the wilderness" and searched for the lost, and found it and brought it back to the fold. And when Jesus returned with the lost sheep on his shoulder—with our world well *found*, well *redeemed*, well *saved*, there

was joy in heaven and on earth—joy among the angels of God; and no wonder they said, "*Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good-will to men.*"

Yes, the fact is well established that there is a connecting link between earth and heaven. Jacob saw it when he lay upon the cold, dew-damp earth, and a stone was his pillow. Abraham saw it when he went out, not knowing whither he was going, and heard a voice from the excellent glory saying, "Fear not, Abraham, for I am thy shield, and exceeding great reward." Stephen saw it. When they stoned him to death, heaven was opened before him, and Jesus Christ was at the right hand of God. Paul saw it, when, caught up to the third heaven, he heard unspeakable words not lawful for man to utter. All Christians, who have died in the Lord, have seen it, and have gone home in this way. Living Christians are permitted, by faith, to behold it. At times they have some ravishing views of the ladder Jacob saw. *Yes, the way to heaven is open!* This way has been seen, and well testified to, in all ages of the world.

Here is hope for the Christian; for the old pilgrim who is tempest-tossed and way-worn. Ah! this earth is not his home! Death is not an eternal sleep! He is journeying to a place that the Lord hath said, "I will give it you." Here is hope for the sinner too. He may come and wash and be clean. Thank God, the way to heaven is clear, and salvation is free!

In this great plan of human salvation by Jesus Christ our Lord, *I see a grand superintending providence.* And Jacob saw in his dream, and the *Lord* stood at the *top* of the *ladder*, to devise, and supervise, and to direct, to breathe life, and vitality, and power, and glory, and salvation, into the whole system. This is not a godless system then. No! God, the God of the Hebrews, the God of our fathers, is in it!

I see here a *general* providence—a providence that hath respect to *all men* in common—to the great brotherhood of man.

> He sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
> A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
> Systems or atoms into ruin hurled,
> And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

He sends rain on the just and on the unjust, and causes his sun to shine on the evil and on the good. "He is good unto *all*, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

I see here, also, *a particular providence*—a providence that hath respect to the feeblest member of the household of faith; yea, to every member of the human family. There is not an interest we hold dear to us, however trifling, but is the subject of a special providence. He careth for oxen and birds. A sparrow falleth not to the ground without your Heavenly Father's notice. Come, then, ye tempted and afflicted, and lonely ones, cheer up! Cast all your care on the Lord, for he careth for you. His eye is upon you for good,

> "From early dawn till noon of night."

He *feels* what every member *bears*.

Yes, God is in the system! He is in the word preached, and he makes it as a fire, and as a hammer to break the flinty heart. He is in the prayers offered by his people; he indites and answers them; and he is in the songs of Zion. He is in the ordinary use of his house; he is in the Tract cause, the Sunday School operation, the Bible cause, and the Missionary enterprise. He is in the whole system, giving it life, and vitality, and power, and glory. It is impossible to look over the Church, and especially the history of the Church in past ages, without seeing the handiwork of God. O! what hath God wrought! "This is the Lord's doings, and it is marvellous in our eyes!" O

thou God of our fathers, let us feel thee near. Let us see thee as we have seen thee in thy Sanctuary. Make here rich displays of thy power and of thy great salvation.

In this plan *I see the ministry of angels.* And the angels of God descended and ascended on the ladder. Angels are mysteriously connected with the militant Church. "We have come to an innumerable company of angels." These are God's laborers, sent from heaven to earth, to cultivate the vineyard of the Lord; to aid the Church in saving souls,—in bringing lost sinners to God. Angels are God's soldiers, his mighty hosts, so frequently spoken of in the Bible. Well armed and equipped, they are sent out to meet the common enemy, and to fight our battles for us. They were men of war from their youth. As long ago as the days of the Prophet, one said, "*Alas! master, what shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us, are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold! the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire, even thousands of angels.*" They manned the batteries, they opened fire upon the enemy. And they won a good victory at Dothan. These are they who man the old ship Zion; and when the enemy approaches, all we have to do is to bring the old ship up in battle order and give him a "broadside" or two, and there is the shout of victory in a moment. Victory! *Victory!* VICTORY! "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" Angels are our *body-guard;* in them is the defence of Israel. "*The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and he delivereth them.* Ps. xxxiv. 7. Shall we fear the world? or the flesh? or the Devil? They that are *for us,* are more, and stronger, than all that are *against us.*

These are God's ministers. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?" They preach the Gospel! Somehow they preach Jesus, I cannot say how. They did preach Jesus to the shepherds, and they have not lost their skill in preaching the Gospel. They desire to look into it; they make it their daily, their constant study. They preach Jesus eloquently, powerfully. They point to the stable, to Calvary, to the cross, saying, "Behold! we bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Do you remember, my brother, when you were in heaviness through manifold temptations; when you were compassed about with many sorrows, how a precious promise was brought suddenly to your mind? and light sprang up within you in a moment, and joy unutterable and full of glory? Did it occur to you that a ministering angel did that? Why, they are *adepts* in the promises. They have been looking into the deep things of God for a thousand ages. They delight in bringing forward the promises as occasions require.

You do remember when you drank the wormwood and the gall, when you were pressed as a cart beneath its sheaves, and you groaned for deliverance, and you were sweetly drawn to the cross—how you beheld the lovely face of Jesus as he smiled and whispered "Peace," and you were made happy in a moment. Angels are ever the attendants of the child of God; but they love sinners, too, and they take delight in pressing men to the cross. They glory in proclaiming "Peace on earth, and good-will to men."

O, I wish your eyes could have been opened early this morning, as early as the Marys went to the sepulchre—opened as were the eyes of the Prophet's servant—and you would have seen these angels coming down the ladder to be present on the ground to-day, to mingle in our devo-

tions, and witness all the exercises of the occasion. And they *are here;* they throng this leafy canopy; they are on these seats; they mingle with this vast assembly; they are in this stand, and they are about me while I preach. I tell you they are! Though you may look around and not behold them, yet you may sing with the poet:—

> "Angels now are hovering round us,
> Unperceived, they mix the throng;
> Wondering at the love that crowns us,
> Glad to join the holy song."

O, I would like to see them—to see their shining countenances, their gilded wings, and long white robes. I would like to take them by the hand and say, "Brother." I would like to greet the angelic brotherhood as fellow-laborers in the Lord. I would like to do it! On former occasions when you met in this tented grove they were with you; and, in the future, when you shall come to this place for divine service, they will be with you. When you here sing the songs of Zion; when you bow and pray; when you listen to the words of life from the lips of the living minister; when you relate Christian experience; in all these exercises, they will be with you, and take sweet delight in your worship.

And when sinners come to this altar, burdened and penitent, and pleading for mercy, they will be here watching every emotion and expression with intense interest. And when a soul is converted, when the burden falls off and the witness is given, they will make haste to climb the ladder Jacob saw, and gladden the redeemed multitude in heaven with the news that "The *dead* are *alive*, and the *lost* are *found*." "*I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.*" Luke xv. 7.

Again, *I see the introduction of religious worship.* When Jacob awoke in the morning, he said, "This is an awful place, God is in this place and I knew it not; this is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." He was overawed by the divine presence. God was about him in great power and glory. He saw the earth redeemed, and heaven opened before him! Then he felt, as he had never felt before, the obligation of religious worship. Then he took the stones, that constituted his pillow, and built up an altar, and poured oil upon it, and consecrated it, and he said of it, "This shall be called God's house." Here he bowed down and worshipped.

The obligation of religious worship rests alike upon all. It is written, "*Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*" "Thou *shalt* worship!" It is imperative. It is the *command* of GOD! There is no exemption from this command, in heaven, nor on earth, nor in hell beneath. Everywhere in the universe the command is given, and is binding, "*Thou shalt worship!*" Hearer, *thou* art the very man. The obligation rests upon each of you. You who are rich and honorable, and in high life; you who are poor and despised; you who are young, with flattering prospects before you; you who are old and gray-headed, and hell-deserving; you who are learned and talented; you must all worship God, for there is no exception to this rule. The obligation comes home to thy heart—*thou* art the man—"*thou shalt worship.*" "*Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*" Thou shalt turn away from thine idols, no matter what they are, whether lands, or houses, or stocks, or bonds, or mortgages, or learning, or talents; all, all must be given up—all must be counted loss for Christ. No idolater can render acceptable worship.

Your worship must be spiritual. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in *spirit* and in

truth." The whole heart, soul, body, and spirit, time and talents, all must bow to the mild sceptre of Emanuel. Like Jacob, then, build up your altar. Build it up, I tell you! Build it up in the field, in the shop, in your place of business, in your house; everywhere have an altar for God, and bind your offering upon it, and kindle your fire, and let incense go up, morning, noon, and night, as a sweet memorial before the Lord. *Now* is the time to begin, in this sacred place. "*This* is God's house, *this* is the gate of heaven." Here, in the presence of his people, is the place to bow down and worship. O thou God of Israel, breathe upon us the spirit of worship, for thy name's sake.

In this dream I see the submission of the creature to the Creator. When Jacob saw the ladder set up; when he saw God, and angels, and heaven; when he heard the voice of the Almighty; he felt the force of obligation to worship. Though he had not been remarkable for piety; though alone, and far from home, yet he did not confer with flesh and blood; he did not hesitate a single moment, but put up his altar as quickly as possible, and *bowed down and worshipped.* It ought to be noted that God never coerces men to worship him. He never forces men into his kingdom against their will. He places before them, blessing and cursing, good and evil, light and darkness, heaven and hell, and requires them to choose for themselves whom they will serve. God will do no violence to the intelligence and free agency of man. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." He will never break down the door by violence, and rudely enter any man's heart; but if any man will hear [heed] his voice, whether black or white, bond or free, rich or poor, Jew or Gentile, any man with his head above ground, and his soul out of hell no matter who he is, if he will open his heart, God will

come in and make his abode with him. This is the hinge on which your salvation turns—the agency of the creature. It is for you to settle the question, whether you will worship or not, whether you will serve God or the Devil, whether you will go to hell or heaven. "*If the Lord be God, serve him; if Baal, serve him!*" Now is the time to decide! I would like to see you brought to the point. I would like to hear the publican's prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Who, in this vast assembly, will submit to God, ground the weapons of his rebellion, and say in his heart,

> Nay, but I yield, I yield,
> I can hold out no more,
> I sink, by dying love compelled,
> And own Thee conqueror.

The richness and plenitude of the grace of God, I see in this dream. "I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac: the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed; and thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth; and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." I am glad that it is thus written. Mark, it is not written, "In thee and in thy seed shall a *few* of the rich, and great, and wise men of the earth be blessed, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand." No, no; this would mar the beauty of the plan, and destroy the harmony of God's handiwork. But it is written, "In thee and in thy seed shall *all the families of the earth be blessed.*" I see, here, distinctly brought to view, the Lord Jesus Christ, the seed of Jacob, in his mediatorial work, negotiating for the salvation of the race.

I was not commissioned to preach a limited atonement.

I have no heart to preach a limited atonement. I never could say to you on my right, "You will go to heaven, do what you will;" or to you on my left, "You will be damned, do what you can." It is written, "*He, by the grace of God, tasted death for every man.*" "*In Him there is plenteous redemption*"—enough for *all*, enough for *each*, enough for *evermore*. In Jesus there is a rich fulness—there is salvation for all.

"Come all the world, come, sinner, thou,
All things in Christ are ready now."

We preach a *free*, *full*, and *present* salvation. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and ye that have no money, come, buy and eat, without money and without price." "Let him that heareth say, Come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

It is in the text that the seed of Jacob [the Church] shall fill all lands, and shall be, like the dust of the earth, innumerable, extending east, west, north, and south, from the rivers unto the ends of the earth. No weapon formed against the Church shall prosper. The living waters are moving, east and west, half of them to the former sea, and half of them toward the hinder sea; in summer and in winter shall it be. The little stone, cut out of the mountain without hands, is rolling on, and at every revolution it gathers magnitude and velocity. Infidelity had better get out of the way! All opposition must yield before it, for it is destined to become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

"Ride on, thy kingdom is glorious."

Having noticed, at some length, the leading features of the great plan of human redemption, brought to light in the text, it only remains for me to consider

ITS WONDERFUL ADAPTATION AND PRACTICAL WORKINGS.

So great are the provisions of the Gospel that angels contemplate them with astonishment and delight. Theirs is

> The speechless awe that dare not move
> In all the silent heaven of love.

They may well exclaim, "O, the depth, the unsearchable depth of the wisdom and power and salvation of God!" The plan of salvation is great, astonishingly great; but what avails its greatness if its provisions do not come within our reach? I am happy to say that God has furnished a *ladder*, long enough to reach its greatest depths, and scale its highest heights. God has furnished a *ladder!* My text says so. I like the figure; the child can understand it. All understand the utility of the ladder, and nearly all have occasion to use the ladder.

The well-digger uses the ladder in sinking the well and procuring the literal water. In this great plan of redemption there are "*wells of salvation.*" Somebody dug them—somehow they got to the water; you know how. And I would suggest that you let down your pitchers now and draw. The wells are deep, yet let down the pitchers now and draw. You will not draw a thousand dollars in a lottery, you will not draw a hundred thousand in stocks or coal interests; but you will draw the living water, and that is better. Amid the din and strife and commotion of life, we want a little more of the water of salvation. It is just the thing for the times. Let down your pitchers then and draw. I would like you to have this living water *in you*, "springing up to everlasting life."

The mechanic uses the ladder in building the house. The Bible says, "*Ye* are God's building." The Church, Zion, is God's building. The erection of this house began as long ago as when the first promise dawned upon our ruined world; "the seed of the woman shall bruise the

serpent's head;" and it has been going up ever since. It is not yet completed; "It groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord." All can have a part in building the house. Some can go into the mountain and quarry the stone; some can hew them, and fit them for their place in the building; some can carry the hod, and some can use the trowel. The delicate hand of the female can find employment here. These hands of mine can do something in my Master's work, and God grant that they may do it. Of late some good stones have been got out for this edifice; multitudes have been converted, and yet "it groweth unto a holy temple in the Lord." It must go up in spite of opposition. It *will* go up, our eyes shall see it; from the foundations to the topstone, with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it!"

The miner uses the ladder, in sinking the shaft, to procure the treasures of the earth. I find, in looking into the plan of salvation, that there are treasures there. Most men want to be rich, and they labor diligently to become wealthy. It is their highest ambition to acquire a vast amount of this world's treasures; and I confess I have thought of it myself. I have looked this way, and that way, for riches, but they did not come; and I have long since given up the hope of being rich in this world. I expect, at death, to have but little of this world in my possession. But since hearing of this Gospel treasure, I have been inspired with some hope. There is an interest here that I have a mind to look after. I believe here is a chance for us after all; we may all obtain the treasure yet, and die rich.

I like this wealth better than your worldly wealth. The wealth of the world is limited, but Gospel wealth is unlimited. This vein was worked by our fathers. Old Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, sank shafts here. The men who were clad in sheep-skins and goat-skins, and

dwelt in dens and caves of the mountains, of whom the world was not worthy, mined here, and all got rich, and died rich, carrying their treasures with them. Bless God, the "diggings" are not exhausted. Here is

> Enough for all, enough for each,
> Enough for evermore.

Worldly wealth does not satisfy, get as much as you can. No matter how much you possess, there is an aching void within, which the world can never fill. The world can never satisfy our longings for God and immortality. This Gospel treasure makes a man happy; even a small share of it will fill a man with exceeding delight, make him, like the King's daughter, or chariot of Aminadab, all glorious within. There is no fear that anybody will steal this treasure. Fire cannot burn it, nor the rust corrode it.

Your worldly treasure is not enduring; "the fashion of this world passeth away." When you most need help, it cannot assist or relieve you; but this heavenly treasure never fails. Thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, rise and fall. Even the solar fires will burn out, this mighty framework wax old like a garment and pass away; but this heavenly treasure will never fail. It endureth unto everlasting life. O here is a chance for us all to become rich—rich in faith and heirs of the kingdom.

The firemen use the ladder in scaling the building and quenching the fire. And you remember that Nadab and Abihu brought strange fire to God's altar; and it kindled and burned, and did much mischief. Several valuable lives were lost before it was quenched. From time immemorial, men have brought strange fire to God's altar. They have desired to burn down the fair palaces of our Zion. They have kindled the fires of *contention*, of *unholy enthusiasm*, and infidelity, to smoke, and scathe,

and burn our Zion, beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth. Yet God has made especial provisions to meet this emergency and quench the fires. We have a good fire apparatus. There are some excellent engines in our Zion.

Here is old No. 1, which is called *Truth.* It always works well; it never fails. Here is No. 2, which they call *Faith*, mighty faith in God. This has worked well for ages. They brought it out when old Nebuchadnezzar's furnace was on fire; and it was a terrible fire. Several of God's children got into the furnace in the fray; but the engine worked so well that the fire was harmless, and the Hebrews came out without so much as the smell of fire on their garments. "*It quenches the violence of fire.*"

Then here is No. 3, which they call *Holy Living.*

Let the enemy kindle his strange fires, and blow them up to his heart's content, and all we want is help sufficient to man the engines. We will lay hold of old Truth and Faith and Holy Living, and we will put out the fires in spite of the Devil; and our Zion shall not be burned nor scathed, nor smoked. "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion; on the sides of the north is the city of the Great King. God is known in her palaces for a refuge. Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof: mark ye well her bulwarks, and consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to generations following." The city of God shall never be burned.

The soldier uses the ladder in scaling the walls and routing the enemy. We have many enemies—the *world*, the *flesh*, and the *Devil* and his *hosts.* These have no pleasure in the prosperity of Zion. They desire to defeat the plan of salvation, and put to flight the army of the Lord. They are well armed and well fortified, and present an imposing phalanx. They man well their batteries, and

shout for the battle. But shall we fear? No! no! They that are for us are more and stronger than all they that are against us. This is no time to fear! It is the time to open fire upon the enemy, to rush into the battle, to scale the walls, and strike for a complete victory! We go not to warfare at our own charges; neither is the battle doubtful. We shall have victory! The kingdoms shall be given to the saints of the Most High. We shall take the world!

The best of all is, the good man can use the ladder to go to heaven. Here, then, is for heaven by the ladder Jacob saw! You may think this is a hard way to heaven; but it is the way our fathers went, and angels pass and repass in this way; and it is the only way. Christ speaks of it when he says, "I am the way." The language is figurative, but the idea expressed is clear; it is, that a way is opened to heaven by Jesus Christ.

Several things are considered necessary by those who would climb a ladder.

The ladder must be competent. No man will be likely to venture on a poor ladder. I have already stated that Christ is the ladder. Sometimes he is called a "door," a "way," a "shepherd;" but here he is called a "ladder." His two whole and distinct natures, form the side-pieces of the ladder. You ask "Which side is the stronger?" I have only to say, Jesus has no weak side—"The exceeding great and precious promises whereby we escape the corruption that is in the world," constitute the rounds of the ladder. It is my business to preach the word as I find it. God forbid that I should change the *record.* If any man has found a better Gospel, let him preach it. I am for the old Gospel just as it is written. This is good enough for me. Give me Bible sentiments, Bible *terms*, and Bible influences, and they will do. Christ is a competent ladder—a good Saviour. "In him dwelt all the

fulness of the godhead bodily." "He is the true God and eternal life." He is the great God and our Saviour. If a man cannot rest on *Divinity*, he cannot rest anywhere. We preach Christ the *only* way, and a *safe* way to heaven.

A ladder that is too short is incompetent. Our ladder is not too short. Christ will bear a man all the way to heaven (if he will let him). It is written, "I will not leave thee nor forsake thee." Christ will bear you through cold and heat, storm and sunshine, quite up to heaven.

A ladder is incompetent when it is weak. We preach no weak Saviour. He is "mighty to save." He saves to the *uttermost*, all that come unto God by him. He saves *old* sinners, and hell-deserving sinners; and he saves them well. Who will venture upon him? He is a safe and strong Saviour. Get hold of the rounds—the promises—they cannot fail;

They will lift you up to things above.

A ladder is incompetent when poorly set up! Our ladder is firmly set up. The foot thereof is in the grave of Joseph of Arimathea, in the solid rock. It reaches to the bottom of the lowest grave. When Gabriel's last trump shall blow, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, the saints will take hold of the rounds of the ladder and come up clothed with immortality and eternal life. The top of it reaches to heaven, and is firmly fastened to the throne of God. Strong winds have blown—winds that have rent the mountains—but the ladder has not moved. Mighty revolutions, that have shaken the earth, have multiplied; the enemy has brought his battering-rams against it; infidelity has spent its forces against it; and the hosts of hell have rallied all their powers to take it down; but it stands unmoved and immovable. "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

It requires effort to climb a ladder. Nobody ever *fell up*

a ladder; nobody ever *happened to get up a ladder;* and I would advise a man not to go to sleep on a ladder. He is a fool if he does. If you would climb a ladder, you must keep wide awake. It requires constant and well-directed effort to climb a ladder. You feel the force of the remark: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." If you enter heaven, you must hold on your way with untiring effort, through sun and storm. He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved. He that putteth his hand to the plow, and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

In climbing a long ladder you must *look up.* If you look down, you will become giddy, and be very likely to fall. This is the only way to get to heaven: *look up!* You must keep your eye on "the mark of the prize of your high calling, which is of God in Christ Jesus." If you look down—become cold and worldly and careless—you will fall, and great will be your fall. Multitudes did well for a season, but they fell and were broken; there is hardly enough left of them to be gathered up. They have turned "like the dog to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire." Others have been long in the way, and have been climbing heavenward for many years. They have grown old in the service of God. Press onward, dear brethren. A few more efforts, and you will gain the top of the ladder. Some have passed on before; they are in glory now, and wait your arrival.

A little longer here below,
Then home to glory we shall go.

The storms of life will soon be past, and we have an abundant entrance administered unto us into the everlasting kingdom of Jesus Christ. (Amen.)

CHAPTER XXVI.

PREACHERS AND THEIR PREACHING.

Jesus, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.
Jesus, let all thy servants shine
Illustrious as the sun;
And, bright with borrowed rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

"How do you like that group?" said a sister as she handed us a family picture—father, mother, sister, and five brothers; all nicely put up. "Well done," we replied. "You can see the whole family at once, and easily tell which you like best; but I suppose you like *all* best." Reader, we propose to give you a group of preachers,—not full length portraits, as Brady says, but dashes. An artist was once painting a prize picture—a war-horse. He succeeded admirably until he came to the froth about the mouth, and so signally did he fail there, that, after repeated efforts, in a paroxysm of rage, he threw his brush at the canvas, when, lo! the sudden thrust made all the appearance of dripping foam, and the picture stood complete. Perhaps with a sudden dash of the pen we will succeed as well, as if, with days of toil, we wrought the pictures singly. We will promise not to give so much history and romance in one brief paragraph as Brother Taylor gives in his "California Life Illustrated." Speaking of Rev. Isaac Owen, one of his fellow-laborers in California, he says that Dr. Thurston, who, for five years had been collecting materials for a book, asked Brother Owen to give him a sketch of his life for his book. After looking over a list

of autobiographic notices in the Doctor's book, by different ministers, and observing that special reference was made to the cities in which they had lived, the colleges in which they had graduated, Owen penned something like the following: "Isaac Owen was born in Vermont; raised on Coon Range on White River, in the wilderness of Indiana; costumed in buckskin; fed on pounded cake; educated in a log school-house. First book, Webster's Spelling Book; first lesson in two syllables, commencing with 'Baker.' Converted in the woods, licensed to preach on a log; first circuit then called Otter Creek Mission, embraced part of five counties. Last heard of, a Missionary in California, and on a review of his life has no apologies to offer for being born."

Let me forewarn you that ministers, like other things, are unlike. God loves variety. The flowers are not all of the same genus, nor the mountains of the same altitude. There is variety in the *Bible*. God might have made Revelation a different book from that it is. One brief chapter from Sinai, and one from Calvary, would have pointed to man's duty and to his hopes. As it is, we have the writings of forty authors, and each production is stamped with the individuality of its writer, but inspiration sanctifies the taste and diction of each. Instead of a dull monotonous treatise in theology, we have the picturesque narrative, the sublime poem, the proverb, the story, and the psalm. The same wisdom that gave variety to the inspired page, has ordained equal diversity in the instruments that proclaim the truth. This meets a necessity arising from the diversity of those to whom the truth is addressed.

You know, says Dr. Hamilton, how opposite are the terms, and how various the temperaments of different people, and how unequal their capacities. One has a logician's intellect, and delights in dialectic subtilty. Another has a prompt intuition, and deprecates as so much

bamboozlement every ingenious or protracted argument. Some have the ideal faculty, so they never understand a proposition rightly till it sparkles as a sentiment. Poet-wise, their eyes are in their apex,—they cannot descry matters of fact and homely truths which creep along the ground, or travel on all-fours; but, in order to arrest a vision so sublime as theirs, thought must spread the wings of metaphor, and soar into the zenith: while others are so prosaic, that they are offended at all imagery, and grudge the time it takes to translate a trope or figure. Some minds are concrete, and cannot understand a general statement till they see a particular example. Others are so abstract, that an illustration is an interruption,—an example, a waste of time. Most men love history, and nearly all men live much in the future. Some minds are pensive, and some are cheerful. Some are ardent, and some are singularly phlegmatic.

To meet this variety, God has chosen his ministers from the *people*,—having all the diversity of intellect and manner peculiar to the multitudes they serve. One deals in massive, unanswerable argument, like Paul; another, with the solemnity and fervor of old Galilean Peter, presses the message upon the conscience; while a third, with a pathos as tender and touching as John's, saves men of like temperament. Thus all are suited, all are blessed.

God observes the same variety in the posts of ministerial duty to which different laborers are assigned. "And he gave some, Apostles; and some, Prophets; and some, Evangelists; some, Pastors and Teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the Ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the fulness of the stature of Christ." Eph. iv. 11–13.

Reader, remembering these remarks, imagine yourself

upon the camp ground taking a leisure walk from tent to tent, in order to make the acquaintance of some of the ministers present. Here, if you please, is

REV. J. W. MUNGER.

"My dear brother, where did you launch your boat, as the sailors say: where have you been cruising these years, and where have you cast anchor?"

"My history is soon told. I was born in Delaware county, New York, in 1819; converted, in 1839; and for some years exhorted as well as I could. In 1850, licensed to preach, and recommended to the travelling connection, joined the New York Conference, and was sent to Fishkill. In 1853, joined the Wyoming Conference; have labored in word and doctrine until the present. I have preached the Gospel, also, to them that be at Rome. Have since been appointed successively to Spencer, Skinner's Eddy, Newton, and Providence,—the latter place is my present field of labor. I like the *name* and the *people*."

"How is it that you did not begin sooner?"

"Well, I resisted my convictions of duty, and set about getting the good things of this life."

"How did you prosper?"

"For awhile all went well, but after I had several hundred dollars laid up, an unlooked-for providence swept it all away; my boat was driven on a lee shore."

"You learned by that time that God has two ways of dealing with his children."

"I don't know that I understand you; please explain."

"Why God sometimes multiplies the meal and oil, and then again he knocks the bottom out of the barrel, as in your case."

"There is no doubt about that."

"What do you suppose Peter would have made out fish-

ing, *after* Jesus told him to follow him and he would make him a fisher of men?"

"Not much, judging from my own experience."

Reader, aside. Brother Munger is tall and slim, with that neatness about his dress, and trimness about his movements, that might possibly lead a stranger to say, at first sight, "There is a gentleman who came within one of being a dandy." On a more intimate acquaintance, you are ready to take him to your heart as a brother beloved in the Lord. A slight impediment in his speech is noticeable when he does not rise above his natural diffidence and embarrassment. He is a host in prayer, and good at exhortation. When he has what he calls his "*good times*," he rises above his fears, forgets his impediments, and astonishes himself and all that hear him. At such times there is a sublimity in his language, a force in his manner, and withal an *unction* attending the discourse, overwhelming to the audience. An early and thorough education would have made him a mighty man in our Zion; as it is, the golden moments have fled, and he must use the weapons he has. With these he will do good execution. My God, bless him! He will never be arraigned before Conference for insolvency; he is too good a financier for that. He is preparing for the *next world*, by looking well to the duties and interests of *this*. When he dies, many led to Christ by his instrumentality, will rise up and call him blessed. *So mote it be.*

REV. L. COLE.

Here is a brother in whose society you can be but a short time before you will be satisfied that he has two things; to wit, *salvation* and the *dyspepsia*. With reference to the former, it is unnecessary for us to give him any advice; but if permitted to speak to him of the latter we *would prescribe*. We would not be officious, but we

would just whisper in his ear something like this: Throw away those cigars, abandon all hot and stimulating drinks (green tea and strong coffee we mean), use only black tea or cold water as a drink, avoid all highly-seasoned food, and be sure and have nothing to do with *hog meat* in any way. Beefsteak or mutton is good enough for a preacher. This is the kind of diet that helped make Dr. Clarke a great man. He said, if he were required to offer a sacrifice to the Devil, it would be "a roasted pig stuffed with tobacco." As to bread, just such good wheat bread as your skilful wife knows how to bake, is far better than "slap-jacks" or "short-cakes." Throw all the saleratus out of the house. In Paris, it is against the law to put such stuff in bread. We ought to have such a law here. Eat regularly, slowly, and temperately. Make yourself familiar with a cold water bath. Be regular and moderate in your physical exercise; take regular and ample hours for sleep, and never allow yourself to undertake the God-displeasing task of performing two days' work in one. Follow this prescription, keep your feet warm, keep a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men, and we will warrant you a perfect cure in twelve months, perhaps in less time. But we are wandering, *preacher fashion*, and telling *others* what to do, just as if *we* always did right in this matter. You wish to know something of his brother.

Thirty-two summers have passed over him. At nineteen he gave his heart to Christ. Six years has he been in the travelling connection. He lays no claim to superior genius, or scholarship, but like an humble minister of the Lord Jesus, he prosecutes his work. Many have been converted under his labors. This speaks well for him. *Success* and *piety* are the measure of a man's worth. We hear of our brother only in connection with his appropriate work. O that this might be said of all ministers of Christ!

"Go preach!" is the emphatic command of Christ; not *go speculate*, or fritter precious time in advocating questionable measures of reform. The approbation of God, and the benedictions of precious souls saved by our instrumentality, constitute a far richer reward than the applause and treasures of the world. Brother Cole evidently aims at the conversion of souls, and the glory of God. May God bless him with salvation full, and with more glorious success than he has yet realized. Hold, my pen must not be too free; he is a young man; his history is unwritten—his character is not yet carved. Personal affection would lead us to pay him a lengthy tribute; but modesty says, "Be brief—when his toil is done, and he sleeps in a victor's grave, and the tears of a grateful people, and of bereaved children, fall on the turf above his bosom, *then* let his praise be sung, and his works applauded."

But there is one question you must have answered. What is it? "Why did he leave the stand last night, during the earnest exhortation of a young minister?" We will tell you. The speaker made allusion to the loneliness and sorrows of orphanage, and to the greater misfortunes of those who live without God in the world. Brother C.'s heart was touched, for he was reminded of other scenes. He felt himself in childhood again, and surrounded by circumstances, the memory of which, after the lapse of near thirty years, brings afresh the tears of sorrow and of thanksgiving. When six years of age, in a lonely room, he stood by the bed-side of his dying mother. Death had been relentless in that family. Several had fallen in a few short months, and the surviving son ardently hoped that *mother would not die*. How could he live without her? Vain hope! "Good bye, Leonard," said pale and trembling lips, and all was over. That little boy was left an orphan, and no brother or sister survived

to share his grief, or cheer his heart; and he was thrown upon a cold and selfish world. * * That scene, dear reader, came vividly to his mind, and his feelings were so overwhelming, that he *retired to weep alone*, and offer thanksgiving to God for the mercy and care extended to him through the years of his loneliness and dependence. The lonely orphan boy has become a successful minister of the Gospel. Had you known the cause of his departure, you would have wept too. We can sympathize with him. We once had a mother—a *praying* mother. She taught us the way of life; but many years have passed since the flowers began to bloom above her grave; and, although the cares and the toils of manhood are upon us, memory oft recalls the parting scene, and we hear again that heart-breaking "good bye."

REV. GEORGE M. PECK.

"What he believed he taught, what he taught he practised; so that creed and deed harmonized. He had a sweet spirit, too, and a pleasant countenance; grace and face making comly union. * * * * Indeed he was a Christian of Christ's sort."

"Paint me just as I am, if I look like the very Devil," said the Rev. Mr. G. of the Erie Conference, as he took his seat before an artist for the purpose of having his portrait painted. Strange language, you say, for a minister. Brother G. was a strange man; eyes like General Jackson, nose like a hardy Roman, and hair that stuck up like porcupine quills. In short, his countenance showed a peculiar combination of *piety*, *firmness*, and *intellect*. He wanted a correct likeness, even if it looked like "Old Nick." Were we able to give you a correct portraiture of Rev. G. M. Peck, it would be the reverse of the likeness painted for Rev. Mr. G. We agree with a late English writer that we have no standard by which we can

accurately measure men. True, the old Family Bible says that the subject of this sketch is just a *Peck*, nevertheless it does not fully meet the case. He is *more* than a peck.

The phrenologist, by feeling of his head, might be led to say that he has *inventive genius*. We can say the same, and on good authority, to wit, its practical proof. If he has not discovered a process for making "*bread and butter*" for the hungry, he *has* invented a machine for *working* butter after it is made. Other inventions of our brother attest a practical inventive genius. These little incidental efforts of a practical and active mind are not allowed to interrupt or diminish his ministerial fidelity and success. They are rather the result of moments of needed relaxation from book and pulpit toil.

He is the eldest son of Rev. George Peck, D. D. He by no means eclipses the pulpit and literary celebrity of his father, neither, on the other hand, is he an illustration of the remark that "a smart father may have an indifferent son." He has talent, but with it a generosity and humility that rather divert your attention from the treasures of his intellect, and fix it approvingly upon his friendship and his modesty. He is no dishonor to the family name. He is one of those fortunate men that have few enemies, and many friends.

He was born in 1819. When twenty-four years of age he received his first license to preach. Two years thereafter he was received on trial in the Oneida Conference. At the expiration of his probation he was ordained Deacon by Bishop Morris. In 1849 he was ordained Elder by Bishop Hamline. His fields of labor have been Salem, Canaan, Beech Pond, Mount Pleasant, Pittston, New Troy, and Providence.

Two words express the marked characteristics of Brother George M., as he is familiarly called by his relative—*Amiability* and *fidelity*. Every rough or repulsive fea-

ture of human nature has been pruned away by education and religion, or rather we would say that he never possessed qualities other than the lovely traits of character which religion has not supplanted, but refined and ripened into perfection and beauty. Some men go through society like a blunt scow-boat, laboring and throwing the troubled waters on either side. Our brother is no scow-boat, but rather like the beautiful and symmetrical yacht that parts the wave so delicately in her passage that scarcely a ripple tells that the waters have been troubled. It does one good, especially in hours of sadness, to sit down and commune with his loving, true heart. No matter how sad you are, he will have a kind word and a smile to cheer you. A smile is a great thing when it is the right sort. It must be the radiance of an affectionate heart, evincing its warmth and love because it can't help it, and not the studied artificial smile that pride and coquetry put on to extort compliments from company. Fidelity! How appropriate that word in speaking of him! It expresses his character as a *father*, *husband*, *Christian*, and *minister*.

As a preacher, he combines chasteness, fluency, and pathos. He is apparently mild and unimpassioned, and yet he has passion, but it is disciplined. He rises in his subject gradually and constantly, appearing rather to be borne along by his theme. He makes no labored efforts to bring out his subject; his subject *brings him out*. Like his father, he seldom makes use of a manuscript in public, but his sermons give ample proof of careful and correct thought. It requires more *thinking* and *praying* to preach a good discourse without notes, than to write a tolerably good sermon, and then read the people to death with it.

The sermons of Brother Peck leave *impressions* and beget *fruit*. Two years did he toil on our present field of labor. Our regard for him has been greatly increased by the frequent and kind reference which the people make to

his labors. We pray that we may never backslide far enough to have our jealousy aroused by the applause bestowed upon others. We love this people more for their kind remembrance of a good man.

REV. A. H. SCHOONMAKER.

In the conference love feast at Carbondale, some years since, a clear, strong, musical voice, started "The Pilgrim." Never did concert-singing or orchestra music sound to us half as grand as the unassisted effort of that spiritual singer. As soon as he concluded his singing, he arose and said, "I am a fortunate man. Through grace I know my sins forgiven. The mercies of God to me are numerous and great. I have the best Presiding Elder in the whole Conference, and have had the very best appointments. I have to travel the mountains, and preach in school-houses, but God is with me. I have seen many souls converted during the past year. Glory be to God!"

"Who is that?" we ventured to inquire. "Anthony H. Schoonmaker," was the reply. "He has recently come from the New York Conference." The very man whose name honors this page. He joined the Oneida Conference in 1849, having previously labored under the Elder in the New York Conference. Of his history we are not advised. Judging from his appearance, we take him to be an *active* man, having more power than poetry. He is ardent and impulsive, and as fearless as he is earnest, in the utterance of his opinions. The Church needs just such men, nevertheless they are often uncomfortable, for they get many a scratch as they brush by moping old fogies. In their out-spoken, go-ahead way of doing things, they frequently come in contact with "men of like passions," then—yes, then—a conflict; but a bloodless one. Our brother is a grand singer, and a preacher of the pioneer stamp. He is full of fire and *vim*. He

aims to accomplish by direct, bold, open efforts, what others do by cautious circumlocution.

In his personal apppearance, he is quite on the ministerial. A white cravat does honor to his neck, while a well placed wig compensates for the early loss of his hair.

We are inclined to think that he has had more than his proportion of charges that afford but a meagre support to their ministers, if support it may be called. As he has a family for which to provide, and children to educate, he must be doubly embarrassed by any deficiency in his salary. On the whole, we believe that the Itinerancy is the best system in the world, and yet it is undeniable that ministerial labor is not always judiciously and fairly distributed.

In looking over the ministers, it will be seen, however, that our brother has served, among other desirable fields, *New Troy* and *Scranton*, two very important posts in our Conference. At the latter place, his efforts require especial note. When appointed to the station, he found them without parsonage or church, except a small dilapidated building, as discreditable as inconvenient. With hearty good-will did he take hold of the matter. A parsonage was built—the old church property disposed of advantageously, and the walls of a new and noble house of worship rose on a well selected foundation. The liberal plans laid under his labors, were not fully carried out when the great financial revulsion came upon the country. The church was unfinished, and a debt of over six thousand dollars seemed to say, *all will be lost.* The predictions of the foes of our Zion, and the fears of her friends, have not been fulfilled. The indefatigable labors of the present pastor, Rev. B. W. Gorham, have, by the blessing of God, saved the Church, in Scranton, from bankruptcy and disorganization. We have fallen into this seeming

digression, because the matter stands so connected with the labors of the subject of this sketch.

We have hinted at the unequal distribution of ministerial labor. There is one thought that is full of comfort to young ministers, and that is, that it is far better to *deserve honor* and not receive it, than to receive it *without deserving it.* Better, by far, have the people ask, "Why are not A. and B. promoted where their talents and piety will make their mark?" than to have them say, "What folly to promote persons unfit for responsibility!" Let us be assured that if we are fit for promotion, it will come sooner or later. A good divine has left the following:—

"The stone that is fit for the wall, is not left in the way. Only be fit for the wall; square, polish, prepare thyself for it; do not limit thyself to the acquisition of such knowledge as is absolutely necessary for thy present position; but rather learn languages, acquire a useful information, stretch thyself in this way and that, cherish whatever aptitudes thou findest in thyself; and it is certain thy time will come. Thou wilt not be left in the way; sooner or later the builders will be glad of thee; the wall will need thee to fill a place in it, quite as much as thou needest a place to occupy in the wall."

Brother Schoonmaker's style and manner of preaching are in some respects quite unlike those mentioned in the preceding sketch. We know not that his usefulness is thereby impaired, but think otherwise. We hear of his rendering efficient help on charges adjacent to his own. Thus may he live, blessing and being blessed, till the Master shall say, "*Come up higher.*"

REV. O. M. McDOWALL.

"There is something in one's blood," say the "first families in Virginia," as they boast of their opulent and honored ancestors. The subject of this sketch is of

"good blood;" he is a *Scotchman*. We are informed that his ancestors came from Scotland. He was born in Saratoga county, N. Y., 1819. Scotland is a great land, and her people are a great people. Their industry, piety, and talents have won the approval, if not the applause of every nation on earth. Scotland stands as a bulwark against Romanism. The Papal Church, and her eldest daughter, High Churchism, cannot find a footing there. A straggling priest or two, and a few score of their adherents, live in comparative obscurity, and, by their weakness, are a type of what the Papacy in all lands is destined to be. Our brother might boast of his ancestry, but he does not do it. He feels more indebted to Calvary, than to Scotland, and glories in the cross of Christ, and not in the blood in his own veins. We honor him for this. When seventeen years of age, he experienced a change of heart, and joined the M. E. Church. In 1843, he was licensed to preach, and the same year recommended to the travelling connection, and received on trial in the Oneida Conference. His first circuit was *Scipio*, Cayuga county, N. Y. His present field of labor is Newark Valley, which, like Jerusalem of old, "it is beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole Conference."

He combines zeal and caution. His language, as the phrenologist would say, "is large." This is a happy talent, though, like every other blessing, it may be perverted. If our brother has a fault, it is doubtless seen an occasional neglect of the mental powers given him. His mind is capable of investigating truth carefully and correctly; yet, his power lies more in *description*, than in analysis or argument. Being of an ardent temperament, the excitement of a public meeting, and the glow and fervor of his own sensibilities, have enabled him, in his unstudied efforts, to surpass the labored productions of his less gifted brethren. These "good times" are injurious in one respect;

they too often lead us to neglect study, under the delusive hope that in the same circumstances we can do "just so again."

Of his style in preaching, we have little to say. It is not the clear, smooth, pleasing style that, like a quiet bay, distinctly mirrors every object it touches; neither is it the *pathetic*, that steals into your heart, and sends the tears up to your eyes in spite of yourself; but it is the *rushing*, vehement style. It may fitly be compared to a rushing stream, leaping along, impatient of restraint. He labors to accomplish something. Like the Apostle, he aims at immediate results. He is an active man in the pulpit, and generally has a "stir." This is good, for of all things, deliver us from *stagnation*. Silence and inaction are the harbingers of death!

There is a complacent look upon Brother McDowall's countenance, that seems to say, "I do the best I can, and call it *good*." To this we do not object, for we regard it as self-respect; and this is essential to success anywhere. Too high an estimate of the powers that God has given us, will make us offensive egotists. Egotism, however, is more natural, and more manly, than a depreciation of our performances, or a denial of the possession of talents God has given, merely to extort compliments from others.

Brother McDowall is a good judge of human nature, and by a skilful use of his knowledge in this respect, has few collisions. The first year of his ministry, an incident occurred, in which his colleague, however, was the principal actor, that led him to look with some caution on mere pretence. Let it close this sketch.

Rev. John Crawford was his colleague. They were holding a protracted meeting at an appointment on the old Scipio charge. One evening two suspicious persons, a young man and a young woman, came to the altar, professedly for prayers. Previous information enabled both

the ministers to detect in them two persons who had agreed to go to the altar to mock at religion and break up the meeting. These persons took their places in the middle of the front seat, which had no parting in the centre nor breastwork to separate it from the space in front of the altar. The parties had hardly been seated before the young lady thrust her elbow into the side of her masculine companion. "See that! see that!" said Brother Crawford to the young preacher. That punch

"Was confirmation strong."

Our brother was taking lessons in ministerial toil, and he watched the matter closely. The penitents, real and hypocritical, were summoned to their knees. As they bowed Brother C. put his hands together wedge-fashion, and thrust them between the suspicious persons and separated them far enough to enable him to kneel between them. Brother McDowall was called on to pray first. Others followed, but the penitents were not allowed to rise. This was not oppressive to those who were sincere, but to the hypocritical it was doing penance in a way they dreamed not of. Prayer after prayer followed, Brother C. giving directions and "holding the sinners to it," and Brother McDowall watching the operation. At last Brother C. said, in his broad Irish brogue, "Let us pray," still maintaining his position between the young persons. Now "Johnny," as he was familiarly called, was very loud and very *long* in prayer; and what was more, his large strong hands would double into two frightful fists, which would go up and down with the regularity and force of a flax break, and woe to the persons on whom they might fall. On this occasion his fists fell on the persons nearest him, and from the testimony of eye-witnesses we are prepared to say that the "blows *were well put on.*" The praying and the pounding at last ceased, and the young

lady sprang to her feet without waiting for the meeting to close, (for the devil in her was doubtless terrified at the hard usage he had received), and drawing her shawl quickly about her she said, in an angry tone, "*Come, I'm going. Blast that Crawford; he has pounded the Holy Ghost into me bigger than a saw-mill.*" The experiment worked to a charm, and our brother never forgot the lesson. This incident led him to closely scan human character and conduct, and it contributed not a little to the skill with which he detects imposition and manages a protracted meeting.

REV. CHARLES PERKINS.

An intimate acquaintance with Brother Perkins is sure to awaken love toward him. Gold loses none of its value by being looked at. Some minds are evidently made to be leading spirits, to impress their own minds on all the movements of their times. Brother Perkins does not belong to this class; neither is he a *reprint* of other men, or dependent upon them. There is about him a manly independence that leads him to think for himself, and act accordingly. He is not credulous: this accounts in part for his early skepticism. His natural taste and inclination would lead him to prefer metaphysics. He loves discussion; not for its own sake, but for the sake of the truth it elicits. He is more than a freshman at argument, though he is not always clear and concise in his statements. All truth is valuable to him; hence his emphasis in uttering what others deem of small importance.

Physically considered, he is not a *large man.* He cannot boast of an "episcopal development," and judging from his modesty and Christian humility, he has no ambition in that direction. His motto is best expressed in the language of the poet:—

His only righteousness I show—
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry,—behold the Lamb.
Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb!

He is emphatically a brand plucked from the burning! Resisting the convictions, and forgetting the instructions, of his childhood, he gave himself up to the *theory* and *practice* of, what he termed "the Devil's favorite theology," *Universalism.* He soon reached, where, alas! too many have been decoyed and lost—the whirlpool of Atheism. God did not forsake him, but by numerous afflictions deprived him of earthly comfort. The Spirit of God returned to his heart and sought admittance. O the forbearance and love of a Saviour! Years of infidelity and indifference do not silence his affectionate appeals. God had work for Brother P. His conversion was clear and its fruit immediate. A desire to be useful, soon ripened into a conviction that he must preach the Gospel.

He began, and nearly the first sermon he preached was an occasion of thrilling interest. An incident occurred, that we here relate. It was at a quarterly meeting in New Milford, Pa. Though called on suddenly and somewhat unexpectedly by the Presiding Elder, yet he had great freedom, and his word was with much assurance. The Church there had long been afflicted by some matters of disagreement between different members of the society. There were two troubles, each involving two brethren, and their respective friends. Scarcely had our brother concluded the discourse before the hitherto contending parties were on their feet and rushing toward each other to ask forgiveness and heal the trouble. Two of them met in the aisle, and two near the altar. The word

and Spirit of God had melted their hearts, and their first act was this public acknowledgment of wrongs by which the cause of Christ had been made to bleed. Heartily did they embrace and forgive each other. They wept, and the congregation wept with them. Such a demonstration of the divinity of religion the wicked did not expect. This was building the Church up in love. That sermon was the beginning of a glorious revival in New Milford.

He served the Church efficiently under the Presiding Elder for several years, and, in 1842, was received on trial in the Oneida Conference. He has toiled on, retiring from the active work only occasionally and for a brief time, and then compelled to do so by sickness. We know of no minister of Jesus who has done more good and, at the same time, made as little noise in the world as Brother Perkins. He cannot be said to have popularity, if the applause of the multitude is essential to popularity. His full strength has never been known by himself or others, and for this reason,—*he uses his pen too little.* "Reading makes the full man, speaking makes the ready man, but *writing makes the correct man.*"

We do not know what were his early advantages for mental culture, or how those advantages were improved; but this we know, on the authority of many witnesses, that he has been instrumental in leading many a wandering sinner to Christ. It is cheering to any minister of Jesus to feel that he has not labored in vain, nor run in vain. Souls are our crown of rejoicing. Particular seasons when God is pleased to make special manifestations of grace to us, and to others in connection with our labors, should be remembered with gratitude. Many such seasons can Brother Perkins revert to in his history,—they are bright spots in the desert of life. A few years since, Rev. W. Arthur, of the British Conference, came to our shores. He preached at camp meetings, and in many of

e larger towns from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Wherever he went, crowds hung in rapture on his lips. At a farewell meeting in New York, the evening before he sailed for England, he uttered this language: "But I go with one pang at my heart: I do not know that God has converted one soul through my instrumentality since I came among you." He had accomplished a noble work in pleading for Ireland, yet his grief was that he had not led souls to Christ here in America.

Let the following incident close this sketch. A few years since, Brother Perkins was called on at camp meeting to preach. He did not expect to preach at that time, as another minister had been appointed for that purpose; but he having left the ground, the place had to be filled by some one. Brother Perkins was selected. In a few minutes, services were to begin. He took his Bible, and on his knees sought for light and power. "Quench not the Spirit" was the text given him, and from which he preached a sermon on the Holy Ghost, the *ways* in which men resist his power, and the results of such conduct. That sermon will long be remembered. The power of God attended and followed it in a manner which those present had never before witnessed. Hundreds fell in every direction. The wicked, in their gaiety, were arrested without a moment's warning. A peculiar luminous vapor, or cloud of glory, hovered directly over the encampment. The wicked saw it, and fell prostrate to the earth. Some tried to run from the ground, crying, "The day of judgment is come;" others—such was their mental agony and surprise—cried, "I am dying." Careless bystanders, who were outside of the tents, felt the awful power, and in their solemnity and awe were ready to say, "How dreadful is this place!" A call was made for mourners,—and such a rush for the altar! A season of prayer followed, in which thirty obtained peace in believing. Two hun-

dred and fifty souls were converted during that meeting. "Manna in the wilderness!" you are ready to exclaim.

Our sketch must close. We could fill many pages with incidents. They are all written in God's Book. There are other ministers to whom we would be glad to introduce the reader, but space forbids. We have paid this hasty tribute to those unpretending servants of God; and now we conclude our imaginary calls, and join in public worship. We append a beautiful hymn. Though familiar to all, it is worthy a place here.

How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,—
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
How charming is their voice—
So sweet the tidings are;
Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.

How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound,
Which kings and Prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NELLIE;

OR,

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

Who would not turn from a female advocate at the bar, or judge upon the bench, surrounded by the usual scenes of a court-house, even if she filled these offices with ability and talent, to render honor to her, who, laying on the altar of sacrifice whatever of genius or acquirements or loveliness she may possess, goes forth to cheer and to share the labors and cares of the husband of her youth, in his errand of love to the heathen?—LIVES OF THE THREE MRS. JUDSONS.

A LARGE congregation had gathered in the new M. E. Church in the city-like town of Scranton, Pa. The gas-lights gave additional lustre to the gay attire of many who had gathered there, and made the deep interest of friends more apparent. The moment had arrived; every heart beat with anxiety, when a young minister entered, and led to the altar a fair maiden. That young man had been left an orphan. The Saviour had early called him to his service; and, becoming a close student, he had recently graduated at a Theological School, and given himself to the Missionary work. Youthful in appearance, he would by no means indicate to the stranger the full measure of his piety and power. Many of his relations from an Eastern city had come to witness his marriage. All eyes were turned to the fair being by his side. Eighteen summers had passed since she pressed an infant's pillow. No rouge disfigured her face, for intelligence and virtue gave the beauty she prized most. No jewelry dangled about her form. Her attire was plain, but tastefully arranged. A deep seriousness overspread her features, and withal a

firmness was indicated which told that she well understood the step she was taking, and took it without reserve. Her cheeks were blooming with beauty and hope. Her father, Rev. B. W. Gorham, arose, and with clear and unfaltering voice pronounced the marriage ceremony. Prayer was offered, the choir sang an anthem, the people returned to their homes, and Nellie Gorham was Mrs. Nellie Baldwin, wife of a missionary to China.

The farewell meeting has been held, and the solemn, sacred parting scenes are over. The mother's tearful, choking "good-bye" has been spoken; the father's "God bless you, my children," has been uttered, and the missionary ship has borne away the young missionary and his wife. It was not romance or youthful enthusiasm that led that gifted girl to say adieu to friends and country, and go across the seas to live, and labor, and, perchance, to die in a heathen land. She went as a co-laborer with her husband; and she went for the Master's sake. No call of human friendship, no voice of flattery or worldly honor, called her. She heard the wail of perishing heathen, and she said, "I'll go and tell them of Jesus and heaven. The love of Christ constraineth me." Noble woman! Her name is already on the list of heroines, and for her awaits a glorious crown!

Her new position has given the Church a new and extensive interest in her character and achievements. Even the incidents of her childhood henceforth belong to that narrative which shall record her toils, and trials, and usefulness in China. In future ages, when the history of the Christian Church in China shall be written up, prominent among her founders and early laborers will be found the name of NELLIE BALDWIN. This brief chapter is only a tribute which affection and piety would pay to her worth.

Mrs. Nellie Baldwin is the eldest surviving daughter of Rev. B. W. Gorham. She was born at Mount Upton,

New York, July 30th, 1839. Nothing especially striking in her mind or conduct appeared in childhood. Her parents were mild, yet strict in their family government. To authority, they united consistent Christian example and faithful instruction. Before ten years had passed, Nellie was regarded as possessing *good sense* and great *energy* of character—two very important qualifications in this matter-of-fact world of ours. Genius may shine, and surprise, and fascinate, but it fights no moral battles, and it is too erratic and dazzling for practical, sober life.

There are so many women of fashion and folly and fear in this world, that when we meet one with *good sense* and *courage*, we prize her "above rubies." Nellie, under the home instructions of her parents, and the faithful preaching of her father, was led to realize her sinful condition. Soon after making known her religious anxieties, she experienced religion at the family altar, when but ten years of age. Happy are those children who can think of home as the sacred shrine of affection, the abode of piety, and the never-to-be-forgotten place of their conversion to God. Happy are the parents who can add to the joy they felt when infancy sanctified their home, the richer bliss which God gives when he honors their offspring with a *new* birth around the family altar.

Years flew by, and only added new charms to the heart and person of Nellie. Her father's life was one of changes and trials—such as a Methodist minister who aims to be faithful and useful may expect—and Nellie did much to make those trials light. When at home, her busy hands lightened a mother's toil, and her happy voice made all the house musical. When at school, frequent and loving epistles caused the dear ones at home to forget many a sorrow. Those who saw her tripping lightly through the house, humming some pleasant air, or, with nimble fingers, sweeping the keys of the piano, thought she was made

only for sunshine. Little did they dream that her soul was all this while painfully anxious to accomplish good in the world, even at the expense of home comforts and Christian society. In her desire for usefulness were illustrated the practical bent of her mind and the genuineness of her piety.

Few, outside of her father's family, knew her worth—few understood her. Her piety was not obtrusive, but genuine. Her parents were permitted to know all her heart. They had access to her journal where her heart-struggles were faithfully recorded. With these let not a stranger intermeddle.

Nearly one year before her marriage, a student from Concord spent a Sabbath with her father in Owego, and preached for him. Stephen Baldwin was by no means prepossessing in his appearance; but when he entered the pulpit and began his message, criticism was disarmed, and the audience, without exception, were profitably disappointed. In conversation he was equally interesting and instructive. A close observer, he had not failed to note the personal and intellectual charms of Nellie, as well as her unassuming piety. A short time before finishing his studies at the Institute, he was appointed Missionary to China. A resolution of the Board would allow them to send out only married men. Stephen had not contemplated marriage, but his heart was set upon the missionary work, and he cast about to select a partner for his future trials and labors. He did not, like John Calvin, the great reformer, intrust the work to another, with the injunction to "select a fair person, one that would *obey* him and be careful of his health." The needle, when there are no counter attractions, will always point to the pole; so with the human heart, it will seek the proper object of conjugal affection, if there are no side influences to pervert it. Stephen Baldwin called to mind the pious maiden he had

seen in the parsonage at Owego. He addressed a letter to her parents. It was as plain as it was unlooked for. It asked permission to address Nellie with the intention of soliciting her hand in marriage. He plainly stated his desire to take her to China, and they might not see her again on earth. We transcribe part of a letter which a missionary addressed, under similar circumstances, to the father of Miss Hasseltine.

"I have now to ask whether you can consent to part with your daughter early next spring, to see her no more in this world; whether you can consent to her departure for a heathen land, and her subjection to the hardships and sufferings of a missionary life; whether you can consent to her exposure to the dangers of the ocean; to the fatal influence of the southern climate of India; to every kind of want and distress; to degradation, insult, persecution, and, perhaps, violent death? Can you consent to all this for the sake of Him who left his heavenly home and died for her and you; for the sake of perishing immortal souls; for the sake of Zion, and the glory of God? Can you consent to all this in hope of meeting your daughter in glory, with a crown of righteousness brightened by the acclamations of praise which shall redound to her Saviour from heathens saved through her means from eternal woe and despair?"

Similar, in import and language, was the communication from Stephen Baldwin. The feelings which that epistle gave those parents, you do not know, and I may not tell. Their first born had been snatched away by death. Nellie had been cherished in its stead. They had nursed her in sickness, early dedicated her to the Saviour, and knelt with her when, a youthful penitent, she gave her heart to God. They had devoted much pains and money to her education. Nineteen years she had been with them. How could they give her up? They loved her as parents

only can love a worthy child; but *they loved the cause of Christ more!* They decided, but not without many tears, and humble prayer for divine direction, and divine comfort. The letter was answered, and the result you already know.

Nellie had accepted an invitation to visit in the family of N. L. Baldwin, Esq., of Newark, N. J., uncle of the young man who sought her hand. Stephen met her there, and their acquaintance ripened into mutual friendship and affection. She had learned to love and respect her parents, and at this important period of life, she did not forget them. This was in May last; just the time to negotiate a marriage, for it is the month of *birds* and of *flowers*. Stephen returned to Concord to finish his studies and graduate. Nellie was on enchanted ground; but she felt that all would be well if she retained the approbation of Heaven and acted in accordance with her parents' wishes. Before a final decision, she addressed her parents. Her communication to them was frank, and its sentiments worthy a Christian heart, and its language chaste as its chirography was faultless. "I find it my *duty* and *pleasure*, as an affectionate daughter, to come to you for counsel upon a subject, the importance of which must be as lasting as my life!" * * "I leave the decision *entirely* with *you*. I would not leave home without your consent. *Much less would I marry without it.* I pray that God may give you wisdom, and whatever *you say*, *I* shall *abide* by."

The engagement was consummated, and the marriage day fixed. Many little comforts were thought of in the parsonage, and a mother's kind heart suggested, and a mother's kind hand provided, many little supplies for their far-off home.

"Nellie won't find a mother there. She will have trials and hardships, and we will do all we can for her before she goes."

She attended the camp meeting, the narrative of which has been made so prominent in this volume. We met her there for the last time. As she leaned gracefully upon her father's arm, and joined with him in singing, she seemed too frail and fair for the struggles of this life. Strangers paused, arrested by the beauty of her person and the melody of her voice, and inquired, "Who is that?" When told who she was, and that soon she would leave for China, they contemplated her with a strange interest. Former acquaintances were glad to see her, and by some new act or word of kindness expressed their love.

The time that passed between her marriage and embarkation, afforded her ample time for reflection and prayer; but did not in the least quench her missionary zeal, or modify her purposes. A few weeks before her marriage was consummated, her father was called to Boston. During his absence, he procured and sent to his daughter, a beautiful family Bible. Nellie's ready pen wrote the following touching letter, and toward the close of it, acknowledged the receipt of the precious gift. We transcribe the letter. Through its chaste language, there breathes the affection of a loving child, and the piety of an intelligent, humble Christian.

Home, Monday Morning, Aug. 9th, 1858.

My own Dear Pa:—I have not had time to write to you since you left, until now. This is a lovely morning, and we that live in the parsonage are all well and very happy. O! how kind our heavenly Father is to us! my heart goes out continually in prayer and praise to Him, for all his loving-kindness to us as a family through so many long years. My dear home friends grow dearer to me every moment; it seems, when I look at any one of our happy circle, that I want to call them *precious—that word expresses all I can express.* Every hour I find myself anticipating our parting. At times I exclaim, "I never

can." My heart almost fails me, but then I trust God will strengthen me for that trying hour, and enable me to govern my feelings, for the sake of my friends at least, although I shall suffer more than those who are around me may imagine. Do not think for one moment that I regret the step I have taken—far from it. I go cheerfully, fully determined to do all the good I can, believing that God will take care of me all the days of my life. I feel a sweet assurance, that the prayers of an affectionate and devoted father and mother, will follow me over the waters to my far away home, and I know that God will hear and answer the many supplications that have been offered in behalf of your unworthy child, Nellie.

And now, dearest father, accept my deepest gratitude and prayerful thanks for the Christian training and education that you have so bountifully bestowed upon me. I owe everything to my home-culture; you have made me what I am. For some years past, I have thought that father understood me better than any other person, and I can assure you that your example, and many of your precepts, spoken and forgotten as soon by the one that uttered them, are indelibly stamped upon my memory, and will have a salutary influence upon *my whole life*. I realize that thanks are a cold return for long years of toil and anxiety; but, father, 'tis all I have to give. The memory of my home, and those who have made my life so blest, will ever be *sacred to me*, and I will endeavor so to live as to be a useful member of the Church, and a "true woman" in all my relations to society. I cannot tell you how perfectly delighted we were with our Bible—it is so beautifully marked. We receive it, and will make it the chart of our lives. Many thanks, dearest Pa; you could not have suited us better. * * * * Stephen leaves to-day. * * * * * We shall be *so lonely*. *Come home soon!*

With much love and a kiss, I remain

Your fond child,

NELLIE.

* * * * * *

The hour of her departure drew near. Her soul, while,

with a tender and strong affection, it clung to the friends she had known and loved from childhood, longed for the post of duty. She had voluntarily placed herself upon the altar, and no inducements could awaken a desire to recall the offering. So clear were her convictions of duty, and so strong her confidence in Christ, and his watchful providence, that she could, with propriety, adopt the language of the poet:—

Should Fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic Isles: 'tis nought to me,
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste, as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
When e'en at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey: there with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where Universal Love smiles not around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns;
From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
In infinite progression. But I lose
Myself in Him, in Light ineffable.

The last time the entire family knelt around the family altar, and invoked the divine blessing upon each other, and especially upon her who was in a few hours to bid a final adieu to home and country, was a season of painful interest. She had passed many a pleasant hour at her piano, and she could not leave without playing a farewell piece. Seating herself at the instrument, she played the "MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL." With a clear, touching voice she sang the following words:—

Yes, my native land, I love thee,
All thy scenes, I love them well;

Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Home! thy joys are passing lovely,
Joys no stranger heart can tell;
Happy home! as I have proved thee,
Can I, can I say—farewell?
Can I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days, and Sabbath-bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say at last—farewell?
Can I leave you—
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly;
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely, native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee—
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell—
Heaves my breast with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land—farewell—farewell!

On the 4th of October, 1858, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin embarked for China. At 5½ P. M., they were off Sandy Hook, and as the pilot was about to leave them, Mrs.

Baldwin's loving heart must send one more epistle to the "loved ones at home." A few moments sufficed for her nimble fingers to write a message, guileless and loving as her own overflowing heart. The letter is now before us, and from it we learn that her love for souls was only strengthened by the sad parting scene. She went to her work cheerfully.

Ye winds, be propitious! Waft on to her destined port, the missionary vessel. Go, ye self-denying laborers, to save the heathen! Thousands shall daily send up prayer for your preservation and success. May you accomplish a noble work for Jesus, and, dying at last in the triumphs of faith, receive with Paul a "righteous crown." Amen!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEAVEN—WHERE, AND WHAT IS IT?

Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?

In my Futher's house are many mansions.—JESUS.

"MAMMA, what is the matter with me?" said a child, as she lay dying. Her sensations were unusual, and she said, as if anxious to know the worst of her case, "Mamma, what is the matter with me?"

"My child, you are dying."

"Well, mamma, what is dying?" The agonized mother replied, "To you, my child, it is going to heaven."

"Where is heaven?"

"It is where God is, and Christ, and the Holy Ghost, and the Angels, and the good men made perfect."

"But, mamma, I am not acquainted with any one there; and I do not like to go alone; won't you go with me?"

"O, Mary, I cannot. God has called you only, not me now."

Turning to her father, the dying child asked the same questions. Then touchingly to each of her brothers and sisters she repeated the same interrogations and received the same responses. She then fell into a gentle slumber, from which she awoke in a transport of joy, saying:—

"You need not go with me; I can go alone. I have been there, and grandmamma is there, and grandfather is there, and Aunt Martha. I am not afraid *now*."

It is difficult to account for the thoughts and visions of the dying, and some have supposed them to be the creations of an excited fancy, having no substantial basis of truth. But incidents like the above overturn such a theory. Childhood has no previous conceptions of heaven from which to draw materials for a pleasant vision; and this is only another proof that there is an heavenly world, and the connection between that world and the soul of the dying saint is more intimate than many suppose.

To the child of God this is neither new nor strange; for many centuries ago an inspired follower of Jesus "heard a voice from heaven, saying unto him, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." Rev. xiv. 13. The prospect of heaven is a substantial joy in the dying hour, and death becomes more like taking passage in a well-built ship and starting upon a pleasant voyage, than entering an unknown land. 'Tis true that tears are sometimes shed as a vessel starts upon her voyage, and friends stand on the shore saying farewell to the dear ones that spread the sail for a distant clime; but who could paint the sorrow of that hour, if all were convinced that the vessel and voyagers were to go down in mid-ocean? Who could consent to see a friend depart on such a death voyage? Who would offer himself as a passenger with the assurance of a watery grave? Almost daily are our friends launching away, but they smile as they go, for they are sure the Saviour will bear them to the celestial harbor; hence the unspeakable joy of the Christian in the dying hour. The Christian does not go comfortless through "the valley of the shadow of death." The Saviour is with him. "His rod and his staff, they comfort him."

As dissolving nature feels the pangs of her last conflict, and the soul is struggling to fly away and be at rest, se-

curity pervades the whole being. The vista of futurity opens upon the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven and the River of Life,—its glad waters kissing the footstool of the throne of God. The glories of the new world grow bright upon him,—with Stephen, he beholds Jesus at the right hand of his Father; and, as he dwells with rapture upon these enlivening sights, the earth and all its scenery grows dim about him; and, like Elisha's servant at the gate of Damascus, he is instantly environed with troops of angels, that come to take him up over the everlasting hills in the chariot of the Lord God of Hosts.

At such an hour, so near heaven is he, and so certain of its attainment, that his tongue becomes musical, and to weeping friends he sings his adieu,—

> Keep silence! be solemn! I see from afar
> The angels descend, with their saint-bearing car,
> I'll fly with that convoy, I'll shine like a star,
> In that high and that glorious world.
> Farewell! O thou earth, that hast known me so long,
> They bear me away! I ascend with the throng,
> With the striking of harps, and the seraphim's song,
> And the banner of heaven unfurled!

Are all these hopes and joys splendid delusions? Nay, verily! We cannot, we will not, believe that heaven is a chimera, Christ an impostor, and the Christian religion a fable. True, we have not seen heaven with our natural vision, as Moses did the "land of promise" from the mount where his mysterious grave was made; yet, "by faith we view the landscape o'er," and, cherishing the hope of its possession, we sing,—

> On Jordan's stormy banks we stand,
> And cast our wishful eyes
> To Canaan's fair and happy land,
> Where our possession lies.

HEAVEN IS A PLACE.

On no other ground is this language justifiable, or those hopes rational. Infidelity assaults our faith from different stand-points. At one time claiming that there is nothing spiritual,—all is material. Again affirming that man's physical nature is unworthy a moment's thought or care, and shall never know a resurrection. The soul it would reduce to a spiritual essence, which cannot occupy a place. True, it talks of heaven; but it is simply a *state*, where the soul loses its own identity. Such a heaven would be unworthy our desires or our efforts. What is the testimony of the Bible on this point? The language of Christ is explicit: "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a *place* for you." John xiv. 12. Allusion is here made to the palaces of kings; and "many mansions" convey the idea of a *place* of suitable dimensions and proportions. The language is also suggestive of the different states, or degrees of felicity in which men shall be placed, according to their progress in faith and holiness. "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 3. In all the allusions made to heaven, it is spoken of as a *place*. It is called a "better country," a "kingdom," "City of God," and "Jerusalem which is from above."

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

It is remote from this earth. Man has sought out many inventions, and among them, that *this earth* is to be the Christian's heaven. When Elisha's work was done, he mounted his fiery chariot, and went *up, away from the earth*. Stephen bore a glorious testimony, and sealed his preaching with his blood. In his last testimony he left

the assurance that heaven is not on earth. His crushed and bleeding body was sinking under a shower of stones, "when he looked steadfastly UP into heaven and said, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." This accords with what had been previously taught the Apostles and first Christians by the resurrection of Christ. "And it came to pass while he blessed them, he was parted from them and carried UP into heaven. And they worshipped him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy." Luke xxiv. 51, 52. We are not only in earnest, but we give expression to a scriptural truth, when we sing those oft-repeated lines of the poet:—

How happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place:
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, O, by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

We recur to the question, Where is heaven? We cannot tell, for "eye hath not seen" that beautiful world; yet we confess that there is something interesting and plausible in the theory that *heaven is the centre of the universe.* Astronomy teaches us that our earth is one of several planets that revolve around the sun, as their centre, and from which they receive light and heat. The sun has its own motion, its own centre around which it revolves. Thus system rises above system. The fixed stars are pointed out to us, and it is not unlikely they are central suns in distant systems. So far are they from us that their motions, as they wheel and shine in their distant, extended, and unmeasured orbits, are unseen by us. These again are but parts of systems that revolve around other and more distant and more glorious centres, so far

away from us as to bid defiance to natural or telescopic vision. All these systems again unite in forming one grand system that revolves around the central sun; and here the special glory of the Godhead is revealed—*here is heaven in the midst of the stupendous works of the creation.* This shall be the future home of the child of God, while all the surrounding universe shall invite his contemplation and minister to his intelligence and felicity. The great distance of heaven from our earth is no objection to this view; though so great is the distance that it is truly appalling, and we may imagine that an angel's wing would weary in bearing us up, long before reaching the heavenly home. Let us beware lest our ignorance lead us to reject this view for one less worthy our belief.

We know but little of angels and disembodied spirits, or the rapidity and mode of travelling peculiar to them. The snail, in speed, bears no comparison to the coach; the rail car in a moment leaves the coach behind, and while the car is starting, the telegraph will send its message round the earth; and who will say that angels have not modes of communication and conveyance that leave the telegraph far behind? The distance to the centre of the universe is no obstacle to them. This view of the subject harmonizes with the beautiful description which Gilfillin gives of Elijah's triumphant ascent:—"At length meeting the fiery chariot, mounting it as a king his car, he was carried without a moment's delay in a rushing whirlwind upwards—his mantle falling, and Elisha exclaiming, 'My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' We may not further or fully follow his triumphant progress, but, doubtless, as like a prince, he had mounted the chariot, so with prince-like majesty did he direct the fiery steeds, gaze round on the peopled wilderness of worlds, outstrip the comet's glowing wheel, rise above the sun, and the sun's sun, and every system from which the

sun's system is visible, cross the firmaments of space, pass through the gates into the city, enter amid the rising, welcoming, and wondering first-born of heaven, and at last merge in the engulfing glory of the great white throne."[1] But why speculate concerning the location of heaven? It is a reality! It is somewhere, and the resources of omnipotence are fully adequate to make our transit there, both delightful and sure. It concerns us most to know the character of heaven and the conditions of its attainment.

IT IS FREE FROM SORROW.

"And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write, for these words are true and faithful." Rev. xx. 3–5. No more sorrow! My soul, remember that.

A short time since in one of the prayer meetings in New York, mention was made of the Christian woman who was instrumental in starting a prayer meeting on the ill-fated Austria. It was stated how calmly she stood by her son and waited with Christian composure until the flames reached them, and then how they gave to each other a farewell embrace, and *sank together to a watery grave*. As the narrative was concluded, a man arose, clasped his hands, and stood for a moment unable to utter a word; such was his emotion; but, at last he said, "That woman was my wife, and I, a stranger to every one here, have

[1] Bards of the Bible, p. 44.

come in to seek consolation, and ask an interest in your supplications, that God would assuage my grief, and bind up my broken heart." Afflicted brother, think of heaven, and find in the anticipation of its joy a relief in your keen distress. "*God shall wipe all tears from their eyes.*" Tears are the visible and affecting expression of distress; and, therefore, to say there shall be no more tears, is to say that all those causes of sorrow which exist in the present world, shall be eternally removed. The passage above quoted, therefore, adds, "*There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying;*" because these are the causes which rend the hearts of men, and suffuse their eyes with tears.

There shall be no more tears of separation. The longest and most painful separations are those which are caused by death; and what eye has not been dimmed with tears by this? He must have been unhappy, indeed, over whose unmoistened grave no tears are shed, and whose death has occasioned no regrets. Death rends all hearts. When Joseph died, the children of Israel wept sore. "My father! My father!" exclaimed Elisha, when Elijah was taken away from him. "O! my son Absalom! O, Absalom, my son, my son!" said the much-moved David, as he "went up to the chamber over the gate," that he might weep aloud. And when his friend Lazarus died, "Jesus wept." Well; be it so. To weep, and to be wept, is the irreversible decree as to man below; but then, so much the more welcome the state we hope for. A great voice is heard out of heaven: "*And there shall be no more death.*" The sight would be a blot in the tabernacle of God. The rigid limb, the silent pulse, the breathless lip, the pallid cheek, the fixed and darkened eye,—these, these are not scenes for heaven. But this is the decree: "*There shall be no more death.*" This shall restore and perpetuate your friendship, and wipe the tears of separation for ever.

And with the tears of separation shall pass away all those which pain wrings from the tortured body, or sorrow from the wounded spirit. Martyrs, you have been racked and torn, but there is now no more pain for you; for, like your Master, you have exchanged your crown of thorns for a crown of glory. Patient sufferers from disease, you could weep, though you could not murmur; but wearisome nights are no longer appointed you. Nor does the spirit, full-charged with its inward griefs, pour the flood into the eyes. No publican here smites on his breast exclaiming, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" No Peter, the cowardly denier of his Lord, goes out to weep bitterly. No tears of shame and grief are shed over barrenness of spirit, and hardness of heart. Zion no longer cries, "The Lord hath forgotten me." *There shall be neither sorrow nor crying, nor any more pain.*

And we may add, there shall not even be tears of joy. For what do they suppose? The joy that finds relief in tears supposes a previous anguish, and that the change from one state to another shakes the feebleness of mortality. Or it supposes that we are so unused to strong emotions, that our measure of joy is soon filled up; that even the bliss of earth may be too copious for the contracted vessel of our hearts, and therefore so easily overflows in tears. But there shall be no such alternations in heaven: nor will the capacity for blessedness be thus limited. Joy will not be so much a stranger that one shall weep at meeting it. It will be a habit, not an accident. It will be, not the transient flash which dazzles, overpowers, and disappears, but the fixed and steady element in which we shall live for ever.

And mark the reason of all this: "*The former things are passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new.* How impressive and sublime is the scene thus presented! Under the throne of

him who is arrayed in the glory of the Father, lie heaven and earth, the present seat of sorrow, of death, and of pain. He speaks and they vanish, and "*the former things are passed away.*" He speaks again, and a new heaven and a new earth spring into being: "*The tabernacle of God is with men;*" and he that sitteth upon the throne saith, "Behold, I make all things new." What a dream will then our earthly sufferings and labors, our joys and sorrows appear![1] A new heavens! *New because before unseen by us, and because perfect and unchangeable.*

There is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast,—
'Tis found above in heaven.

There is a balm for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye
To brighter prospects given:
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

HOLINESS IN HEAVEN.

Holiness is a chief element of character and happiness in heaven. What a paradise would earth become could all sin be removed! The transformation would be so great that we would hardly believe ourselves on *terra firma.* True nature would present the same conformations and variety, and the works of man the same general appearances; but how changed society! Jealousies and fears banished; criminal courts, bolts, bars, and prisons, no longer known or necessary; the last instance of

[1] Dr. Watson's Sermon on Heaven.

poverty relieved by industry or benevolence; female innocence would fear no assault or snare, and discord would in no instance mar the universal harmony. Constant communion with God would make earth a heaven indeed. Even the employments of earth would be no interruption to the language of prayer, or the songs of praise; and the happy inhabitants, with hearts overflowing with gratitude, would anticipate the heavenly strain, and break forth, "Unto him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God his Father, to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever." Rev. i. 5, 6.

In heaven this shall be more than realized. The saints of God, cleansed from the last stain of sin, and saved from the liability to transgress, shall be presented *faultless* before the throne, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. Holiness is invaluable. It implies purity and perfection, or completeness of parts. A single element of holiness demands our attention, and is worthy our admiration. How much greater the homage our hearts should pay where *all* the saintly virtues combine to make a glorious character! The traveller admires and loves the lonely flower blooming in the desert, but we think more of *many* flowers that blossom by the window, and give a look of beauty and a breath of fragrance to our whole home. Holiness in heaven is not a solitary grace amid surrounding desolation, but *all* the graces in the full bloom of perfection and beauty, shedding their blending fragrance over the lovely and happy spirit.

"Why do we attach the idea of glory to angels? It is because they are holy—because they love with a perfect love, adore with a perfect adoration, and glow with a perfect fervor. If they sing sweetly, it is because they feel purely. It is *holiness* which spreads joy over all the celestial regions, which causes the gush and the rapture

of the skies, which kindles and awakens the song of heaven, which suffuses the very Spirit of Jehovah with his ineffable glory, and the spirits of all his worshippers with inexpressible and everlasting bliss. Surely holiness is more precious than rubies, and nothing that can be desired can be compared to it!"[1]

Who can measure the bliss of holiness? Even here, the holy man is happy though bereft, and persecuted, and martyred. What shall that bliss be when the saint exchanges the thorny pilgrimage for the golden street, and the limited attainments of the present for the glorious perfections of the future. My soul says, All hail! the glorious Gospel that promises and prepares us for that heavenly state!! All hail! the cross that bears us on toward that blissful abode!!

THE SOCIETY OF HEAVEN.

The society of heaven will contribute to the bliss of the saint. Man was not made for the cloister. Society is his element, and, to some extent, the measure of his joy. An "innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect," will be the society above. Holiness of character, and congeniality of taste, will be the basis and the bond of fellowship there. They who suppose the fellowship of heaven will be family ties renewed, "do err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God. In the resurrection we shall neither marry nor be given in marriage, but be equal unto the angels of God." The natural affections peculiar to our earthly state, will be superseded by the attachments of celestial love. And will not the society be ample as a source of religious pleasure? We read with profit and delight the songs which David sang near three thousand years ago. In heaven we shall see and commune with David, and hear him sing

[1] Foster's Christian Purity, p. 186.

again. Prophets, who, like hasty couriers, knocked at our doors and threw in their messages, will be our companions, and with them we shall hold happy intercourse. The martyrs that

> Fought to win the prize,
> And sailed through bloody seas,

will swell the throng—"the innumerable company whom no man can number," which have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Whose heart does not glow with rapture as he anticipates a place in the heavenly company? The old pilgrims from patriarchal times will be there with garments unstained. Moses the lawgiver, and Joshua the captain, and the mighty hosts who have followed them to the heavenly Canaan. But why enumerate? The holy, of every age and clime, will find a home in heaven. It is the congeniality and friendship of the society above that make it so desirable. "Wherever the mind roves through the immense regions of heaven, it will find, among all its innumerable millions, not one enemy, not a stranger, not an indifferent heart, not a reserved bosom. Disguise here, and even concealment, will be unknown. The soul will have no interests to conceal, no thoughts to disguise. A window will be opened in every breast, and show to every passing eye the rich and beautiful furniture within."

MENTAL EMPLOYMENT.

Intellectual pursuits will not be abandoned in heaven, but will be pursued with a success and delight, of which we now have but faint conceptions. Here we know in part, but there we shall know as we are known. See that man with his lamp searching for fruits and flowers at midnight: he sees but little, and gets but little; but, when the morning breaks, what a world of beauty is spread at his feet, and thousands of objects, before unseen, are viewed in an

instant. The saint now is travelling along with lamp in hand; but when he enters the heavenly world it will be morning with him, and he will gaze with delight upon the universe. This study will be more of blissful contemplation than of laborious investigation. The works, the character, and the providences of God, will be the subjects of study in heaven. Nor will we forget the employment of praise. Whatever is done in glory will be done religiously—with thanksgiving. The feelings of a true religious worship will be heightened and perfected in heaven. The worship there will be ceaseless and eternal, and it is an interesting view of it that it shall be all praise. No prayer shall be there, for there shall be no sense of want; all is praise, for all is manifestation and light; all is praise, for all is triumph; all is praise, for all is blessedness and enjoyment. Whatever the feeling, praise, eternal praise, is the expression of it, from the breathing whisper of adoring love, which flits through the prostrate ranks of the redeemed, to the full chorus of praise, the high, the universal shout of glory, and honor, and blessing, to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

HEAVEN IS ETERNAL.

This state of happiness will be eternal. Were the saints in heaven to fear or anticipate a termination of their glory at some far distant period, it would embitter all their bliss. When once within the city, "*they shall go no more out for ever.*" All will be friends in heaven, and their friendship will be for ever. "No agency will awaken alarm and distrust; no alienation chill the heart; no treachery pierce the soul with anguish. No parent will mourn over an apostate child; and no child over a profligate parent. No brothers nor sisters will be wrung with agony by the defection and corruption of those who, inexpressibly endeared to them in this world by the tender

ties of nature, and the superior attachments of the Gospel, have here walked side by side with them in the path of life, and have at length become their happy companions in the world of glory. Friends, here mutually and singularly beloved, will there be united, not, indeed, in their former earthly relations, but in a friendship far more delightful, and, wafted onward by the stream of ages without a sigh, without a fear, will become more and more excellent, and amiable, and endeared, for ever."[1]

Here the brightest day is followed by storm, and the sweetest joys we know are soon dashed from our lips. A flower, soon to fade and die, is the scriptural emblem of our earthly bliss. Not so in heaven. Immortal are the joys that await us there :—

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

INFERENCES.

What are the practical benefits of this view of heaven?

1. It gives us exalted views of the destiny of the child of God. It is natural to graduate our estimate of man by the costliness of his equipage, and the position which wealth and office secure. We are dazzled by the present, and forget the future. How our views are modified, and the humblest, poorest saint of God invested with interest and value, when we regard each as a candidate for immortality, and every adopted child an heir to a throne! "We are the children of God; if children, then heirs, heirs of God, and joint heirs with our Lord Jesus Christ to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us."

Here, seated upon a stone at the entrance of a man-

[1] Dr. Dwight. Sermon on Heaven.

sion, sits a slave, blind, old, feeble, ignorant, and diseased. You pity her, and drop into her lap a token of charity; but if you regard her as mere flesh and blood, soon to mingle with the dust, your concern for her will be superficial and transient. But suppose you could know you would see her a thousand years hence, arrayed in white, with a crown of glory and a palm of victory, walking in all the brightness and beauty of a saint made perfect, amid the gardens of God or sailing up the river of life, tuning her harp "unto him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood," or ministering as priestess in God's eternal temple, or seated in her mansion of rest, a large possessor of the inheritance of the saints in light, or emerging with a company of angels from beneath the throne of God with a mission of mercy for a distant world, and bearing on her countenance the beauties of holiness that centuries in heaven have contributed to impress: with what new interest would you regard her?[1] Every true child of God is rushing to a destiny as glorious as this. Let us remember it, lest we neglect "one of these little ones." The students at Oxford did not recognise in their humble and pious boot-black, George Whitefield, the genius and eloquence, the piety and power, that were soon to arouse a slumbering Church, and set both continents in a blaze, or they had not made him the object of their ridicule and contempt. Many of God's children are walking the earth in disguise. "It doth not yet appear what they shall be, but, when he shall appear, they shall be like him, for they shall see him as he is." Crowns of glory await them on high!

2. *Scripture views of heaven are a good antidote to sectarianism.* When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over-zealous member of Dr. Strong's

[1] Dr. Thompson on Immortality.

society called on him and asked him if he knew that John Bolles had started an opposition meeting.

"No," said he, "when—where?"

"Why, at the old court-house."

"O yes, I know it," the doctor carelessly replied; "but it is not an opposition meeting. They are Baptists to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better go and hear them."

"Go!" said the man; "I am a Presbyterian."

"So am I," rejoined Dr. Strong, "but that need not prevent us from wishing them well. You had better go and hear them."

"No," said the man with energy, "I sha'n't go near them, Dr. Strong. Ain't you going to do something about it?"

"What?"

"Stop it, can't you?"

"My friend," said the Doctor seriously, "John Bolles is a good man, and will surely get to heaven. If you and I get there, we will surely meet him, and we had better, therefore, cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here."

This incident teaches a valuable lesson. Let us but bear in mind that in a few short years our present toils will be past, denominational distinctions unknown, and all God's children a happy family in heaven; we say, let us but remember this, and it will lead to "*a pleasant acquaintance here.*"

3. *Scripture views and hope of heaven will lead to heroic action.* He is not the true hero that sheds human blood.

"Fear of poverty, or stripes, or shame, or shooting, may drive a man onward to the battle or the breach, and win for him the laurels of the brave; but nobler impulses must animate the moral hero. Revenge, pride, lust of power, or love of fame, may bear a Hannibal or a Napo-

leon over the Alps, or lead forth an Alexander to the conquest of the world, but these feelings cannot lead a Stephen to bow beneath the stones, or a Huss patiently to burn at the stake, nor sustain the ten thousand moral martyrs who pine in prayer and toil in sorrow for the regeneration of the race, and die in hope of a better day. It is only by lifting the curtain of time and stretching the horizon beyond things seen, that the soul is strengthened for noblest effort." We have not learned half the value of the hope of heaven. A young woman was being led to the stake, and when entreated to deny her faith, she mildly, but firmly, replied, "There are crowns to be distributed in heaven to-day, and I am going up for mine." Heroic woman! Her hope, like her spirit, was immortal!

There was a Hebrew youth adopted by Egypt's royal family. A voluptuous court proposed a full round of pleasure, while the splendors of the throne challenged his ambition; but he bid defiance to all, and lived and died the friend of the oppressed, and the friend of God. What was the secret of his heroism? "By faith, Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; *for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.*" Heb. xi. 24, 26. When man enters the race, and heaven is the prize to be won, all the nobler energies of the soul are called out, and angels look with astonishment and delight upon the achievements of a mortal.

4. *The views of heaven that we have presented furnish comfort to the afflicted.* In the quiet village of Spencer, N. Y., resides a family, that, with many others, can appreciate this remark. Theirs was a happy home. An only child, sprightly and affectionate, was as a streak of sunlight through all their house. He was the joy and hope

of their fond hearts. "Ma," said he, one pleasant day, "will you please to let me play on the green?" "A little while, my dear," was the kind reply. The "little while" was prolonged unduly, and Mrs. B. went out to call her little boy. He did not answer her, and she went up and down the green seeking him. She came suddenly upon his mangled and lifeless body! "O, Arthur! Arthur! my dear boy!" said the agonized mother, as she pressed the bleeding body to her heart, and bore it to the house. The blood of little Arthur stained the bosom where oft his head had reclined in peaceful slumber. * * * The funeral was over, and the parents returned to a childless home, *but not to murmur.* They were Christians, and their hope of heaven was their dearest treasure, and henceforth they would cherish it with new delight. Three summers the flowers have blossomed on the little grave, and the parents are happy, for they talk of heaven and their angel boy.

"You are a happy man," said an infidel to a bereaved father, who was a Christian. "You believe in the Bible, you believe in *heaven.* You have buried your children, and you expect to meet them in heaven."

"I certainly do."

"Well, I buried mine, but I buried them like dogs. *I never expect to meet them again!* I am an infidel; but O, that I could believe as you do, I am so miserable!"

Poor man! Well might his desolate heart cry out for comfort, since unbelief had excluded from his soul all hope of heaven. When the storm comes with threatening fury, hope is the Christian's anchor, "both sure and steadfast."

"O, what a glorious hope is ours!"

5. *Our views of heaven are replete with comfort for the dying.* With this thought we began, and with it we close.

Let an incident related in the language of another illustrate our remark. It was nearly midnight of Saturday that a messenger came to Colonel ——, requesting him to go to the cabin of a settler, some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl of fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. Colonel —— awoke me, and asked me to accompany him, and I consented; taking with me the small package of medicine which I always carried in the forest. But I soon learned there was no need of this, for her disease was past cure. "She is a strange child," said the colonel; "her father is a strange man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and none knew whence or why. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she seems gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired, and she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler, in less than half an hour, and entered it reverently. The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of luxury and taste lying on the rude table in the centre; a guitar lay on the small table, near the window, and the bed-furniture on which the dying girl lay was as soft as the covering of a dying queen. She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eyes were dark and piercing; and, as they met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words with her father, and, turning to her, I asked her if she knew her condition. "I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest tones of an æolian. You may imagine that the answer startled me, and with a few words of like import I turned from her. A half-hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, rich, melodious voice:

"Father, I am cold; lie down beside me." And the old man lay down by the side of his dying child, and she twined her emaciated arms around his neck, and murmured in a dying voice,—

"Dear father! dear father!"

"My child," saith the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father; for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father; and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time; and they call me. *Her* voice, too, father—O, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly!"

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel's smile; but a cold, calm smile! But I am cold,—cold,—cold. Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely,—lonely. Is this death, father?" And so she passed away.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GLORYING IN THE CROSS.

A SERMON BY REV. H. WHEELER.

PREACHED AT THE WYOMING CAMP MEETING.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

THE phrase, "Cross of Christ," as used in the New Testament, implies various things. Sometimes it means the trials and persecutions incident to a profession of the Christian religion; hence Christ says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." Matt. xvi. 24. At other times, it signifies the sufferings of the Redeemer: hence it is said, "He endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God." Heb. xii. 2. But in the text it means the great doctrine of his atonement. Paul had felt the influence of the atonement upon his own heart,—had realized the joys of pardoning love, and was able to draw the mighty contrast between justification by faith and an attempt to secure the same blessing by the deeds of the law. In the declaration of the text we see the fortitude and boldness of the Apostle. In whatever company or circumstances he was found, he gloried in the cross; before kings, governors, and high-priests he uttered the noble sentiments of his heart in favor of the Christian religion. When brought before Felix, and accused by the Jews, though he denied most of the charges laid against him, he was free to confess, that after the manner which *they* called heresy, so worshipped he the God of his fathers. When writing to ancient Rome, he exclaims,

"I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Romans i. 16. Some, for whose benefit St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Galatians, gloried in the number of their converts; but *he* could not be actuated by any such unworthy or selfish motive. He might have gloried in his birth, as a Jew and a Roman citizen, but he would not. He might have gloried in his education, for he was a learned man,—brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a celebrated doctor of the law, and no doubt was conversant with the literature and languages of his day. He might have gloried in his labors (for he was in labors more abundant), but he would not. All things sunk into insignificance when brought in contrast with the atonement; and he gave utterance to the feelings of his heart, saying,—"*God forbid that I should glory, save in the* CROSS *of our Lord Jesus Christ.*"

Why should the Christian glory in the Cross of Christ?

I. BECAUSE IT IS THE CENTRE OF THE MORAL WORLD.

II. BECAUSE IT IS THE SOURCE OF MORAL POWER.

III. BECAUSE OF ITS GREAT AND GLORIOUS TRIUMPHS.

We speak, first, of the Cross as the centre of the moral world. Everything has its centre,—as in the material, so in the moral and religious.

Astronomers tell us, that the sun is the centre of the planetary system, that around that sun the planets continually revolve, and from it they derive their light and heat. And what the sun is to the material world, Christ is to the moral and spiritual world. He is the Sun of Righteousness; and around this great moral centre the affections of the Christian world are continually circling, and from it they derive their spiritual light, heat, and comfort.

In treating this subject thus, we remark, first,

1. *Christ is the centre of the curse.* When man was

created, God gave him a law, which required perfect obedience; but he disobeyed, and the curse fell upon him, and upon all his posterity. This law is in full force against us, if we have not sought salvation in the atonement of Christ. "For it is written, Cursed is every one, that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law, to do them." Gal. iii. 10. So that it requireth what no man on earth can perform; namely, universal, perfect, uninterrupted, and perpetual obedience!! Hence, we are all under the curse of the law, for, "all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Romans iii. 23. But there is a remedy. "The law is a schoolmaster, to bring us to Christ." Gal. iii. 24. "But that no man is justified by the law, in the sight of God, is evident, for, "The just shall live by faith. And the law is not of faith; but the man that doeth them, shall live in them. Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us, for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree." Gal. iii. 11, 12, &c. One of the ancient Prophets, foretelling the sufferings of Christ, used the following striking and poetic language: "Awake, O sword, against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts; smite the shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." Zech. xiii. 7. This was fulfilled in the Redeemer. The sword of divine justice, which seemed to have long slept, was aroused with fury: and that which might have justly fallen on man, fell upon his substitute, the *Messiah*. Help was laid on one "mighty to save." The strokes of this sword first fell on Christ in Bethlehem. There he commenced that life unparalleled for suffering. When he laid aside his majesty and glory, and flew to our earth on his errand of mercy, no lofty mansion, or princely palace, was prepared to receive him. A stable for his birth-place—a manger for his cradle—his softest bed was hay. But this was only the

beginning of his sorrows; as he passed through life, they became more numerous and intense. "He came unto his own, but his own received him not." He said, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Matt. viii. 20. Again, we see him in Gethsemane, enduring the most exquisite mental anguish—anguish which men or angels can never experience or comprehend. We see him standing in the judgment hall of Pilate, scourged and buffeted, a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men, a crown of thorns upon his head, a purple robe around him, and the Roman soldiers, in mockery, bowing before him, saying, "*Hail! King of the Jews!*" At length, condemned to die, we see him ascending the Mount of Calvary, where his sufferings reached their climax. An awful scene! The strokes of this sword fell fast and fiercely upon him! The sun was darkened, and all nature was convulsed at the horrid spectacle. The orb of day, as he saw his Creator struggling with the last agonies of death, no longer able to bear the sight, withdrew behind a cloud to weep. The moon stood in the distance, and, veiled from the revolting scene, clad herself in darkness. The stars withheld their shining, and the whole heavens put on robes of mourning. The foundations of the hills were moved—the mighty mountains shook—the earth trembled! But, hark! a voice amid the receding darkness—Jesus cried, "It is finished!" and gave up the ghost. It was well that the darkness should give way to the light, for, the curse was removed from this sin-stricken world, and the kingdom of heaven opened to all believers.

The storm-clouds of God's wrath, gathered around the summit of the Mount, burst upon the devoted victim of the cross, and he was made the *centre* of the curse. O! how great the love exhibited in the death of Christ!

O, for this love let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.

Alas! the Saviour is dead. That eye of compassion is sealed—that tongue of more than mortal eloquence is silent. "His visage was so marred more than any man's, and his form more than the sons of men." Isaiah lii. 14. They hasten to bury him from their sight. "They made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death." Isaiah liii. 9. The Lord of life and glory is laid in the tomb, and the fact calls for sympathy—

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

The stone is rolled before the door of the sepulchre—the tomb is sealed, the watch is set—all is secure—*how hell triumphs;* but the triumph is premature! The grave could not hold him! He burst the barriers of the tomb, and came forth a mighty conqueror! Lovers of Jesus, did you weep as your Master was laid low in death? He is now risen, and brighter joys burst upon our enraptured souls.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
(In vain the tomb forbids his rise;)
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns,
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.

Christ was made the centre of the curse—he died, but arose again, and therefore has become

2. *The centre of our hope.* Hope, in some sense, is common to all. Some hope for wealth, others for fame,

and however destitute we are, or afflictive our circumstances, we are cheered with the hope that the worst is passed. And it has long since passed into a proverb, that, "were it not for hope the heart would break." But there is a hope that is peculiar to the Christian, a hope which the wicked do not know. The Scriptures speak of the wicked as "having no hope, and without God in the world." The Christian's well-grounded, scriptural hope, is the source of ineffable happiness. It is this that cheers us amid the trials of life—that supports us in the agonies of dissolving nature, and bids us look forward to a life of felicity beyond the tomb. "Which *hope* we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." Heb. vi. 19. Such is the Christian's hope, and it anchors him to the eternal world. Though this life be a rough and dangerous sea, held by such an anchor the frail bark will never drive or sink.

And I think, from the brightening faces of my hearers, that many of them possess this lively hope. And were I now to ask you to "give a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear," you would say, with one heart and voice, "*It is Christ in us, the hope of glory.*" Col. i. 27.

Come, then, let us sing with the sacred bard:—

Now I have found the ground wherein
My soul's sure anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin,
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

3. *Christ is the centre of peace.* Peace is a word which signifies quiet or tranquillity. There is no tranquillity of mind to be obtained out of Christ. Perhaps wicked men may tell us that they have peace, but it is

not so. If they feel anything like tranquillity, it arises from stupidity or an unconsciousness of danger. A peace like that of an eastern traveller, who, wearied with his journey, and oppressed by the sun's directer rays, lays himself down to rest beneath the thick foliage of the shady palm, and is dreaming of his far-off home and all its pleasant associations, while the deadly serpent is coiled in the branches above him; or like a man comfortably sleeping while his house is in flames about him. Their circumstances are calculated to deprive them of peace. Their souls are contaminated with sin, and burdened with guilt—an angry God above—hell is moved from beneath to meet them at their coming. "The wicked are like the troubled sea that cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

Though the wicked are thus in trouble, the righteous have peace. For, "being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Romans v. 1. There are many here to-day who can remember well when they tasted the bitterness of penitence. You wandered in the fields, but found no peace. You envied the happiness of the brutes. You heard the lowing of the cattle, the warbling of the birds, and the soft zephyrs making music through the trees. All nature was praising God, but your heart was a stranger to joy, and it but enhanced your misery to see others happy. Your sins, like mountains, rose between your souls and God, and in anguish you exclaimed,

> Depth of mercy! can there be
> Mercy still reserved for me?
> Can my God his wrath forbear?
> Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

And the Spirit answered, Yes! You then looked away to Calvary; by faith you appropriated the Saviour's merits

to your own souls, and your weight of guilt fell off and was lost in the sepulchre of Christ: then your peace flowed as a river, and your righteousness abounded as the waves of the sea. But this joy, though given in a moment, is not swift to depart; it goes with us to the end of life, and in heaven is matured and perpetuated. Then it will be joy for ever! In the world we have tribulation, in Christ we have peace—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding." Phil. iv. 7. Outward circumstances may deprive the Christian of peace, but in the deep recesses of his soul there is a spiritual serenity untouched. Sometimes the rough winds blow, and the surface of the ocean is lashed to fury by the maddening gale, but down deep in the caverns the waters are unmoved. In the storm we are thus secure in our enjoyment. Our foundation is immovable! We rest upon the Rock of Ages, which has become the *centre* of our peace.

II. WE GLORY IN THE CROSS, BECAUSE IT IS THE SOURCE OF MORAL POWER.

Many are too apt to speak of the Gospel as a weak or superannuated system, but notwithstanding the attacks of infidels, and the inexcusable apathy of professed believers, it is still a divine reality, and a great power in the earth. "It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. i. 16.

There is in the Gospel

1. *Power to conquer the sinner's heart.* The human heart is not easily conquered. The tyrant may wield his cruel sceptre and cause nations to pay homage at his feet, but he cannot conquer the heart. He may take his enemies and incarcerate them in dungeons dark and gloomy, and load them with heavy irons; but the heart will revolt and curse him in its bitterness. But Jesus can conquer the heart.

See! in the distance stands a castle with its high towers

and frowning battlements; its massive gates shut and barred, and its garrison armed to the teeth. That castle seems impregnable, it has stood many a siege and repulsed many an army; but a man approaches—a man of lowly mien and loving countenance: he knocks at the gate—he knocks as though his patience would never be wearied, and, at length affected by his loveliness and importunity, the governor opens and bids him enter. Christian, your heart in its natural state was much like that castle. Well armed with prejudice and sin, no physical force could conquer it. At length the Holy Spirit came and knocked at the door of your heart, until "his head was wet with dew and his locks with the drops of the night." He whispered of the Saviour's dying love—of the pleasures of religion and the joys of heaven, and, won by his persuasive words, you cried,

"Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more;
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror."

2. *There is in the cross power to save from all sin.* I am glad that there is power and efficacy in the blood of Christ to save from all sin, and to enable us to "deny ourselves of all ungodliness and worldly lusts, to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world." Titus ii. 12. Many do not believe this, but are waiting for death to finish what Christ has begun. If we say that we can live without sin, we are at once branded as visionaries and religious fanatics. But in vain do we hope for heaven while we live in sin. "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not: whosoever sinneth, hath not seen him, neither known him." 1 John iii. 6. We hold that nothing is sin but a wilful transgression of a known law. And who would designedly break one of the laws of God! Not a follower of Jesus Christ; if he did he would at once lose his justi-

fied relation. "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him; and he cannot sin, because he is born of God." 1 John iii. 9. O how many there are who feel that they are not entirely conformed to the will of God—not consecrated to his service! Many such are here to-day. You have heard of the glories of this delightful state—this "land of Beulah," and yet you tarry. You believe that Christ has power to cleanse you, but still you linger. O come, and by the strong arm of faith lay hold upon the hope set before you.

Your conduct reminds me of a sick man who wishes to avail himself of the benefits of galvanism. He enters the room of the operator, and is told to take hold of the wire; but instead of doing so, he becomes very inquisitive, and must have a minute description of the machinery, and be instructed in all the principles of galvanism. And because his mind is too limited to comprehend all that is told him, he refuses to touch the wires, and goes away without receiving benefit. Now, had he touched the wires, he would certainly have felt the shock. This is the case with doubting, halting Christians. You are sick of your inbred corruptions, you are told of the power of the cross, but you will not touch it. Throw away everything that hinders you, and come and touch the cross by faith, and then will

> "Refining fire go through your heart;
> Illuminate your soul;
> Scatter its light through every part,
> And sanctify the whole."

3. *There is power in the cross to sustain and comfort.* Were it not so, the children of God would faint by the way. But they do not faint. They have courage to surmount the greatest difficulties, and strength to sustain them in trying times. Do you ask for instances? See the devoted missionary of the cross. He leaves his native home, foregoes the pleasures of civilized society, severs

the dearest ties that bind the heart to home and country; he crosses the mighty deep to publish the news of salvation to the heathen world, and counts not his life dear unto him, that he may finish his course with joy, and the ministry he has received of the Lord Jesus Christ. What prompts him to such noble deeds of self-sacrifice? Love for souls. What sustains him in all his trials? The power of the cross! He labors on in the good work, exposed to the wild beasts of the forest, the cruelties of a savage and deluded people, and the rage of hell, but the cross sustains him.

See that delicate female,—she plods her way through dirty lanes and unwholesome alleys, exposed to the insults of wicked men. But she is on an errand of mercy. She enters the dwelling of some child of poverty that the world has forgotten, braving the dangers of contagious diseases, forgetting her own weakness in her desires to help another. She directs the afflicted one to the Lamb of God, pours the balm of consolation into the broken heart, and smoothes the pillow of the dying stranger. What sustains her? 'Tis the power of the cross!

The history of the past declares that there is no trial in life under which the power of the cross is not adequate to sustain us! It will support us in the hour of death. A beloved brother in Christ, recently called to his reward, said, a few moments before he expired, "*I lean upon the* CROSS!" Thousands before him leaned upon the cross, were supported by it, and the valley of death was lit up with its glories!

Sweet is the scene when virtue dies!
When sinks a righteous soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes;
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,

So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore."

III. WE GLORY IN THE CROSS, BECAUSE OF ITS TRIUMPHS.

1. *We speak of its triumphs in the past.* The Gospel was first proclaimed under very unfavorable circumstances. It had to struggle against prejudices and legislation, and with ancient systems of philosophy and their zealous defenders. But in the introduction and spread of the Christian religion this truth is illustrated: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." When the Apostles were endued with power from on high, they preached Jesus with great *effect*. On the day of Pentecost their great commission was sanctioned, and the darkness of past ages began to disappear before the glories of the cross. The word of God, though sown in the most barren soil, mightily prevailed: blown by the rough winds of persecution, it has taken deep root, and the fruit thereof shakes like Lebanon.

In a few years after Pentecost, the doctrines of the cross were embraced by thousands throughout the Roman empire; yea, the Gospel even found its way into the palace of the Cæsars. As a little leaven, it leavened the whole lump; and soon the empire was declared in favor of the Christian religion, and the cross was engraven on the national banner with this significant motto, "We conquer through this."

We have not time to trace its progress in succeeding generations. Suffice it to say, that every century has witnessed new and glorious triumphs of the cross.

2. *Its present prosperity.* The great prosperity of the Christian Church at the present day is an incontrovertible fact. We often hear some sighing for "the good old times" of the past, as though the Gospel of Christ were a failure. This is a mistake. Though with sorrow we

admit our remissness in duty, yet we confidently assert, that no age of the world ever saw so much Christian enterprise, or possessed so much vital godliness as the present.

Does the kingdom of Christ seem to be going to decay? Let facts answer. Look at Britain; and though there is much of merely nominal Christianity there, yet behold a multitude which no man can number, to whom the cross is dearer than any earthly good, and who are laboring to promote its reign not merely in their own country, but to the uttermost parts of the earth. Look at North America, and behold among its vast and energetic population, millions binding the Gospel to their hearts, and intent on the enlargement of Christ's spiritual kingdom. See what the Church is doing for the heathen world. Bible societies are in full operation, and their design is to publish the Scriptures of truth in every dialect, and send them to every land under heaven. This stream of salvation is encircling our earth, and missionaries of the cross are standing upon its banks, crying, "Ho! every one that thirsts, come ye to the waters and drink; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."

The modern improvements in the arts and sciences will contribute much to the prosperity and advancement of the Church. What great things have reached our ears this day? Glad tidings from afar,—a message borne on lightning wing has reached the Western Continent. The empire of China opened to Christian enterprise,—its teeming millions brought within the redeeming, elevating influence of the cross! Surely the time has come when "a nation shall be born in a day."

Every day, both in the secular and religious press, notices of revivals meet our eye, and Pentecostal times have dawned upon us again. It has been estimated that not less than one million of souls have been converted to God

during the past year. In view of such facts we feel justified in glorying in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. *Notice its future triumphs.* The success of human enterprise hangs on various contingencies, and cannot be relied on absolutely. It is not so with the success of the cross,—*this* CAN *be relied on.* Its success is absolutely *certain.* And from the declarations of God's word, we infer that we have only seen the twilight of its glory. O, what must its noontide be!

Watchmen of Zion, go stand upon the topmost tower of promise, and look out on the future prospects of the world,—the future glory of the cross:—

> Watchman, tell us of the night;
> What its signs of promise are?

The kingdom of Christ is compared to a "stone cut out of the mountain without hands." It shall crush every opposing principle, and fill the whole earth. As the leaven, it shall diffuse itself until every part is brought under its influence. "All kings shall fall before him, and all nations worship him." Is it life eternal to know the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom he hath sent? "The knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea; and all shall know him, from the least even unto the greatest." "Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end." "For the salvation of souls the cross is exerting its energies,—lifting up its voice and demanding the world, crying, 'Give! Give!' nor will it be satisfied until it has embraced the whole human family, and regenerated every heart."

> Watchman, tell us of the night;
> Higher yet that star ascends?
> Traveller, blessedness and light,
> Peace and truth, its course portends!

Watchman, will its beams alone,
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveller, ages are its own;
See! it bursts o'er ALL THE EARTH!

Were there any boon I could crave of my Maker, short of heaven itself, it should be to live to behold the triumphs of the cross in that glorious Millennium day! What shall we see? This earth become a Paradise, in which men may walk with God; the inhabitants of heaven mingling with those of earth, or beholding in them beings ripening to become their associates to all eternity. The rising sun, no longer worshipped as a deity, will call millions of happy men to pay their morning's devotion to the true God, and heathen temples will be left without a priest or worshipper. And all the moral evils, which now haunt the home and curse the heart of man, will be banished. The judge and juror will no more be needed; prisons, without an occupant, will be left to moulder into dust; and all men will be joined in one great brotherhood, governed by the great law of love: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." May the Lord hasten it in his time! But its triumphs shall not stop here. Its enemies shall be punished, and its followers rewarded. But, stop! The climax of its glory is, as yet, hid from our eyes. "Go thou thy way till the end be: for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

Where'er I go I'll tell the story of the cross!
In nothing else my soul shall glory, save the cross.
Yea, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me, on the cross.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE STRANGER MADE WELCOME;

OR,

REV. E. H. STOKES AT THE CAMP MEETING.

"Strangers are brought nigh by the blood of Christ."—BIBLE.

POLITENESS and piety prompt a kind word for the friends that honor us with their company. Angels called at the residence of pious Lot, and he entertained them gladly. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." Then welcome to the stranger! "Strangers are brought nigh by the blood of Christ." Who is the stranger? We take him to be a minister. His countenance indicates three things—intelligence, piety, and poor health. His plain but appropriate attire indicates a man of cleanliness and good taste, while his clean and neatly-arranged linen is a good compliment for his faithful wife, who bears him company. Will the stranger preach? We have kindly asked him, but he as kindly declines. He is nearly prostrate with fatigue and ill health, and the kind people he serves have furnished ample funds, and sent him to this romantic region to regain his health. They love their pastor; they saw his thin, pale cheek, and they said to him, "Go to Wyoming, and, as you stand on the places made memorable by the conflicts of other days, forget the toil and care of home. Go on the mountain and breathe the mountain air. Make a goodly stay, and then come back revived." Noble people! Surely they love their pastor, and they take the right course to keep him out of the grave, and perpetuate his usefulness!

"Who is the stranger? We would know something of

him, since we cannot hear him preach." You shall be gratified. Rev. E. H. Stokes, for this is the stranger's name, is a member of the New Jersey Conference. He is at present stationed in the Third Street M. E. Church, in the city of Camden, New Jersey. The station is an important one, and he is the man for it.

He was born in Medford, N. J., October 10, 1815. His parents were Friends, and reared their son in strict accordance with their faith. The cold morality of that faith did not satisfy the heart of Elwood. Removing to Philadelphia, he became a hearer of the late Dr. Charles Pittman, who was then pastor of Union Church. Under the preaching of that great and good man, he was awakened to a sense of his sins, and for three successive Sabbath evenings went to the altar as a seeker of religion. On reaching home after the third trial at the altar, he knelt alone in his sleeping room, and sought mercy in simple, believing prayer. A change as distinct as happy assured him that the mighty work was wrought.

So strong was his affection for his parents, and so much did he wish to obey them, that he declined joining the Church, for fear of giving them offence. He brought darkness upon his mind, and so great became his mental anguish, that for a time it was feared he would become hopelessly insane. In this state he sought advice from the one who, under God, had aroused him from sin, and pointed him to Christ. The instructions of Dr. Pittman made the path of duty plain, and he joined the Church. So greatly did the Friends desire and anticipate his return that, contrary to their custom, they did not expel him.

Faithful as a private member, he was successively called to officiate as class-leader, exhorter, and local preacher. Years rolled on, and mingled for him the lights and shadows, the joys and sorrows of this changing life. In 1841 he followed his wife to the grave. The sorrow was keenly

felt by one so sensitive, and whose kind heart instinctively called for objects on which to lavish its wealth of love. Lonely now became his heart and home. His grief was somewhat modified, if not lessened, by his surviving child, little Mary, who was two years and a half old when the cold ground fell on the coffin of the wife and mother. One pleasant autumn evening, little Mary awoke from sleep, and her father, sad at the remembrance of his recent loss, took the child in his arms and passed into the yard to walk and muse. Mary put her little arms lovingly around her father's neck, and bursting into tears—sobbed as if her heart would break; then exclaimed in the fulness of her soul, "I have no mother!" Turning her eyes to the bright stars above, she said, "Is my mother *there?*" The fountain of sentiment and grief was unsealed anew in that father's heart, and taking his pen, he wrote the following lines:—

"I have no mother!"—no! my dearest child;
Though the bright sunny spring-time is coming;
When birds fling out their music, richly mild,
And brilliant plumes from milder skies returning,
But she returns not like the passage wing,
Early in spring.

Yes! I have heard thee in sad autumn's day,
Calling thy mother, when the leaves were dying;
But with the leaves thy mother passed away;
Leaving bare branches in the low wind sighing,
To make lone murmurs in its passing breath,
The voice of death.

And I have heard thee, in the winter time,
Sigh for thy mother when the snow was falling;
And yet I hear thee in the bright sunshine,
In thy low sadness for thy mother calling;
But like the lonely sighing of some lovely bird,
Thou art unheard.

Yet the warm sun will glow with summer's heat,
And the bright flowers up from the earth be springing;

Some little rose, bloom by some other sweet,
The tender vine around the parent clinging;
And nestling birds be by a mother fed;
But thine is dead.

And yet not dead, but passed away from earth,
To a better, brighter land for ever;
Where the sorrows of death, with joys of birth,
Are never found mingling together;
Where the soul expands in immortal youth,
Blooming in truth.

And thou shalt be transplanted there, my love,
Where the autumnal winds are never blowing,
To see thy mother, those bright stars above,
To which so oft thy little thoughts are flowing,
And feel a kiss, sweeter than when she smiled
Last on her child.

He is a poet. He writes not by effort and calculation, but because his heart is full and he can't help it. His heart is full of poetry, and his poetry is full of heart. Exquisitely beautiful and touching is a poem of some length entitled "THE DYING MOTHER'S CHARGE." We give a few stanzas.

O my beloved, draw near,
Why should the starting tear
Now dim thine eye, which always beamed with love?
Come, once more sweetly rest,
Upon this faithful breast,
Before I leave thee for my home above.

Take thou my infant fair,
Teach her the voice of prayer,
To bow the knee with evening's parting ray;
And with the morning light,
So beautiful and bright,
O! kneel beside her, teach her how to pray.

* * * * * * * * *

Now the deep pang is past,
My child! my child! the last,
With her *unspoken* love; that kept me back;

Now the dark way is lit,
Haste! haste my willing feet!
My child! my child! press onward in the track.

In 1842 he attended a camp meeting, when his soul was baptized with the Holy Ghost. From that day to the present he has not faltered in his course, but his life and usefulness prove his profession of perfect love correct. He looks back to that meeting as the time and place when he proved the power of Christ to save from all sin. O how much better for the Church and for sinners, if professed Christians, yea, and Christian ministers, who stand aloof from camp meetings, and throw their influence against them, would attend and seek the salvation of God in all its fulness! May their eyes be opened.

The subject of this sketch was licensed to preach in January, 1843. The following May he was sent out to preach the Gospel. His first text was Eph. vi. 18, 19: "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel."

For nearly sixteen years he has, from place to place, preached the everlasting Gospel. His stations have been among the most important in his Conference, and his labors have been crowned with glorious success. At the recent session of New Jersey Conference, he was stationed in the city of Camden, opposite Philadelphia. He opened his commission in that city in the following language:—

"Twenty-four years ago the fourth day of next July, there stood, in the vicinity of where we are now seated, an old apple tree, around which was a large hillock of newly broken earth. Under the shade of that tree, and upon that bank of earth, a large company was gathered, listening to an address of the now departed Pittman, at

the laying of the corner stone of the edifice. In that company there were three young men, just converted to God, from the city of Philadelphia, who had come to witness the ceremony. What changes has a quarter of a century wrought! Pittman is gone; this Church, then but commenced, has become one of the old institutions of the city, and those three young men, where are they? One is a Presiding Elder in the New Jersey Conference, the second is now before me; he has been for many years a member of this Church; and the third, through the providence of God, occupies your pulpit this morning as your new pastor." May his labors be crowned, as hitherto, with great success.

He has frequently contributed to the periodical literature of the Church. Some of his published poems have been republished in permanent form, by those who saw their merit. He is the author of an interesting Biography of the late Rev. John Hancock, of East Madison, N. J. His published and unpublished poems would make a desirable volume, and his numerous friends anticipate the pleasure and profit of reading such a volume. We will subjoin a poem, which to many, and especially to the devout reader, will be of thrilling interest not only on account of its poetic merit, but for the touching reference it makes to the Christian's death.

WEEP NOT WHEN I AM GONE.

[Professor Caldwell, a short time before his death, addressed his wife as follows: "You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone. You will not mourn for me when God has been so good to me. And when you visit the spot where I lie, do not choose a sad and mournful time; do not go in the shade of evening, or in the dark night. These are no times to visit the grave of a Christian; but go in the morning, in the bright sunshine, and when the birds are singing."]

Weep not, beloved one,
Now that life's parting sun
Will soon retire, leaving long shadows here;
Long shadows, not of gloom,
But, like the soft, clear moon,
Reflecting brightness from a holier sphere.

O, let not sorrow's wail
O'er notes of praise prevail,
So good is God e'en in this hour to me!
I would not have thee weep,
But holy memories keep,
Bright vigils which shall bring sweet thoughts to thee.

Sweet thoughts, for none can tell
What blessedness shall swell
This soul now fettered by its grief and pain;
Then weep not, but to know
My joys unmingled flow,
And that to die is everlasting gain.

The tomb! O gentle friend,
Here all our sorrows end,
Sweet resting-place, where He of Calvary slept!
And shall I fear to go,
To lay *my* head as low,
When all my dust shall by His power be kept?

O, no! then seek the spot
Where I repose, but not
To weep in loneliness my grave beside;
O, not in the evening's gloom
Come to thy husband's tomb,
Remembering only that he lived and died!

Nor yet in hush of night,
By pale and dim starlight,
Not in a sad or mournful time draw near;
But with the morn's first breath,
Seek thou the place of death,
And thy sad heart with holy memories cheer.

O come when all is gay,
And the sweet woodland lay
Of joyous minstrels wakes the groves with song!
And thou too with them keep,
In harmony so deep,
Thy own lone notes in hallowed strains prolong.

Thus seek thy cherished dead,
With bright scenes round thee spread,
And God's sweet peace shall banish all thy fear;

The Christian's gentle sleep
Invites thee not to weep;
Why should his grave call forth a single tear?

No tear of heart-felt grief,
No sigh to bring relief,
To the crushed spirit in its fallen pride;
For O! this cherished thought,
With hope and heaven is fraught,
The dear departed hath in Jesus died.

The subject of this sketch has an experience enriched with more than the usual romance, changes, and trials of a Methodist itinerant. We referred to the loss of his wife in 1841. Six years he lived companionless, at the expiration of which time Miss Sarah Ann Stout, daughter of Rev. Edward Stout, long a minister in the Philadelphia and New Jersey Conferences, became his wife. She has proved herself worthy the place she has been called to fill in social life, and in the Church of Christ. Mary has grown up to womanhood, and walks in fellowship with the church her father serves. Piety sheds its radiance through all their hearts and home, and the weary pilgrim, sharing their hospitality for a night, would never dream that Mary had wept a mother's loss, or our Reverend Brother mourned as the cold earth fell on the coffin of his youthful wife. Their home is a happy confirmation of Paul's assurance "that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE BLIND POETESS.

MISS SARAH MINER AND HER POETRY.

READER, allow us to introduce you to another character of interest. Her voice has been frequently heard at camp meeting.

MISS SARAH MINER was born June 4, 1806. Her father, Hon. Charles Miner, has distinguished himself as an author, a member of Congress, and an editor. A pleasant home on the banks of the Susquehanna, in the beautiful valley of Wyoming, affords a retreat from the cares and dust of public life, where he and his blind daughter are passing happy days in hope of a blissful immortality. Sarah was one of ten children, some of whom, with their Christian mother, have passed away. The only surviving son, William Miner, Esq., is an able editor. One daughter became the wife of Mr. J. R. Lewis: the late Mrs. Wentworth, who died at the M. E. Mission in China, was their daughter.

But why speak of different members of the family, though each merits particular notice? Sarah was converted at fifteen. She has been blind from childhood. Her educational advantages have been creditably improved; and the pious, refined, and intelligent society in which she has moved, has contributed not a little to mature her mind and heart.

She spent some time as a pupil in the Institution for the Blind in Philadelphia. Her rapid advancement in knowledge was only equalled by her many charms of intellect and heart, that won the love of all who knew her. At

this institution she realized a desire which she had cherished for years, and which had often caused the hot tears to gush from her sightless sockets—*she learned to read the Bible.* It was a happy hour to Sarah, when, by her own sensitive fingers, she spelled the name of JESUS.

Many of her choicest poems were written during her stay in the institution. When Mr. Freeland, to whom one of the accompanying poems relates, was upon his dying bed, he bore strong testimony to Miss Miner's worth, and uttered as his dying request, the wish that she be retained as a teacher in the institution. The endearments of her Wyoming home, however, called her again to the family mansion, where, surrounded by many loving friends, she will probably remain, dispensing blessings to the needy, and scattering about her the radiance of an affectionate heart and a cheerful piety. We wish for her a life as full of sunlight, love, and purity, as her own sweet songs, a few of which we insert.

FAREWELL.

Lines, on the occasion of the departure of the Principal of the Institution for the South, for the benefit of his health.

FAREWELL! Ah, must that mournful sound
Awake the echoes of these halls;
And shades of sadness gather round,
Where now the light of gladness falls?
Farewell!—What volumes are expressed!
What depth of feeling in that word!—
But Feeling's tide must be suppressed,
And only Reason's voice be heard.
Be Memory, Fancy, silent there,—
Bring not so vividly to view
The scenes of active, anxious care,
We witnessed when our friends were few;
When he, whose absence we must mourn,
With youth, and health, and hope elate,

Laughed all our timid doubts to scorn,
And cheer'd us to achievements great.
And Oh! paint not that honored form,
So changed, so languid; say not, why?
For we with fortitude would arm
Our hearts, to quell each selfish sigh,
And say, farewell! Oh! haste away!—
Go seek those genial southern bowers,
Where healthful zephyrs widely stray,
'Mid verdant shades, and over flowers.
There seek that long denied repose
Thy wearied spirit must require;
And may each perfumed breeze that blows,
With vigorous health thy frame inspire.
And when the gentle voice of Spring
Resounds from stream, and grove, and plain,
Her mild invitation mingling
With ours to call thee home again,
Still, may the bright and buoyant wing
Of health, thy every step attend,
Till these glad halls with welcome ring,
To our returning guide and friend.

MUSIC.

To my Sister, playing a favorite March on the Guitar.

Oh! 'tis a magic touch can bring,
From music's source, that witching strain,
Can wake to life the silver string;
And such rich melody can fling
O'er the rapt ear, o'er heart and brain.

And when the world's cold atmosphere
Weighs heavily upon the heart,
Those gentle tones, so low, yet clear,
Steal over the soul like accents dear,
Bidding perchance the warm tear start.

But when the gushing music swells
As thy swift fingers "sweep" the chords,

That strange wild strain of battle tells,
Of romance with her potent spells,
Of daring deeds, and high rewards.

Thus thou hast, by thy gentle art,
Brought joy to hearts by grief oppressed,
But thy fair hand, and kind young heart
Yet other blessings can impart;
And 'tis for this we love thee best.

Thou smooth'st the brow of anxious care,
By soothing word, and actions kind;
And by thy mildly cheerful air,
Content an humble lot to share,
Thou show'st the treasures of thy mind.

THAT BUD SHALL BLOOM ABOVE.

On visiting a Friend after the death of a darling Child.

I MEET thee, where so oft we've met,
Within that calm and peaceful home;
Where nature smiles so sweetly yet,
It leads me almost to forget
That sorrow here could ever come.

Almost, but ah! that deep-drawn sigh,
That falls so sadly on my ear,
The tear that dims a mother's eye,
These speak of heart-felt misery,
They tell me grief has entered here.

Yes, here 'midst plants thou lov'dst to rear,
The cooling shade, and fragrance sweet,
We miss that tender one most dear,
Whose budding beauty once could cheer
This scene where such soft charms still meet.

Transplanted in another soil,
Thou canst not watch those buds expand;
But there is one who shared thy toil,
He may resume the charge the while,
Till ye shall meet in that fair land.

THE LITTLE MOURNER.

To a Child, on hearing him remark that, in losing his infant brother, "he had lost what was most dear to him in the wide world."

So young, and yet thy heart has tasted thus
Deeply of this world's poignant bitterness;
Mourning the loss of that one lovely thing,
To which thy soul's affections learned to cling.
Surely it was a sight how passing fair,
To fond admiring eyes that gay parterre,
Of pleasant plants that bloomed around thy home;
Yet even there the spoiler's hand hath come;
Hath snatched the bud that such rich promise gave,
And left to thee no trace but that small grave;
And ye will linger round that hallowed spot,
Recalling the sweet past, forgetting not
One soft endearment that hath shed a charm
Around that gentle, tiny, perfect form;
Each glance of tenderness from that dark eye
On memory's page is marked how vividly!
The low and lute-like music of each tone
All silent now, and hushed each plaintive moan.
But think ye not there is a record kept,
Of all the loveliness that there has slept?
Yes, all shall be called forth to life again,
In climes where nought is feared of death or pain.

THE TIE THAT BINDS US.

When first we leave our childhood's home,
And friends and scenes so dear become,
Through this world's wilderness to roam,
And seek what heaven designs us—
A mother's anxious tearful face,
A father's silent, fond embrace,
And the pale maiden's half-breathed sigh—
These cause us to feel sensibly
How strong the tie that binds us.

And when in riper years we leave
The home where our affections cleave,
And see the gentle bosom heave
Of her whose love resigns us;
We clasp our prattlers in our arms—
Gaze on an infant's sleeping charms;
As these loved ones we bid farewell,
O, strongly, mournfully, we feel
How strong the tie that binds us.

When called to leave our native land,
As lingering on the beach we stand,
Still clasping many a friendly hand,
This anxious moment finds us;
Our father's tomb—our warriors brave—
Our virtues fair—our statesmen grave—
Our rights and laws crowd every thought,
And as home rushes o'er the soul
We feel, as tears unbidden roll,
How strong the tie that binds us.

THE SECOND GLORY OF ATHENS.

Lines written after listening to the Rev. Dr. May's lecture giving an account of Athens and the Mission School established there.

And hast thou stood upon the spot
From whence the great Apostle spake?
Have time and tempest changed it not—
Nor yet the Moslem's vengeful shot,
When battle bade his cannon wake?

And hast thou gazed on that vast pile
His soul was stirred with grief to see;
With gorgeous dome and spacious aisle,
Yet in its pride of beauty vile,
Devoted to idolatry?

But what, amid the scene sublime,
Attracts the Christian's wandering eye?

Does memory scorn the lapse of time,
And gaze on Athens in her prime—
Her hour of fame and victory?

No! from the spot he occupies,
He sees a vision strange and bright;
Beholds a beauteous structure rise!
It strikes the eye with glad surprise,
Glowing in soft celestial light.

'Tis not that ancient Grecian arts,
Lavish their beauties on the place;
'Tis Holiness the charm imparts;
And now, on many youthful hearts,
Its gentle influence we trace.

Bold hearts have dared the noble toil,
And much their faithful hands have done,
To rear upon that classic soil
A richer and a fairer pile
Than that of pure Pentelicon.

Long may those living pillars stand,
Salvation's walls its bulwarks be;
Till Christian hosts shall fill the land
That marshalled many a patriot band;
And, Lord, the praise shall be to Thee!

We laid aside our camp meeting journal to insert the foregoing sketches. "We had the best of the wine at the last of the feast." Peck, Brownscombe, Schoonmaker, and others preached with power and success. As the meeting drew toward its close, conversions multiplied, and many incidents of thrilling interest occurred. Frequent love feasts and prayer meetings were held. The day preceding the farewell was crowned with the salvation of scores of souls. The tide of religious feeling rose so high, that, immediately after the dismission of the congregation on Tuesday afternoon, a young man arose on one of the

back seats, and began to exhort the multitude. The vast multitude gathered around the zealous speaker, and the solemn stillness of the hour was only broken by the sobs of penitents. The evening sermon was followed by demonstrations of God's saving power that caused joy in heaven and on earth. The lights were kept burning all night; and many who remained merely as spectators of the thrilling scenes of that night, were led to cry out for mercy, and the morning found them rejoicing in Christ. The reader may yet read some of the stirring incidents of that night of romance and glory.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FAREWELL.

Farewell!—a word that hath been and must be;
A sound that makes us linger—yet, farewell.

This is our last farewell—our last fond meeting;
The world is wide, and we must dwell apart:
My spirit gives thee now its last fond greeting,
With lip to lip, while pulse to pulse is beating,
And heart to heart.

THE bell has rung, and the few who slept are called to greet the rising sun. It is a happy morning! A happy morning to many who had no hope in Christ as the sun went down last night, but the day star has arisen in their hearts, and the Sun of Righteousness shines on their rejoicing souls. May the light they have never go out! What a victory was achieved last night! Victory belongs to the saints of the Most High. Many happy countenances greet you as you pass around the ground. The soldier rejoices after the enemy is routed or taken.

"What a glorious night was that!" says a brother in allusion to the many conversions of last evening.

"Yes, and I trust its fruits will last with you and me."

"God grant it; but if we could only have another day!"

"Perhaps it is better to retire from the field with banners flying! We will want to come again. This is but a commencement. We should carry our zeal home; it is needed there."

"You have it; we should go home with the spirit of labor. The *work* is yet to be done."

As the above conversation concludes, we hear the voice of singing and prayer. Many are performing their morn

ing devotions. A company at the left of the stand are singing

"There will be no more sorrow there."

Men in groups are talking, and we will pass around near the tents to greet familiar faces, and catch a word that shall indicate the spiritual pulse. It is *strong* and *regular*, depend on it! Some are taking breakfast. O Lord, give them bread from heaven!

Here comes "Elisha," and his accustomed "Glory to God" greets you ere he takes your hand. He has shipped for a *through passage*, and he has no mind to desert the vessel, or miss the harbor. He enjoys his passage, and will pass anywhere for a live Christian.

"What is the word this morning, Elisha?"

"The Devil was cornered last night, Hallelujah!!"

"What of the work in your tent?"

"Good enough! Some of the W——e people came in. They don't believe in noise or falling. Two of them got converted, and when the blessing came they lost their strength. When they came to, they shouted equal to the best of us. Glory to God for the power, I say." * * * *

This is Woodville tent. Brother Brooks smiles as you pass, as much as to say, "*All is well.*" Bearing to the left, we meet a group of young men and youth. Some of them look as if hard used by their master. One appears more hardened in sin than the rest. He is ignorant of propriety, as his ill manners evince, or he is so degraded that he feels and acknowledges no moral obligation. Why censure him thus severely? Because he uses profane language. Does he know the testimony of God's word? "Because of swearing the land mourneth." "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." "Whosoever curseth his God shall bear his sin." "And he that blasphemeth the name of the Lord, he shall surely be put

to death." "By swearing * * * * they break out, and blood toucheth blood." "Every one that sweareth shall be cut off."

"Sir, am I mistaken?" we say, addressing the swearer.

"What about?" is his surly reply.

"I thought I heard you use profane language."

"Well, suppose you did, what of it?"

"O, that is all. You have just as good a right to swear and insult God and Christian people as anybody; and you have just as good a right to be damned as anybody; so pass on, pass on, but remember, 'For all these things God will bring thee into judgment.' I don't mean to reproach you, sir, for you doubtless told the truth; at least I fear you did."

"What truth did I tell, I'd like to know?"

"You said you 'would be damned,' and God says so too, unless you repent."

We will leave the young man to his reflections. It is well to "answer a fool according to his folly, lest he be wise in his own conceit;" but to say more would be casting pearls before swine. He would only "rend" your feelings by farther folly and sin.

Here is better company. "Good morning, Sister C.—are you rejoicing in Christ as your Saviour?"

"I am, and he sweetly saves me *now*. I do hope I shall live a faithful Christian."

"Amen! You may overcome by the *blood of the Lamb* and the *word of your testimony*."

"I am so thankful that—"

"Look beyond the watchmen, sister, look beyond the watchmen."

How natural for us to have especial regard for those who are instrumental in our salvation! "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord." "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." We can say with Rev. Mr.

Caughey, the great Evangelist, "All glory be to God! The work is his, and man is as nothing—only as an axe in the hand of the hewer. The axe has nothing to glory in; to the arm that sets it on belongs the glory. This one of God's illustrations—Isaiah x. 15: *Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? or shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if the rod should shake itself against them that lift it up, or as if the staff should lift up itself as if there were no wood.* No, no; why should they? The *axe* and the *saw* might have been left to be devoured by inglorious rust had not the hewer employed them; and the *rod* and the *staff* to rot and perish but for the hand that lifted them up. Lord Jesus, if thou hast used me as an axe, a saw, a rod, a staff, upon the souls of sinners, forbid that my soul should lift itself up and glory!! No! "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of my Lord Jesus Christ." Yet, my Lord, let it not offend thee that I record thy wonderful doings among this people, even as we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, of the wonderful works thou didst perform in their day. Ps. lxxviii. 3, 4. "These thy works, O Lord, are worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance." * * * * * *

Here we are at Brother Kesler's tent. We have family prayer,—we will now enjoy breakfast. It may be the last time we shall eat together; but like the early Christians, we will "eat with gladness and singleness of heart." Eating is, or *ought* to be, a pious exercise. "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, should all be done to the glory of God."

A few moments before public service, and we spend them in devout meditation! O Lord, what shall we render unto thee for all thy mercies? How have we spent this opportunity? Have we been as much in secret prayer as was our duty and privilege? Have we conversed as much

on Christian experience as was our privilege? Have we done all in our power to save poor sinners, 'pulling them out of the fire?' This is the last morning on the camp ground. Doubtless we shall not see many of these unconverted persons until requisition is made for blood. Have we been faithful in our efforts to save them? Have we relied solely on the Holy Spirit to make our feeble efforts effectual in their salvation? Lord, thou knowest that many here have humbly endeavored to save sinners, and for the success thou hast been pleased to give them, thou shalt have all the glory.

In thy great mercy, pardon every failure, and grant us the fulness of thy grace! How beautiful this sacred place! We are reluctant to leave. Go with us, blessed Saviour, then all will be well. We have the assurance, "Lo, I am with thee, even unto the end of the world." Blessed promise! As we make it our own by faith, we may ask, Is this to be our last camp meeting? Saviour, thou knowest. It does not become us to be anxious for the future. Our Heavenly Father shall have the disposal of all that is come. We can trust him *now* amid these hallowed scenes, and surrounded by so many trophies of his love; can we not trust in the *future?* Will he be *less* mindful of us when the cares and the conflicts of life press us hard, and make divine help more necessary?

It must be the adversary that is saying to our hearts, "You are on the mount of joy now; but when called to the valley of self-denial and duty, you will find so many discouragements, that you will be ready to give up." Get thee behind me, Satan! My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, and with the poet, we will say,

> Thou art the anchor of my hope—
> The faithful promise I receive;
> Surely thy death shall raise me up,
> For thou hast died that I might live.

Satan with all his arts no more
Me from the Gospel hope can move;
I shall receive the gracious power
And find the pearl of perfect love.

Spirit divine, be present to make the concluding services a blessing to all attending. We will hasten to join in the last devotions of the camp meeting. How appropriate the hymn,

And let our bodies part,
To different climes repair,
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

* * * *

When all our toils are o'er,
Our sufferings and our pain,
Who meet on that eternal shore
Shall never part again.

This hymn has oft been sung. Ministers have sung it when about to leave Conference. Missionaries have sung it when the vessel that was to bear them away was waiting, and friends stood weeping on the shore. It has been sung at the family altar, when the young itinerant was about leaving for a distant field of toil. In trembling accents it has been sung by those who were parting to meet not again, until heaven is gained. Was it ever more appropriate than now?

Bow down in prayer for the divine blessing! Prayer should sanctify every parting here, for praise will celebrate our greeting in the skies. Dr. Peck prays. How humble and simple his acknowledgments at a throne of grace! The order of the meeting, the conversion of souls, the quickening of believers, the sanctification of the Church, all made themes of thanksgiving. He prays that we may go home to toil for the Lord; to live our religion in sunshine and storm. Hear his

FAREWELL ADDRESS!!

"I shall say but little. I am gratified with the order that has been observed upon the ground. Our worship has not been disturbed. The people, generally, have acted with becoming propriety. My heart is encouraged, and I must approve the course of the brethren. You have been prudent in your conduct; but the best of all is, God has been with us. I think just as a brother said when it rained: "*The work began right; it began in the hearts of believers.*"

Some came here partially backslidden from God, and they have been brought to experience anew the work of grace in their hearts. They are now in favor with God. May they go away better men, and better women, than when they came. Some have experienced perfect love—*sanctification.* This sanctification is the joy of my heart, and has been for many years. This salvation from sin is the sanctification taught in the Bible. It was the joy, and theme, and power, of Wesley. It has gladdened my heart, that you have experienced this blessing, and that you have borne testimony to it. I hope you will continue in this grace. Let your light shine. Take the blessing to your homes, and retain its power, and exhibit its fruit there.

A word to young converts! You are young in experience, and you may expect trials in professing what the Saviour has done for you. The report has gone before you, that you have been converted at this camp meeting. Don't be alarmed. Put yourselves under the watch-care of the Church as soon as possible. Choose the people of God for your associates. Settle it in your mind that you will never backslide. Calculate on living religion at all times and at all hazards. Let it be said, when God shall open the books and read the account of this meeting,

"This one and that one was born there." Turn neither to the right nor the left; go straight from this camp ground to heaven.

Brethren, take care of these lambs of the flock. They need nursing; they are in a wicked world. Watch over them, and help them in the way to heaven. Young converts and all, especially you who have experienced the blessing of sanctification, go home to scatter the hallowed fire; go to labor for God and souls, and to die happy!

Awakened sinner! a word to you. You feel your need of salvation; go home to seek it (if you do not obtain it before reaching home). Go call on your pious neighbors, and ask them to pray for you. Go to the house of God, and hear the word of life preached, and may God bring you into his everlasting kingdom. O, that great results may follow this meeting! Carry the fire with you, my brethren; and may we see through the whole year, yea, and in all time to come, a flaming revival of religion.

We are about to part! [Here the speaker's voice grew tremulous with emotion, and tears started from many eyes.] These separations are painful: we may never meet again! We must part,—we cannot remain here! This is only the means of grace; it is a help that we use, and pass on. We must leave this hallowed place to go into active service, to *live* and *labor* and die for God. We will march around the ground; and the ministers, on arriving in front of the stand, will pause, and we will take the parting hand: I like this old-fashioned mode of saying farewell."

The procession forms, headed by Dr. Peck, Presiding Elder of the District, and Rev. Wm. Wyatt, Presiding Elder of Honesdale District; Brothers Gorham, Van Valkenberg, and Schoonmaker follow next, to lead the singing. Nearly a score of ministers fall into line immediately, and the procession begins to move on, singing,

"We are homeward bound."

The procession starts from the right of the stand, and passes on within the inner circle of tents. We call it *circle*, though, as the Revelator said of heaven, "it lieth four square, and the length and the breadth thereof are equal." At such a time, how the mind links the past, the present, and the future! We are marching to the music of Zion! We are in the grove! The winds are still; and on each tree and leaf the sun shines a silent "God bless you!" We are as soldiers marching around the field of conquest; but we think of our release from the army, and the day when we shall receive our reward. Our feelings are lively indeed; and, keeping up the figure of our song, we seem to be gliding into the harbor. Space and time seem to be annihilated, so vivid are our anticipations while we sing,—

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
We're home at last,
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're home at last.
Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er,
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God, we will shout evermore,
We're home at last.

Now the ministers pause, and the farewell begins. How touching is the scene! Here is manhood with its strength and hope; but who can resist the current of sympathy that flows from heart to heart? Who can be indifferent to the impressions made by such a farewell? Look at that strong man; he seems almost overcome with emotion. Whence his feelings? He is grasping again the hand of the minister that led him to Christ. Years have passed, and now they meet again. It may be the last. A fervent, "God bless you," falls from each lip, and they part. Do you not read in the countenance of the minister,

evidence of an humble, grateful satisfaction that he has not labored in vain? And more: he covenants anew to meet his spiritual children in heaven. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again, bringing his sheaves with him."

Here are the aged, with whitened locks and faltering steps. They look like the heroes of other days. They have come down to us from days of peril. A half a century ago they welcomed the wayworn itinerant to their homes. They gave the ministers of Jesus comfort and shelter in the wilderness. They pronounce a benediction upon us as they pass in the procession. They have been to many a camp meeting. They hardly expect to see another. Some of them have sons in the ministry, and like all other men, they think much of that in which they have much invested.

"Preach Jesus!"

"We will! Good-bye, fathers! We have knelt at your altars, and we have seen your children converted. We have seen some of them pass over Jordan, and they sang as they went. Your treasures are in heaven! We will meet you there."

Here are the mothers. God bless the mothers—aged mothers. Some prayed for strength to attend one more "Feast of Tabernacles," and God answered their prayers. Here comes one who is almost home. She has been a mother in Israel for more than two-score years. What though her once beautiful tresses have whitened upon her brow, and the wrinkles of age and care furrow her face? still there is a sweet happy look on the countenance. With tears, we say:—

"Good-bye, mother; thou shalt soon have a crown."

"*Yes, I am most home.*" Few, but touching words. "I want to *go home*," said a dying child, as her father

told her of mansions above. "I am most *home*," says the aged pilgrim.

A home in heaven! When our friends have fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our *home* in heaven.

A *home* in heaven! When the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror stroke;
When life's fair sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

Then pass on, mother; but we will never forget your farewell words, "*I am most home.*"

The singing continues, and the procession moves on. Here is "Elisha;" but he says not a word. Is he musing and praying over a scene of such touching, such awful interest? Now he has shaken hands with all the preachers, and has taken his place by the side of the procession to witness proceedings. He catches the words that are sung,

"We'll be gathered home."

He can hold still no longer. "*Glory to God! Glory to Jesus!* We will be gathered home. So we *will*, HALLELUJAH!" Amen! So let it be.

Here are the children. We shake their little hands, and think of the words of Christ, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They will never forget that parting scene. When they hear us preach the Gospel, they will remember that we kindly pressed their hands, and bid them "good-bye," and we shall have more ready access to their hearts. The impression now made will eventuate in salvation. Good-bye, children!!

Here are some clad in mourning, and they weep, and we weep with them. They are reminded of other and sadder separations. Thank God, there is joy for the

lonely widow, and the fatherless. The hour is approaching when the garments of mourning will be exchanged for the robes of heaven. Young converts, good-bye. How happy you look!

> Tongue can never express,
> The sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love.

Who are they that respond, "Yes, we will," to the chorus, "We'll wait till Jesus comes?" The response is in a low, sweet tone. It comes from two blind sisters, who are back a little in the procession. They hear the singing, and they say, "*We will wait.*" What patience, for they must wait in blindness. They cannot look on tree, or flower, or friend. Call them not unhappy. They rejoice in Christ—they are happy in affliction. They expect, by and by, to "*see as they are seen, and know as they are known.*" Go on, sisters, you are patient, and what says the poet?

> To *patient faith*, the prize is sure,
> And all that to the end endure
> The cross, shall wear the crown.

Here, too, are the seekers of salvation. They are sad, for they do not enjoy the peace that passeth understanding. Their prayer is, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Their longing hearts are saying, "O that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat. I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments." Job xxiii. 3, 4.

Farewell, penitent souls. There is comfort for you in the Gospel. Jesus has said, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He will give you "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." We shall expect to meet *you* in heaven.

The procession has passed, and now the ministers shake hands. The one at the extreme left turns to the right, and, facing his brethren, begins the farewell. As he passes on, each in his turn imitates his example, until all have shaken hands. The scene is too touching for description. Our tears flow freely. O, beloved brethren, we shall be done by and by. We can sympathize with each other in our toils and trials. We are engaged in one work. Let us not count our lives dear unto ourselves, so that we may win Christ, and be found of him in peace. We have spent a week here in the grove, laboring for souls, and now we part.

When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
We'll still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

We may never proclaim the Gospel again to the thousands who have been assembled here. Will we be clear of the blood of souls when we meet them in judgment? O Lord, grant that at last we may exclaim with Paul: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing."

Home again!

A pleasant carriage ride of seven miles, and we are home again! We were favored with a seat in the carriage of Rev. E. F. Ferris. The relation of Christian experience and incidents of religious life, beguiled the moments, and left us hardly time to appreciate the beautiful hill and valley scenery that greeted us on every hand. "What a beautiful morning," we exclaimed. Had grace *within*

nothing to do in preparing us to enjoy beauty *without?* Poetic genius may rise into raptures when communing with mountain, bird, stream, field, and flower; but if the poet have no proper thoughts of God as the Author of all, no grateful remembrance of his goodness in the gift of a Saviour, a remembrance that melts the soul into contrition and love; then is his piety as transient as it is sentimental, and his excitement as destitute of comfort as it is of religion. The heart that has offered incense at the cross, is best prepared to kneel at nature's shrine. Central in all that's good and grand, we must place the cross of Christ. With light from the cross, illuminating our hearts and irradiating the world about us, we are just prepared to appreciate beauty. When love reigns in the heart, it prepares us to appreciate every form of beauty, and it tinges with new loveliness every object that is not sinful.

Our conversation of things outward, or past, ceased as by mutual consent. Our meditations were of the essential Christian graces—*Joy*, *Peace*, *Faith*.[1]

Love to God and our neighbor is the essence of piety, and joy is the happiness of love. It is love aware of its own felicity, and rioting in riches which it has no fear of exhausting. It is love taking a look at its treasures and surrendering itself to bliss without foreboding. "God's promises appear so strong, so solid, so substantial,—more so than the everlasting hills; and his perfections—what shall I say of them? When I think of one I wish to dwell upon it for ever, but another and another, equally glorious, claims a share of admiration; and when I begin to praise, I wish never to cease, but to find it the commencement of that song which shall never end. Very often have I felt as if that moment I could throw off the body, without first

[1] The remarks that follow are found, substantially, in N. Mag. vol. I. and are attributed to Dr. Hamilton.

going to bid them farewell that are in my house. Let who will be rich, or admired, or prosperous, it is enough for me that there is such a God as Jehovah, such a Saviour as Jesus, and that they are infinitely and unchangeably glorious and happy." And in a similar frame another felt—"Were the universe destroyed, and I the only being in it besides God, he is fully adequate to my complete happiness; and had I been in an African wood, surrounded by venomous serpents, and devouring beasts, and savage men, in such a frame, I should be the subject of perfect peace and exalted joy."

Peace filled our hearts. If joy be love exulting, peace is love reposing. It is love on the green pastures, it is love beside the still waters. It is that great calm which comes over the conscience, when it sees the atonement sufficient and the Saviour willing. It is unclouded azure in a lake of glass; it is the soul which Christ has pacified, spread out in serenity and simple faith, and the Lord God, merciful and gracious, smiling over it.

Faith was ours. Let us ponder well the nature of faith, and so make no sad mistake. Whether it means trust in God, or fidelity to principle and duty, faith is love in the battle-field. It is constancy following hard after God, when the world drags downward, and the flesh cries "Halt." It is zeal holding fast sound words when fervor is costly and sound words obnoxious. It is firmness marching through fire and through water to the post where duty calls and the Captain waits. It is Elijah before Ahab. It is Stephen before the Sanhedrim. It is Luther at Worms. It is the martyr in the flames! O, no! it is Jesus in the desert. It is Jesus in Gethsemane. It is Jesus on the cross. And it is whosoever, pursuing the path or finishing the work which God has given him, like the great Forerunner, does not fear to die.

O Lord, to *Joy* and *Peace* and Faith, let Meekness be

added! Meekness is love at the Saviour's school. It is Christian lowlihood. It is the disciple learning to know himself. It is the disciple practising the sweet and self-emptying lesson of putting on the Lord Jesus, and finding all his righteousness in that righteous other. It is the disciple learning the defects of his own character, and taking hints from hostile as well as friendly monitors. It is the disciple watching and praying for the improvement of his talents, the mellowing of his temper, and the melioration of his character. It is the loving Christian at the Saviour's feet, learning of him, who is meek and lowly, and finding rest to his soul. Amen!

THE END.

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From G. C. M. Roberts, M.D., Baltimore.—After having carefully read the book, and *re-read portions of it*, with increased interest, I take great pleasure in returning you my sincere thanks for affording me the opportunity, through you, of commending it most earnestly to the community at large, and to the members of the Medical Profession in particular. At this particular juncture, when strenuous efforts are in progress for the purpose of elevating the standard of medical education throughout the land, this excellent Memoir of some among the most distinguished physicians, who have died in Christ, appears most opportunely. I trust you will be successful in placing a copy of it in the library of every medical man in our country; where it will not only prove the means of spiritual benefit to preceptors, but likewise to those who may be under their supervision.

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From the Western Christian Advocate.—The work is on a plan somewhat original, and meets a want long felt by Sabbath School Teachers and Scholars, private Christians and others. We can most heartily commend the little manual to all seeking the truth as it is in the Gospel of Christ.

From the Christian Advocate & Journal.—The author, in the body of his work, commencing with the account of the Creation, as given in the book of Genesis, goes through the principal facts recorded in the Old and New Testaments, stating and answering the objections of infidelity cogently and logically, bringing to his aid the result of extensive reading and patient investigation. It is a small book,—so small that none will be deterred from reading it by its size: yet it condenses the most general objections to the Bible, with a clear statement of the refutation of them, by the best authors who have written on the subject.

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tween infidels and Christians, and should be read by all who experience any difficulty in reconciling those texts of Scripture that are in apparent conflict, but which accord in beautiful harmony when explained by their contexts, and other subjects to which they relate. We take pleasure in commending it to those readers who have not the time to investigate heavier works, as a book that will amply repay a careful perusal.

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From Rev. Bishop Scott.—I have carefully read through your late publication, entitled "Lectures on the Doctrine of Election, by Alexander C. Rutherford, of Scotland," which you were kind enough to put into my hands. I am very much pleased with it. It is an admirable book. It refutes the Calvinistic theories on this subject with, I must think, unanswerable force of argument, and unfolds and exhibits the true Bible theory with clearness and power. And, unlike many controversial works, it is a very readable book. The author's style is so clear, so natural, so easy and flowing, and withal so animated and forcible, and his manner and illustrations so interesting and striking, that one is led on from page to page, and from chapter to chapter, not only without weariness, but with increasing interest. The spirit of the book, too, I think, is excellent, independent, frank, candid, affectionate, exhibiting a profound regard for the unadulterated teachings of the Bible, and a yearning love for souls. The author, indeed, sometimes uses harsh words, but almost only of theories and systems and dogmas—seldom, indeed, of persons. He treats his opponents with Christian courtesy, occasionally only rebuking them sharply, while he deals with a fearless and unsparing hand with their false and soul-destroying errors. This book ought to be sown broadcast over the land. I could wish that a copy of it should go into every family; especially at this time, when there seems a disposition in certain quarters to force on us again this wretched Calvinistic controversy.

From Zion's Herald.—The author of this work is a Scotch clergyman, who was formerly a Calvinist, but who, by honestly seeking the truth as revealed in God's Word, was led to embrace the more Scriptural tenets of the Arminian school. Having first spread his views before the religious public at Greenock and Glasgow, in a series of lectures delivered in 1847, he afterwards gave them to the world in form of a book, which is now, for the first time, reprinted in America. Bating some few inferior points of doctrine, we think the work to be a sound, strong, and vigorous expose of the Calvinistic theory. It is finely adapted for popular circulation; could it be scattered broadcast, it would doubtless aid in extirpating the stubborn errors of that theory from such portions of the community as are still afflicted by its presence.

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